September 9, 1933

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Collier's

THE N

E. Phillips Oppenheim

begins his greatest mystery-romance

The Man Without Nerves

MRS E V WORSHAM C
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EPT. 9, 1933

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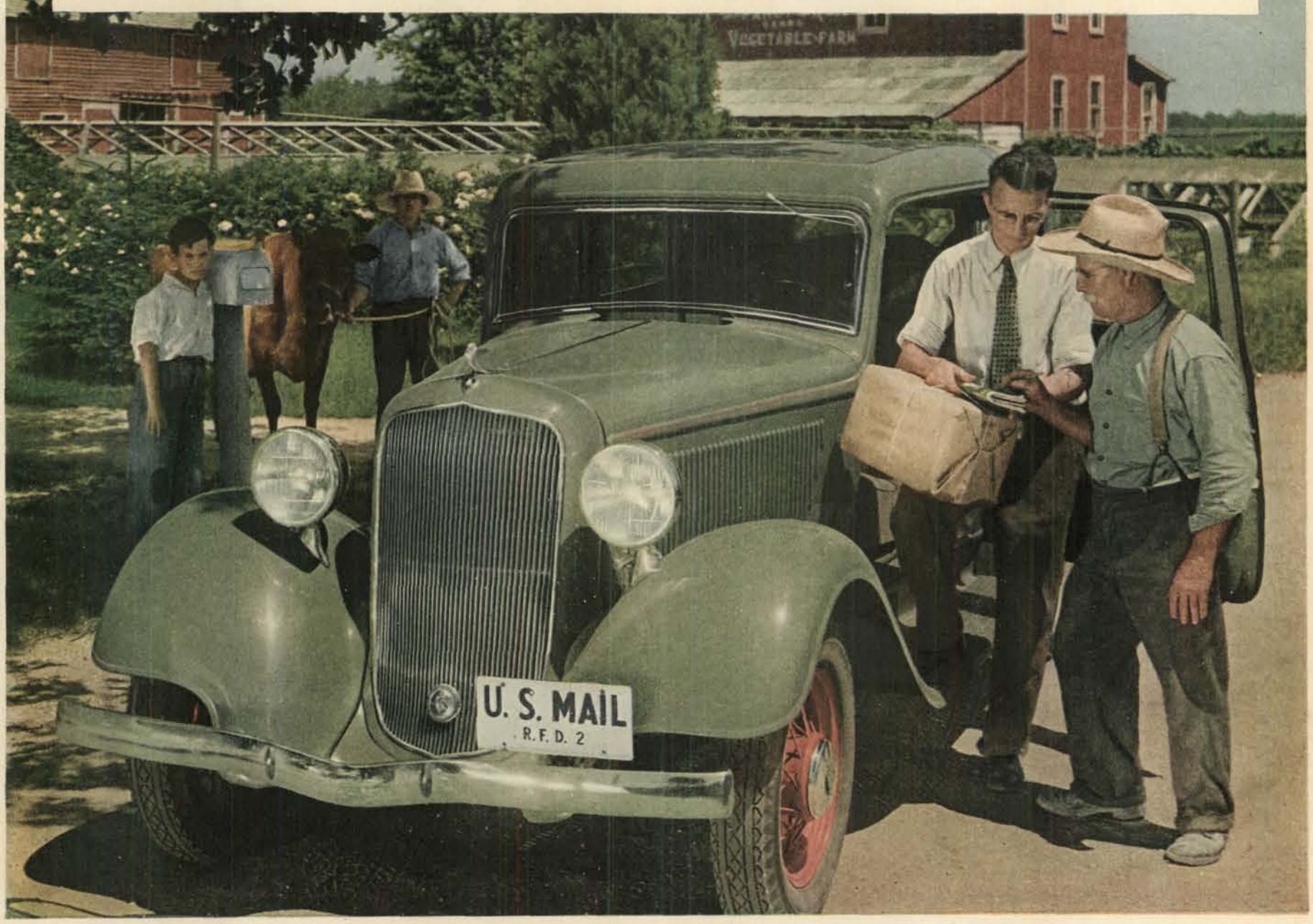
"The Mail must go Through!"

That's why Russell Peters, veteran R. F. D. Carrier, is driving his Third Plymouth—



"I didn't Re-line my Brakes for 35,000 miles . . . and I start and stop 400 Times a Day"

"As dependable as the mails" . . . that's a comparison to be proud of! And that's why we wanted to talk to Russell Peters, veteran R. F. D. Mail Carrier of Hammonton, New Jersey.

We found him with plenty to say. "I had the first Plymouth in town," he told us. "And I know of five others that have been sold on my say-so.

"And why shouldn't I recommend Plymouth?" he went on. "I've tested it out a-plenty! I make 400 stops a day—and I didn't have to re-line my brakes until I'd put 35,000 miles on my car!"

He is strong for its pick-up—he has to have it to keep to his fixed schedule. He likes the way Plymouth tackles any road . . . the way Floating Power engine mountings rest him as he rides.

And his car is in use six days a week every week throughout the year—so you can be sure Plymouths "take it" or he wouldn't come back to buy a new one.

If you'll "look at all three low-priced cars" you'll see why Mr. Peters gets such service. It doesn't cost anything—and seeing is believing.

Standard: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; conv. coupe $595; rumble coupe $545; business coupe $495. Prices F. O. B. and subject to change without notice.

See PLYMOUTH at Chrysler Motors Building, Chicago Century of Progress

PLYMOUTH SIX *WITH PATENTED FLOATING POWER*

$445

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

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SMALL SAVINGS *MULTIPLIED* BECOME REAL MONEY

. . . and you can't buy a finer Tooth Paste at twice the price

HERE is important news for everyone who is paying a family's way through this world. Save about $3 a year per person on tooth paste without sacrificing anything in quality. That's worth thinking about! How can you do it?

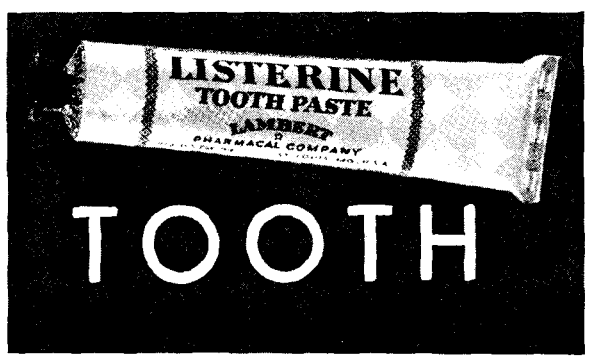
Simply stop paying fancy prices for dentifrices. The makers of Listerine offer you a really fine tooth paste for *half* the 50¢ price. We have developed an extraordinary formula. We produce by modern economy methods.

The polishing agent in our tooth paste is chosen for its *gentle* action. Because of it, Listerine Tooth Paste removes the film faster; also the many stains which discolor teeth. It does this with little brushing, with complete safety to the enamel.

Everywhere today this dentifrice is supplanting older and costlier favorites. You will like the unusual lustre which it gives to teeth. You will like the refreshing and pleasant "taste" it leaves in the mouth. Children vote for it once they sample the flavor.

Millions who can afford to pay more now use Listerine Tooth Paste because they find it does everything the most expensive kinds will do. And, of course, they don't object to saving a quarter on every tube.

We simply ask you to try the plan outlined here. Note some of the things $3 will buy. Multiply those savings and see what tooth paste thrift can accomplish. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Each $3 you save will buy many useful things

For Dad. Razor blades, cigarettes, football tickets, a hat, gasoline, tire chains. *For Mother.* Face cream, theatre tickets, several pairs of hosiery, gloves, a handbag, underwear. *For Children.* A pair of shoes, rompers or dresses, school books, a fountain pen, movie tickets.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

GRANDMA PARRISH and the light from Arcturus had this much in common: it took them each forty years to get to the Fair.

In 1893 Mrs. Parrish had wanted to go, but things didn't break right. By 1933 she had acquired a granddaughter with sultry brown eyes and a missing ex-husband. Moreover, she had acquired a mind of her own. No matter how things broke in 1933 she was going to the Fair. Let anyone try to stop her.

"She Went to the Fair." Alice, her granddaughter, went with her. Things looked pretty bad for Alice at the time. But Grandma Parrish and the light from Arcturus had still more in common: once they got to the Fair they accomplished something. Elmer Davis describes their partnership.

THAT'S a new instrument you're looking at, that simple dial with the two fixed white lines and the two movable ones. And it's as close to magic as you're likely to come in some time. With it you can pick up a radio beam, fired like a life line from an airport, and coast down it with absolute precision to the runway. No matter how thick the fog, you're sure of a landing. What if the visibility is zero? What if the ceiling is sitting on the ground? "They're Coming through the Ceiling."

W. B. Courtney describes this device, the most important advance in aëronautics since the Wrights first flew at Kitty Hawk.

"SHE has no standards for living. She plays croquet without wickets. She degrades romance, reliability, patriotism, family devotion, conduct and good manners." You think you recognize her? The villainess of a melodrama? Not at all. That is just a sketch of the modern débutante. The society mill turns her out by the hundreds each year. Next week two products of that mill, Miss Peggy Le Boutillier and Miss Virginia Cowles, give you a full-length portrait of the "Society Girl."

STORM JAMESON writes the story of a romance which neither the arts of man nor the fury of the tempest could disturb.

T. R. YBARRA reports, from Europe, the foreigner's attitude toward our President. Dana Burnet, Don Marquis, Freling Foster and others contribute stories and articles. Kathleen Norris brings "Manhattan Love Song" to a close on a high, clear note, while E. Phillips Oppenheim proceeds imperturbably to relate the sinister circumstances that surround "The Man without Nerves." Take care of yourself.

This Week

●

September 9, 1933

Cover by John Whitcomb

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man without Nerves, Part I. **The new serial. Take a firm hold on your own nerves and begin. Page 7**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Thy Woods and Templed Hills. **Special dispatch from our reporter with the Army of Reforestation. Page 10**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Vacant Windows, **by R. G. Kirk. Page 13**

BROOKE HANLON
Evenings Only. **Help wanted: Male. Page 14**

ERNEST HAYCOX
Gilded Wings. **A speed pilot outstripped by love. Page 16**

RAY TUCKER
Rest, for the Day is Coming. **Philosophers invade the Department of Agriculture. Page 18**

GRANTLAND RICE
Out of the Rough. **Johnny Goodman swings into the National Open. Page 19**

COREY FORD
Crossed Oars. **A racing shell is no place for a prima donna. Page 20**

GEORGE CREEL
Doniphan's Volunteers. **The boys from Missouri ride south, "every man for his turkey." Page 22**

GEORGIANA CUSACKS and CROSWELL BOWEN
Out-of-Season Girl. **Model deportment in summer furs and winter bathing suits. Page 23**

GEORGE S. BROOKS
A Bath and a Shave. **They're obligatory for a funeral; but they'll do just as well for a wedding. Page 24**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Manhattan Love Song, Part IX. **The indiscretions of a lawyer's wife. Page 26**

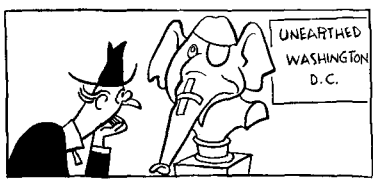
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **On the firing-line of fact. Page 36**

EDITORIAL
Labor's New Deal. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

FOR the benefit of several readers who, having heard that Canada orders her affairs much better than we do, suggest that we petition Canada to annex us, Mr. William W. McLellan of Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, takes pen in hand. Banks *do* fail in Canada, he assures us. And the Canadian police are *not* incorruptible, the courts do *not* ignore the politicians, the liquor laws are *not* perfect and the criminal is *not* at all certain to land in prison. Therefore Mr. McLellan suggests that we struggle on alone.



"I SEE," writes Mr. Thomas J. Gourley of Cincinnati, Ohio, "that some Princeton boys in Athens have dug up a bust of the Emperor Augustus. What do you say to outfitting an expedition to disinter the Republican Party which, everybody knows, is quite a bust?"

MR. H. H. GOLDMAN of San Antonio makes his début as a writer of letters to editors by offering a plan whereby "the United States can be cleaned of gangsters within six months." First he'd register, finger-print, scientifically photograph and docket "everyone of lawful age." Then he would declare martial law, recruiting the Army to a million strength and deputizing it to fare forth and fetch in all criminals. He'd substitute courts-martial for our present system of trial by jury and— We reach for our hat.

WE WERE in the midst of a bit of boasting to a friend when a letter arrived from Professor F. R. Zandar of Honolulu, Hawaii. "Now for downright genius," we were saying, "take our issue of July 15th." Then as our friend proceeded to inspect our example of virtuosity we opened Professor Zandar's letter: "I have been a reader of Collier's since Issue No. 1," he writes. "Without any particular reason I feel that your issue of July 15th is the weakest I have ever read." So we deftly changed the subject.

MR. L. A. PINE of Omaha, Nebraska, wants to know "what in Sam Hill is the Anti-Saloon League fighting to keep the Eighteenth Amendment for? Haven't they had it for thirteen years?" he goes on. "And what have they done with it?" Of course we wouldn't know. Maybe they made a horrible mess of it. Anyway somebody did.

AND speaking of horrible messes, here's one. Some time ago Mr. Carl F. Kauffeld of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, attempted airily to criticize James Francis Dwyer's spelling of ptychozoön homalocephalon in Mr. Dwyer's story Far from Java. Blithely we published the doctor's letter, adding, as we thought, a few humorous touches of our own. And now Mr. Dwyer writes a nasty letter to Dr. Kauffeld and Dr. Kauffeld writes a stinging reply, and we, simmering with rage on our own hook, would like it understood that we don't care much how the thing is spelled.

ALONG with several other Americans, Mr. W. H. Briggs of Wilmington, Delaware, is a bit skeptical about the enforcement of the liquor laws that will prevail when the Eighteenth Amendment is no more. He comes out for dictatorship. "Both old-line parties are rotten to the core," he laments. "I hold no brief for the evils that developed under the Eighteenth Amendment, but I hope things will be no worse when the dam comes down. The outlook is not bright. . . ."

"WE'D be all right," writes Mrs. Leona G. Gallagher of Detroit, Michigan, "if we could only stop these professional humorists and comedians from trying to take our minds off our troubles by making a mess of the jokes which were used for the same purpose just after the Civil War by comedians who didn't know that the same gags made people sick during the panic of 1801."

WHAT amounts to ringing cheers for President Roosevelt arrive by air mail from Crookston, Minnesota. Messrs. W. R. Keating and M. F. Regan are the authors. "We ask you," they say, "didn't the honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt give us beer, then give us a job so we could buy some and, swellest of all, give us time off so we could drink it?"

MISS AMELIA CORCORAN BOWLES of Boston, Massachusetts, a devout member of the Audubon Society, would like us to publish "more bird stories and articles." She wants to know, too, what our favorite bird is.

JUST now, Miss Bowles, it's the Blue Eagle.

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Stop that man

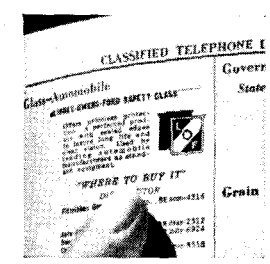
HE FORGOT HIS FAMILY

Bought a new car. Safety Glass in the windshield. That was standard equipment. But not in the windows. He didn't TELL THE SALESMAN that he wanted it. He was thoughtless. Reckless of consequences. Forgot that the family rides in back. Surrounded by glass. Doors. Side windows. Rear window. Ordinary glass. The kind that breaks into jagged, dangerous, razor-edged chunks that fly through the air. He forgot that. It was a serious oversight. It makes him a reckless driver. Cuts. Scars. Almost anything might happen. Too bad, when he could have had L·O·F super Safety Glass ALL-AROUND . . . the greatest available protection against all that . . . for less than $1.50 more on each of 12 monthly payments, if ordered when the car is ordered. ANYONE BUYING A NEW CAR WITHOUT MAKING SURE IT HAS SAFETY GLASS ALL-AROUND IS A RECKLESS DRIVER.

Packard, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo-Royale Custom Models, Ford DeLuxe Models, Cadillac, LaSalle, Lincoln, Buick 80 and 90, all use L·O·F super Safety Glass ALL-AROUND and do not make an extra charge for it. Many other cars provide it free in windshields and in ventilators, when ventilators are standard equipment, but make a slight extra charge for it in windows. To be sure you get it ALL-AROUND you must ask the salesman when you buy the car.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Look here. The "Where to Buy It" section of your 'phone book. Ask the L·O·F Distributor the nearest place to have super Safety Glass specially fitted to your present car. You need it ALL-AROUND. Right now. For your family's sake.



LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS

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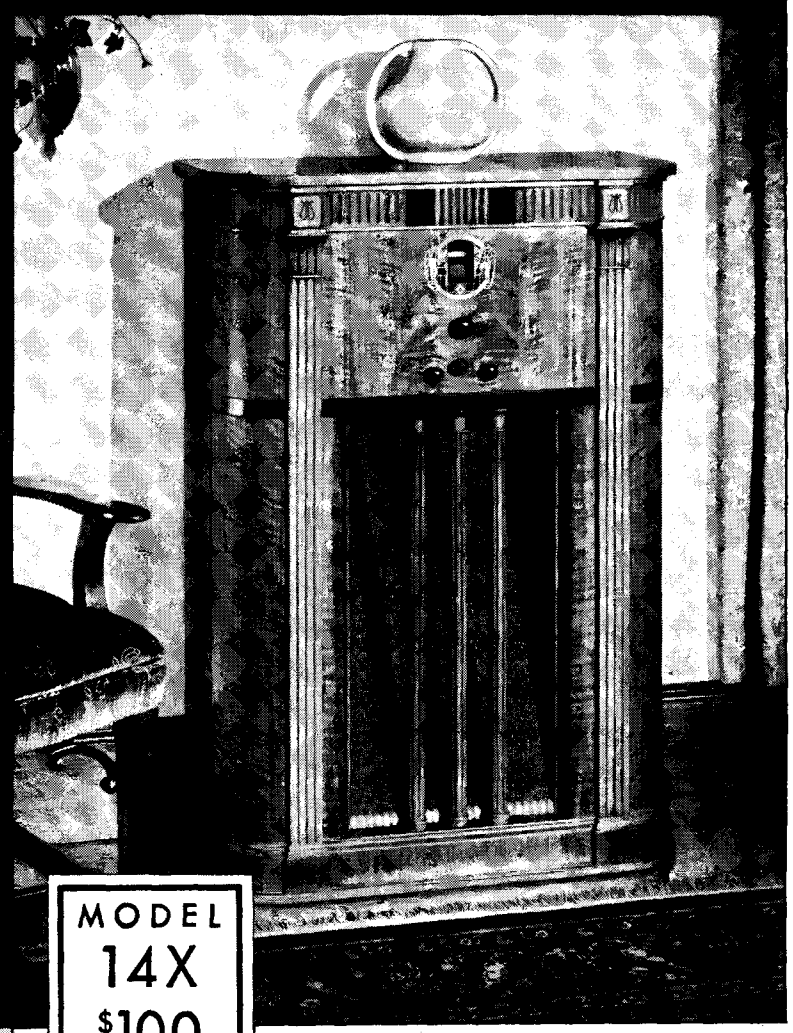
PHILCO

—the right radio at the right price— from $18.75 to $600*

It is sometimes hard to decide which is the greater achievement—the wonderfully compact PHILCO models which offer such surprising performance and tremendous value at prices as low as $18.75—or the wonderful new All-Wave models through which PHILCO offers the ultimate in radio reception.

When you consider that a radio of such ability as the 60B can be offered at $22.50—it seems the greater triumph. But when you listen to the truly superb tone of the new All-Wave model with the patented inclined sounding board—hear it reach out and bring in a distant broadcasting station or possibly a foreign short-wave station so clearly and with so rich a tone, you're convinced that the magnificent All-Wave model is the greater achievement by far!

That is PHILCO'S purpose—to provide the right radio for any purpose at the right price for every purse. See how well PHILCO has succeeded by seeing the latest models at the nearest PHILCO dealer's. Hear the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument—and you will be convinced that at each and every point in the price-scale—PHILCO gives you most for your investment in radio.



MODEL 14X $100

A new model with the wonderful Inclined Sounding Board—the PHILCO invention that revolutionized all previous standards of radio tone.

1. The inclination of the sounding board directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artist were "present in person."

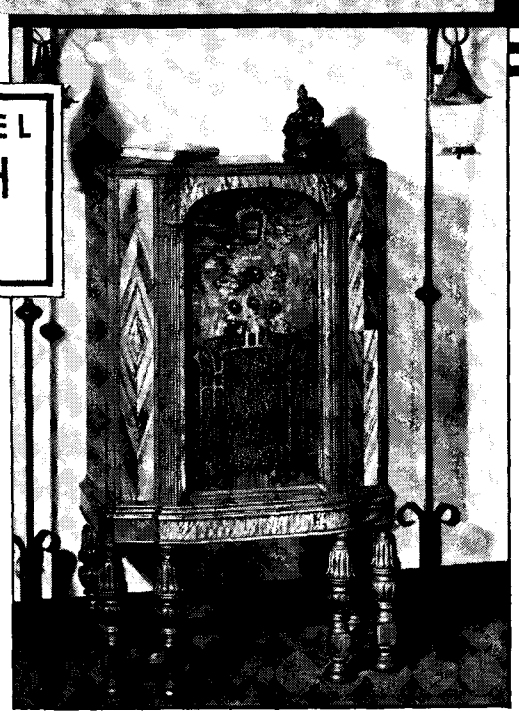
The 14X is a Balanced Unit Superheterodyne and in addition to the Patented Inclined Sounding Board, has the new and exclusive PHILCO Super Class "A" Audio System Bass Compensating Tone Control, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, new Electro-Dynamic Auditorium Speaker. Illuminated Station Recording Dial and PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes.

Exclusive PHILCO Bass Compensating Tone Control gives that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

Receives regular broadcasts, BOTH bands of police calls, plus amateur and airplane short-wave channels up to 3300 kilocycles. The curved pilasters of this attractive new cabinet are of Stripe and Butt Walnut. The instrument panel is of figured Butt Walnut and the entire cabinet is hand-rubbed.

* PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

MODEL 18H $75



A new and attractive PHILCO Highboy—which receives not only the entire broadcasting range—but both channels of police calls and many amateur stations and airplane calls up to 3500 kilocycles.

Gives you the new and exclusive PHILCO Super Class "A" Audio System Bass Compensating Tone Control, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, etc.—a PHILCO Highboy that sets a new high mark for quality reproduction at so low a price.

• • •

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia Stations

A PHILCO AUTOMOBILE RADIO AT $39.95

(Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

Everything in one compact convenient unit. All-Electric. No extra batteries. Steering column control. Installed on—or transferred to—any car while you wait, by your car dealer—any PHILCO-Transitone dealer or United Motors Service Station.

Other PHILCO Automobile Radios at $59.50 and $89.50—complete and installed.

MODEL 60B . . . $22.50

A new Baby Grand that provides exceptional performance and delightful tone at a most moderate price—the lowest price at which PHILCO has ever offered Automatic Volume Control and Tone Control. Covers regular broadcast band and all police, airplane and amateur channels up to 4000 kilocycles. Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Full size PHILCO Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Uses the latest type PHILCO 6.3 volt multiple-function high efficiency tubes.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

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"You play with more energy when our president is not here," Pauline said. "You don't like him"

The Man without Nerves

Beginning an exciting new romance by a writer who does not know how to be dull. A baffling murder is done. And a war of wits is fought to an amazing finish

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THREE men were already seated in the reserved first-class compartment attached each morning to the eight-twenty train from Sandywayes to Waterloo. The other two places were as yet unoccupied. Mr. James Huitt, the bank manager, who was responsible for this innovation of what with mild humor they called the "Club Car," and felt himself in a kind of way the master of ceremonies with regard to it, drew out his watch and studied it with a frown. He himself never varied the time of his arrival at the station by a single minute and he hated unpunctuality.

In his person, his speech and his attire he was the very prototype of the man of precise habits. His gold-rimmed spectacles only partially concealed a pair of shrewd and calculating eyes. His correctly shaped features lacked all expression. He was forty-four years old and he might easily have been mistaken for thirty-four or fifty-four. He had been for years sub-manager and was now manager of the Aldwych Branch of the great banking firm of Barton's. Nine people out of ten who were interested in their fellow creatures would have correctly diagnosed his profession. The watch at which he was gazing was regulated every Monday morning and if there was one person in the city of London who knew the correct hour it was Mr. James Huitt.

"This time," he remarked portentously, "I fear that our friend Martin has run it a little too fine."

A robust, cheerful looking little man whose name was Cresset—Andrew Cresset of the firm of Cresset & Hollis, corset manufacturers, with offices situated in London Wall—who had only recently been promoted to a seat in this local holy of holies, also drew out his watch.

"Seems like it," he agreed. "We shall be off in half a minute."

Mr. Timothy Sarson, a wealthy wine merchant, a man of fine physique and bearing, lowered his newspaper. He was dressed in the old-fashioned style of the prosperous city merchant. His hat was large and of unusual shape. He wore gray side whiskers which went well enough with his healthy, almost rubicund complexion. He carried a fob and his white spats were obviously renewed every day.

"It will be the first time," he remarked in a rich and throaty voice, "that any one of us has actually missed the train."

There was a shout and the loud honk-

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ing of an automobile horn in the country lane which passed by the entrance to the station. The guard dropped the flag which he had half raised and removed the whistle from his lips. Thirty seconds later an elderly gentleman, in a state of profuse perspiration, was pushed into the compartment.

"Don't do you no good, Mr. Martin, to have to run for it like that," the guard warned his passenger pleasantly as he slammed the door and concluded his signal to the engine driver.

THE train moved off. There was a little chorus of incipient chaff from the three already installed occupants of the compartment. Then—a sudden silence. The bank manager broke off in the midst of a gentle admonitory remark. Mr. Timothy Sarson paused in the act of lighting a cigar and let the match go out in his fingers. Mr. Cresset left off in the middle of a sentence and forgot to close his mouth. The three men were all gazing at the new arrival. Roland Martin was a middle-aged man in poorish condition owing to the manner of his life, but it certainly seemed as though it must have been more than a mere fifty-yard sprint which was responsible for his quickly drawn breathing, his unwholesome color and the sweat which was streaming from his forehead. Here, without a doubt, was the bearer of tragic news. As might have been expected, James Huitt was the first to ask a definite question.

"Has anything happened, Mr. Martin?" he inquired. "You have had trouble with your car, perhaps? I had an idea your engine was missing fire when you were kind enough to give me that lift yesterday."

There was no coherent reply. Then the late arrival, whose voice was usually hoarse and who suffered from shortness of breath, gasped out portions of a mutilated sentence.

"No one knows, then—you have not heard—"

"Heard what?" Mr. Cresset demanded.

"About—Sam Jesson."

"What about him?" they all demanded more or less at the same time.

Martin, notwithstanding a gurgling in his throat, got the words out somehow:

"Dead! Shot! Found in—garage this morning—cold—with a bullet through his chest—and a letter addressed to his wife by his side."

THERE followed a grim and horrified silence. The social circle of Sandywayes, which included the village on the north side of the railway, the group of houses called the Oasis and the wilderness on the south side, was a small one, and Sam Jesson was one of its prominent members. He was one of themselves—their partner at golf, at bridge—the companion of their mild festivities.

The three men seemed afflicted with a sort of dumbness of thought as well as of speech. From the dead man's very nearness to them it seemed impossible to believe in such an appalling catastrophe. The carriage in which they were seated seemed full of the echoes of his conversation. Only last night he had been issuing challenges for a four-ball golf match. Timothy Sarson was the first to find words. He was dizzily incredulous.

"Why, Sam dined with us last night. We were not looking for him this morning because he said that he wanted a couple of hours' exercise and wouldn't come up to town till the afternoon train. Never saw him more cheerful in my life. Martin, for God's sake, pull yourself together, man! There must be some mistake. Tell us the truth."

Roland Martin wiped his forehead.

James Huitt

Timothy Sarson

Roland Martin

Andrew Cresset

"It's not the sort of story one invents," he groaned.

"How did you find out about it?" James Huitt inquired.

"It was Edwards, my own chauffeur, who found him not half an hour ago. Went in to borrow something and there he was lying stiff."

"How long ago was this?"

"Barely twenty minutes. I don't suppose I ought to have come away, but the sergeant was there and the doctor and half the village was streaming down. I couldn't do any good and I don't mind admitting that it gave me such a turn that I had one look at him and ran away!"

THERE was a brief, awe-stricken pause.

"Sam Jesson," the wine merchant muttered. "The last man in the world I should have thought capable of a thing like that."

"As full of life and good spirits as anyone I ever knew," Mr. Cresset sighed.

"But what on earth could make him commit such a ghastly offense?" Timothy Sarson demanded. "He was all right financially, wasn't he, Huitt?"

The bank manager frowned slightly.

"Samuel Jesson," he said, "is—or I suppose I must say was—a client of mine. Even if this terrible thing has really happened, I am not in a position to discuss his affairs."

Sarson indulged in a brief but poignant gesture. He had been known to call Mr. Huitt an old maid.

"Well, I'll tell you all this," he declared stubbornly. "You can say what you like—no one is going to make me believe that Sam Jesson committed suicide. He was not the type. Besides, why should he? What motive could he have had? He enjoyed life as well as any of us, and financially—well, he was never a gas bag but I have heard him talk of some of his investments and I would have changed places with him any day!"

James Huitt leaned a little forward in his place. Of the four men he was perhaps the least disturbed, but even he had gone pale and there was a glimmer of that half-awed look which comes with the fear of incomprehensible things gleaming in the eyes behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"No explanation has as yet been offered, I suppose, Martin, by any member of the family?"

"THERE was only his wife at home," Martin reminded them all. "The sergeant has the letter. I don't know whether he has given it to her yet; he seemed too scared to know what to do."

Andrew Cresset spoke up suddenly, like a man on the verge of hysterics.

"I hope to God it hadn't anything to do with money," he exclaimed fervently.

"Not likely," Sarson scoffed. "Why, any one of us would have done our bit to help Sam Jesson round a stiff corner if he needed it."

"I am afraid," James Huitt pronounced, "that nowadays most of the troubles with which our friends are afflicted are concerned more or less with finance. However, the letter he left behind for his wife will probably tell us everything. Whatever his motive may have been, it's a terrible affiair."

Silence fell upon the little company. Timothy Sarson leaned back in his place and groaned heavily.

"You have a chance to give it to us from the horse's mouth, Huitt," he pointed out. "No one's going to be the worse off either. I always understood he kept a good balance—"

"If that," Mr. Huitt interrupted deliberately, "is a prelude to questions dealing with the financial position of my client, I can only beg you to have the

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good taste not to pursue the subject. My lips are sealed."

Just as a sudden wave of joy or good news brings men of kindred habits and manner of life together and opens their hearts, so tragedy with its icy grip upon the nerves sometimes produces the reverse effect. During the remainder of that journey to Waterloo the four men in the reserved carriage from Sandywayes scarcely opened their lips. No one even tried to read his newspaper. They were simply afflicted by an uneasy and embarrassing indisposition for speech. The bond between them was temporarily broken. It was as though each suspected the other of some horrible crime.

When they glided into the station, instead of the usual volley of farewells, admonitions towards good behavior during the long day, cheerful prognostications concerning the journey home, they went their several ways in silence.

TOWARDS three o'clock in the afternoon of that same day Mr. James Huitt, who sat in solitary splendor in a stiffly upholstered but expensively furnished private room at the back of his bank in Aldwych, received a visitor. He looked at the plain visiting card brought in by one of his clerks with a faint sense of recognition.

"Mr. Tyssen," he said reflectively. "I wonder if that is not the name of Mrs. Foulds' new lodger. Not a client, is he, Merton?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Did he give you any idea as to his business?"

"None at all, sir, except that he begged for a word or two alone with you on a private matter."

The bank manager shrugged his shoulders resignedly. The fact remained, however, that after eight years' experience one of the pleasures of his life was still receiving visitors. He was proud of his position of bank manager of an important branch of a world-famed bank. He liked impressing people and, although there were some who refused to be impressed, there were many who accepted him at his own valuation. He decided to see his caller.

"Show him in," he directed.

A YOUNG man of wholesome but somewhat ordinary appearance and indifferently dressed was in due course shown in. His complexion was freckled and he was—in the language of schoolboys—pug-nosed. His ears were inclined to stand out and his hair, which was of no definite color, was ill brushed. He was over six feet in height but loosely built. There was nothing about him calculated to impress. Mr. Huitt, however, as was his custom with visitors, was stonily civil.

"Mr. Tyssen," he said, repeating his name, "you have come to stay in the neighborhood of Sandywayes, I believe?"

"That's right, sir," the young man acknowledged eagerly. "I am a writer by profession and I have been looking for a quiet spot like Sandywayes for some time. I am at work on a novel."

"Indeed."

"Before I took to fiction," Tyssen continued, "I was on the staff of the Daily Reporter. I still send them occasional contributions. In fact, it is on their business that I have come to see you this afternoon."

The bank manager remained silent. He had no special affection for journalists.

"I took the liberty of sending in my personal card," the young man proceeded, "because my connection with the paper is no longer official. I am much obliged to you for seeing me, sir."

Mr. Huitt did not at once connect the drama of the morning with the nervous youth who sat on one of the hard leather chairs twirling his hat in his hand. He nodded in somewhat puzzled fashion.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"In the first place," was the prompt reply, "I want you to be so good as to tell me, sir, whether this is the handwriting of a client of yours."

Mr. Huitt adjusted his glasses, glanced at the envelope which the other had just passed across the table—casually enough at first and then more steadily. Something of the suaveness of his manner seemed to have passed. His small face had become set in more rigid lines. If one of his regular customers had been present at that moment he would not have ventured to allude to the matter of an overdraft.

"Yes," the bank manager acknowledged. "I should say there is no doubt that this is the handwriting of Mr. Samuel Jesson. How did it come into your possession?"

Illustrated by George Howe

"Until the inquest, not a word concerning his affairs will pass my lips"

THE young man ignored the question. "You have heard what has happened to him, I suppose?"

"I heard the news in the railway carriage coming up to town," Huitt admitted. "He was found dead in a garage, I understand. Have you any particulars?"

"I can tell you all about it, sir," Tyssen declared. "Mr. Jesson was found shot through the heart in the garage this morning when Mr. Martin's chauffeur went in to borrow some gasoline. The police think that he must have been there the greater part of the night."

"The local police?"

"The sergeant from the police station. A revolver with one cartridge discharged was found by his side—a revolver which everyone seems to know he possessed and which was, in fact, kept in the garage. There was also a letter to his wife."

"That looks bad," Mr. Huitt sighed.

"I can tell you what was in the letter," the caller continued eagerly. "There were only about a couple of sentences. It simply said that owing to impending financial trouble he had decided to take his own life. He asked her forgiveness and gave a few particulars as to his property."

"There is no doubt, then, about his having committed suicide?" the bank manager asked with his eyes fixed upon his visitor.

"Not the slightest," was the confident reply. "Nevertheless, Mr. Huitt, I gather that there is considerable feeling in the city upon the subject."

"What sort of feeling?"

"Well, my late sub-editor, for instance, was a great friend of Mr. Jesson's, and he does not for a moment believe that he was in any financial straits. We newspaper men and fiction writers, you know, sir, are always on the lookout for a story, and I can't help wondering whether there isn't a mystery behind this affair."

"WHAT sort of mystery?" Mr. Huitt inquired in his even, precise tone.

Tyssen scratched his chin. His rather uneasy eyes seemed disturbed by the steely glimmer from behind the bank manager's spectacles.

"Whether, for instance, he was being blackmailed or anything of that sort."

Mr. Huitt's tone became a trifle harder.

"The object of your visit to me, Mr. Tyssen," he said, "remains obscure."

The young man coughed.

"You, sir," he went on, "as his banker, are without a doubt able to solve the question as to whether Mr. Jesson was or was not in financial difficulties."

"Your surmise is quite correct," Mr. Huitt admitted. "I am in a position to solve that question. And then?"

(Continued on page 29)

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Thy Woods and Templed Hills

By Walter Davenport

Amateur foresters, well over a quarter million of them—hill billies, clerks, farmers, pool-room desperadoes. All sorts. And it's the Army's job to entertain these innocent creatures and not ruffle the folks back home. Two old ladies tried to help by making them sing America. That wasn't a success. But work goes on; there's plenty to eat—twelve pounds gain in two weeks is what the boys average. And it isn't hurting the forests either

IT WASN'T odd that they shouldn't have asked Hamp Grayne for his opinion. Mr. Grayne is not well-known outside the Arkansas Ouachitas. Most of the important officials in Washington, from the President down through the Cabinet, are quite unaware of Mr. Grayne and might be pretty interested to know that for twenty-four hours a day and frequently for six weeks at a stretch he lives in a steel box at the top of a sixty-foot tower on the pompadoured crest of one of the nobler knobs of the Ouachita National Forest. All of which official ignorance is a noticeably raw spot in Mr. Grayne's consciousness.

Had they asked him his opinion concerning the advisability of taking young, unmarried men of from eighteen to twenty-five years off the street corners of New York, Detroit, Kansas City, St. Louis, Little Rock and other human rabble-pots (Mr. Grayne's own word), and putting them to work in the shaggy forest which Mr. Grayne helps to protect from the eternal enemy, fire, he would have told them. And you may take it from one who has seen Mr. Grayne and talked to him, to say nothing of having heard from Mount Ida to Fancy Hill and on to Mena, near the Oklahoma border, of his ability to arrive almost instantly at verdicts on virtually any subject, that Mr. Grayne would have been against it.

Now Mr. Grayne has no hard and fast prejudices against city folks as such. But he firmly believes that they belong in cities, not in the woods. As you may have guessed, he is a fire lookout, one of the brooding Stylites that peer with roving, league-eating eyes into the opalescent haze that drifts as gently as incense through the million dark acres which are the Ouachita National Forest. He knows all that there is to know about forest fires—where they are most likely to happen, how they start, what to do about them and how, to the tenderfoot's great surprise, they run uphill much faster than down.

He knows that the tourist from the city is not the forest's first fire menace; that seldom if ever may the picnic party, the rambling sight-seer or the tourist be accused of willful or malicious fires such as have been started by natives who covet the twenty cents an hour they will receive from the government for fighting what they created. He grants too that it is the law that any and every free American has the right to tour and enjoy the vast magnificence of the Ouachita or, for all of that, any of the hundred and ten million acres of federal forest land from Alaska's mighty Tongass and Chugach, which benumb and terrorize you with their roaring silence, to the matted and crawling back-lands of Florida's Choctawhatchees.

But in Mr. Grayne's convictions there is a natural affinity between the city man and forest fires—and he sees what he sees from his wind-battered aerie with black misgiving. Dead ahead, down the billowing slope of his mountain and across the tops of green swells of no-good blackjack oak and very good shortleaf pine, he sees the trim camp of the nearest company of the Civilian Conservation Corps. The olive-drab tents are in rigid lanes—headquarters, the mess hall, the recreation shack, the shower houses and other wooden outbuildings surrounding them like fortifications. Between and roundabout run neat gray roads simmering in the heat, and whitewashed stone fences looking very military and sanitary and mathematical. Look hard with your city eyes and you see the camp detail, twenty youths stripped to the waist and as tanned as the Indians who used to call these mountains home, swinging picks and spooning long shovels in a ditch which tomorrow will enfold the iron pipe through which water from Haunted Spring will flow into camp. Listen with those city-deadened ears of yours and you hear the work-song of the rhythmical queue, their picks and shovels beating time with sun-flashing blows—a song they learned from fathers and elder brothers:

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Fresh from city streets: hard-working young men of the Civilian Conservation Corps cutting a road through Angel Forest in California

"You're in the army now,
You're not behind the plow;
You—"

And now you shift your position with the remorseless Mr. Grayne to follow the road, a meandering scar down the flank of a mountain which Mr. Grayne has come after all these years to regard as his own. And while it may not be wholly fair, you are bound to feel somehow that it is this sense of proprietorship that is responsible for some of Mr. Grayne's resentment of the presence of these strangers, particularly against the city guys. Cluttering up his mountain!

Anyway, step over here to the other side of the steel box that is this fire lookout's crow's-nest and let your eyes drift along until they cross that stream which seems to be running uphill but isn't. Never mind that disturbance in the underbrush halfway down; it may be a white-tail deer, a browsing cow or even a half-wild razorback rooting for whatever it is they're always rooting for. We're not hunting now. See them?

Sure, there they are, a couple of hundred of half-naked kids in small platoons chopping out the heavy bracken that not only feeds little fires into thousand-acre conflagrations but strangles young pines and white oaks, hickories, red gums and sycamores. Chopping out the murderous undergrowth and making eighteen-foot roads where before a slither of ancient ruts broke your back and smashed your axles, leading you to nowhere in particular.

Watch those lads. In a few minutes you can pick the city boys from among the farmers, the hill-billy lads. Or you think you can. Anyway, some of them swing a pick as if it were a baseball bat, and a shovel like a broom. They haven't learned how to slide their hands along the helves of their unlearned tools. They are the boys from the cities; you're sure of it when you see foremen or the farmers they work beside tap them on their gleaming backs and, taking their axes, their picks or their shovels away from them, give them a demonstration and hand the implements back. This is all very exciting for you who preach sermons for a living, or sell insurance, or hats and houses, shoes and ships or do something else that calls for a white collar. All very interesting because the lads you see learning what to do with muscle tools, as Mr. Grayne calls them, are from the white-collar precincts which produced you. But Mr. Grayne, whom we are going to leave in a moment to mingle with those forest recruits down the mountain, is still begloomed.

"More roads in the mountains," he said, "mean more tourists. More tourists mean more fires. More fires more trouble. More—"

Where There's Fire, There's Smoke

"Listen, Mr. Grayne," you say. "Tourists or no tourists, there are fires. The natives set them to clear land and sometimes to exorcise it. Some of the natives think there's sickness and bad luck on land that isn't cleared, so they touch it off to burn the devil out. And some start from the sparks from smoldering dead wood that the lightning has hit. And some because the hill people want the money they get for helping to fight fire. These roads will make it easier to get to the fires, to say nothing of acting as sort of fire lines—cleared lanes to halt for a moment the progress of fires and give the fire crews a break."

But Mr. Grayne motions for you to be silent. He sees something. Suddenly he has straightened his lax shoulders, his lean body has become as tense as a hound dog whose nose has just caught the scent of a stranger. His eyes are half shut against sun but you can feel the cold intensity of them. There is no more flicker in them than in agates set deep in stone. Mr. Grayne is no longer a worldly skeptic. Those sweating boys down there might be in Nova Zembla for all he cares now. His long, hard hand moves catlike, automatically, toward the telephone, but his eyes are fixed upon something you cannot see.

You think you have it. You see a plume of bluish smoke rising lazily from a clearing yonder toward Caddo Gap. Hamp Grayne's eyes do not waver a lash-width but he tells you that that isn't it. What you see is the sawmill smoke. And neither is he looking at the wisp of vapor beyond the bridge on the main road; that's merely the curl from the incinerator of the conservation corps. You can't see it because of the trees.

Your poor astigmatic eyes, used to no greater distances than the width of city streets, do you no good. And Mr. Grayne, having satisfied himself, picks up the telephone and reports without emotion that he has picked up a "strange smoke" a mile and a half east of Floyd Samson's and a mile south of the second bend in Rance's branch. The intelligence has gone through the switchboard of the supervisor of the district and is relayed to the ear of the crew boss nearest the site of the fire and in a few minutes we shall join in the general excitement because this fire is going to be fought by a hundred kids of eighteen or twenty—who came from the uneventful lowland farms or from the corners of city streets.

Show Us Your Fire, Mister!

Mr. Grayne has stopped his distant staring and has gone to work with the alidade and map surrounded by a graduated brass ring which surmounts the little pedestal in the center of his conning tower. Swiftly he strikes his angles and marks the spot where his lines cross. Yep, the man's right. That's the spot. Just a mile and a half east of Floyd Samson's and a mile south of the second bend in Rance's branch. Clever? Not so very. Why, Hamp Grayne knows every hill and trundle, every gulch, ditch and dip from Hot Springs to Pole Cat and up through the Ozarks to Yellville. And he knows every charted smoke plume in the two forests, Ouachita and Ozark. Ought to, by cheese. Started living around the mountains when he

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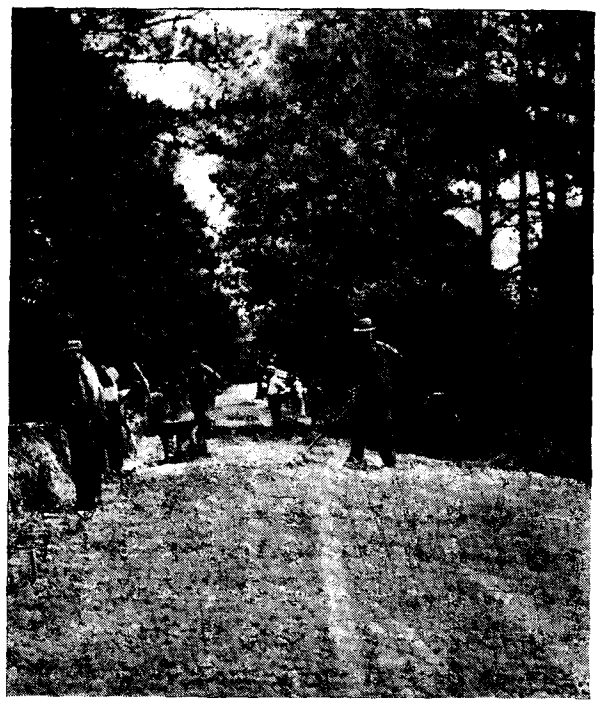

New roads built by the C. C. C. aid greatly in fighting forest fires

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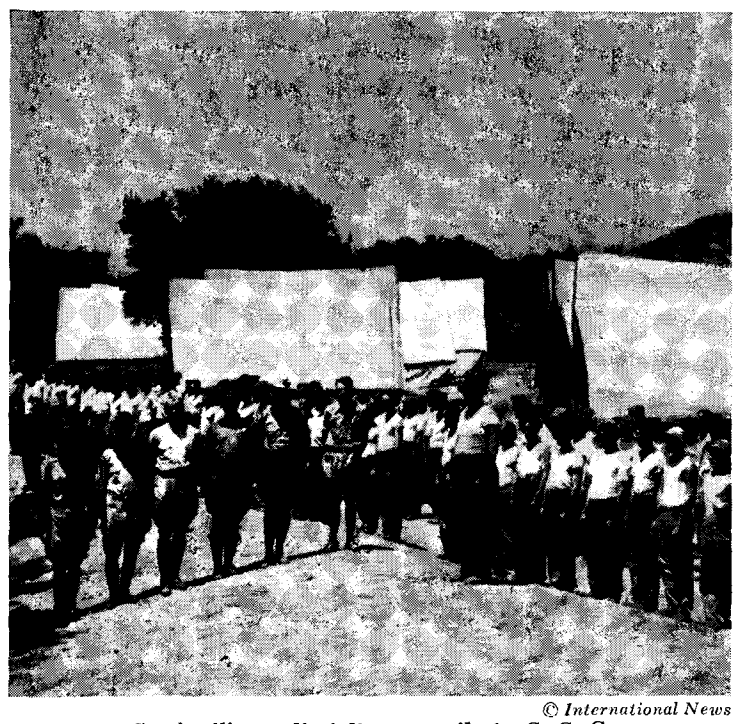
Come and get it! Noonday mess finds the boys lined up and waiting

The blasting heat of a burning pine forest will make a man drop as if shot



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Semi-military discipline prevails in C. C. C. camps, under Regular Army supervision

was two years old and had an old man who never seemed to get set nowhere. The old man was always moving from one place in the mountains to another. Trouble, all that eternal moving from place to place? No, no trouble. Didn't have nothing to take trouble on. All they had to do when the old man felt a moving coming on was to put out the fire and call the dog.

But we can't stay any longer with Hamp Grayne. We have to go down the mountain and see about these boys who, overnight, have been made foresters. Not that it is easy to abandon Hamp, because he's as full of stories as a library. Some other time you'll hear the story of the fire lookout whose little mountain farm was visible from his perch and how he used to telephone to his wife every time his hired hand stopped hoeing or plowing to wipe the honest sweat from his brow. Now there's a yarn for you. Have to get that down on paper some day. And about the wild dogs and the squatters who had to be burned out. But just now we have to get going. Story-seekers are likely to be side-tracked a thousand times in the Ouachitas and the Ozarks. Let us stick to the one we're on.

Down the mountain there is a terrific pother under way. Five trucks have lumbered up the road and into them sixty or seventy kids, who have dropped their axes, their shovels and picks, have clambered, yelling, "Fireman, save my child," and howling in earnest imitation of the fire sirens back home. They welcome the break in the hack and shovel, chop and load grind that has kept them busy for three days. Show us your fire. mister.

Fifty Per Cent Efficiency

But the fire boss isn't overjoyed. Of course he has with him a crew of local hill billies who know their stuff, who know the difference between the direct attack where the burning is slow and the heat not intense, and the parallel and oblique method where you flank it and beat, rake and smother it from its weaker angles. But under him and his assistants he has sixty or seventy roaring kids who don't know that in the heat that burning pine can generate, men can drop as if shot through the head or have their bodies burned in the sudden blasts of liquid fire that spurt from the inflammable sap that bursts from trees like water from hoses. . . .

We needn't go further with it. It wasn't much of a fire, quite a small one, in fact, which makes it all the more astonishing that Hamp Grayne should have seen its shadowy banner at all through the haze. So it was just as well that we stayed behind because it gave us a chance to meet one of the lads that didn't go to rake and beat that borning disaster to death.

The name his pals from St. Louis have for him is Joe the Poke, and Joe wasn't going to last. Apparently he had tried his puny best, but he is one of the rare ones who just can't stand it. Perhaps he can take it in the city but the crushing quiet of the hills ruined him. He says he couldn't sleep in all that nightly silence. The trill of a cricket rasped his nerves raw and the distant whimper of the wildcat, the human wail that even the hill women can't listen to without terror because it sounds so much like a frightened, abandoned child, had him chattering with terror.

Of himself, Joe is not important. He is merely one of over a quarter million youngsters enlisted for six months in 1,450 forest camps to build roads, clear away underbrush and dead timber, clean the small streams which years of neglect have almost obliterated, build catchment basins for flood control, revive old water holes which once were the nightly gathering places for wild game, and do a hundred incidental jobs and chores. For various reasons, some political and others just convenience, the utmost work these boys of from eighteen to twenty-five years might achieve is neither exacted nor expected. The engineers will tell you that they cannot be more than fifty per cent efficient, even when trained to their jobs.

They are on duty just eight hours a day. Assembling them, loading them into trucks, transporting them from camp and returning them for lunch and in the evening—things like that—consume almost four hours a day. It is all very well for them to sing the old army lament—You're in the Army Now—but there is none of the Army's autocratic rule. There can't be. Any of them may quit when he feels like it, and he has no court-martial to fear. Of course if he chooses to go A. W. O. L. or surrender to an evening's whim and quit cold, he does not get his transportation to his home. There are exceptions to this, of course, but this is the general rule.

The Inevitable Undesirable

But if he is fired, discharged for gold-bricking, for being a nuisance, for spreading dissension, for unconquerable stupidity or for any other of the weaknesses or disturbances which are bound to crop out when large bodies of rapidly recruited men are assembled in primitive surroundings, he is eligible to his ticket home. And he gets it. Moreover, he is not permitted to hang around the scene of his failure. It is on the credit side of the mobilized lads that in most instances they see to it themselves that the dismissed undesirable doesn't linger.

Joe the Poke was due to quit or be fired when I saw him. To be quite fair to him, you must understand that he had never had a job of any kind. He had never learned to work and the atmosphere from which he had been enlisted was not the sort which produces many hard-working men. One of the most interesting elements in the reforestation army is the large number of young fellows who, like Joe, have never held a job of any sort before entering the wilderness.

At the age of seventeen, Joe, whom we shall concentrate upon not because he is typical of the corps nor of any large part of it but because he illustrates pretty well the more difficult element, had gone about as far as he could or would in school—his second year in high school. He was no student. Such ambitions as he cherished urged him vaguely to some not-too-exacting job—perhaps a little political post where vote-rustling and election-day bell ringing were more important than any contribution to government. Or maybe some nice racketeering set-up under a big shot. Such were the ideals of Joe's home environment.

Anyway, you get the idea. Joe, like thousands of lads from his plane, was wholly in step with the popular moral tempo. The end of his schooling and the beginning of the economic depression arrived hand in hand. Perhaps in those first dismal days he might have got some sort of job. But it would have required a bit of hunting and Joe was no prospector. Therefore, for three years he had done nothing useful—hadn't been permitted to. As month after month of enforced idleness passed, his theory of industry became more and more nebulous. Even racketeering of various sorts was in the doldrums, people having no money to indulge forbidden appetites or buy gold bricks.

Joe the Poke (and in this he is typical of a large portion of the corps) was a

(Continued on page 31)

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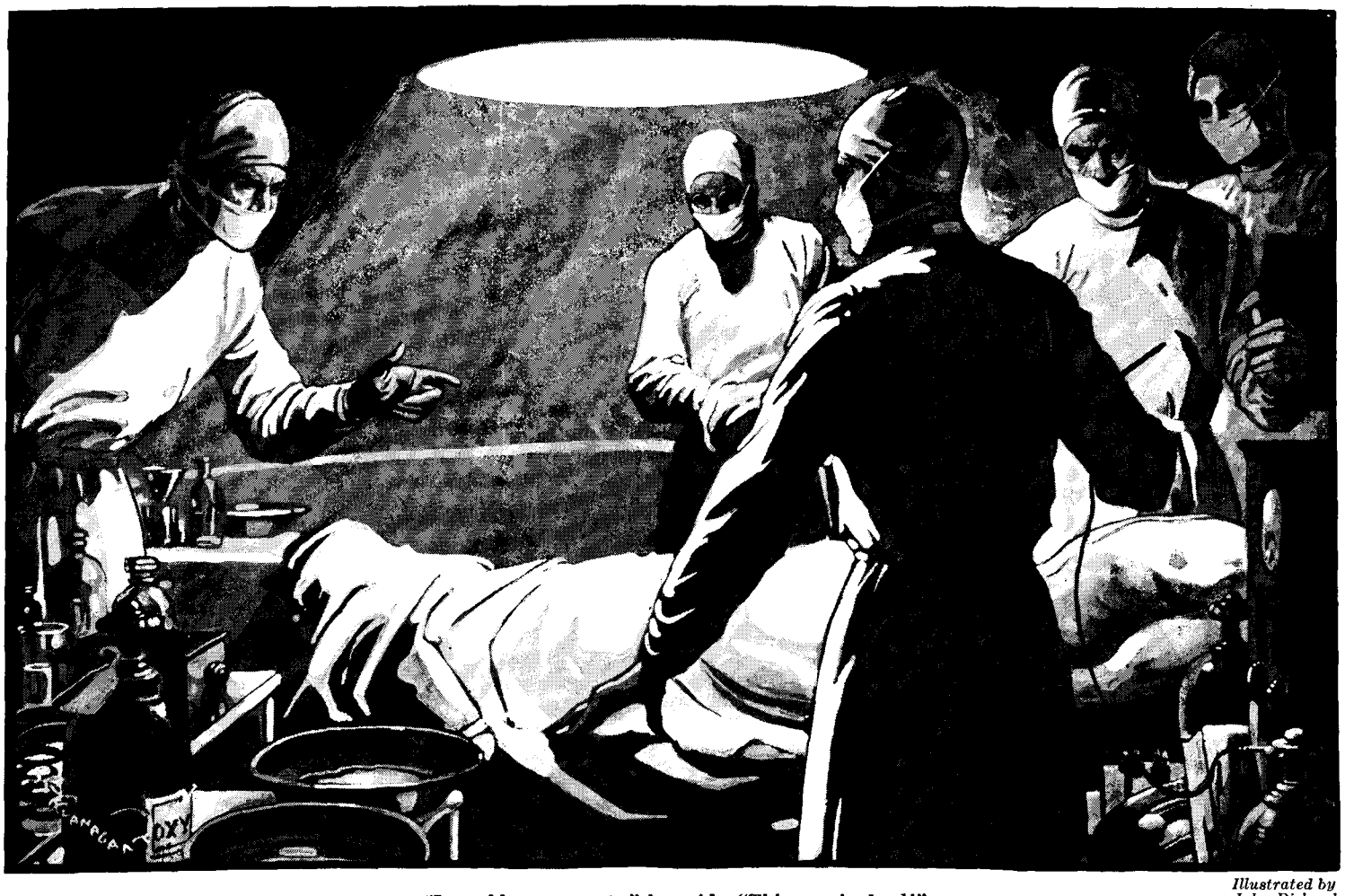

"I would not operate," he said. "This one is dead!"

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Vacant Windows

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By R. G. Kirk

THE man was dead. It was John Brace Masterson; but just the same he was dead. His millions had not been enough to keep him alive. His legendary power had not been enough—Masterson was dead.

When the doctors had told him he would die within a week, he had started West, hoping to outrun their verdict. Westward he had rushed—over half of Europe, out over the Atlantic, onward toward America, his home.

The papers of the world had been full of that Milwaukee clinic; where an American doctor had been bringing back the dead. And Masterson had read about the long electro-injection needle which had been named, with grim newspaper humor, The New Deal. So, with Death's hand upon him, Masterson had bought the mightiest plane in Europe, and the iron courage of Europe's finest pilot. He bought them; and he set out over land and sea for the doctor who could make a stopped heart start again. When he reached his goal, the man was dead. Zeczy said he was dead. Not long dead, perhaps—but dead.

They tried every test. He was dead by each and all of them. But most of all he was dead because Zeczy said he was dead. Nicati's ophthalmotonometer registered death. And Hartzmann made the tests for muscular irritability to electricity. Then they checked all the older methods with the new diathermic proof proposed by Borier of the French Academy. Still, the fact that Zeczy said he was dead weighed most. On very rare occasions one of the old conclusive tests proved fallible. but Zeczy, never. If Zeczy of Budapest said you were dead, you were dead.

Well, there lay Masterson, huge framed, huge skulled; the skin of his face stretched tight and dry and shining across the ruthless, brutal frontal ridges. Above him, in steep circled seats, dim in the shadow of the great lamp hood, the clinic rose. And Doctor Samuel stood, with the long needle poised, explaining. Here was the ideal case. A body undiseased. This man had died as men had died before, of boredom, disillusion—of a great and terrible nostalgia. All organs perfect. This heart, once started, would keep going. Not for minutes, hours—years. This man, now dead, would outlive many of us watching there. See, now. Thus—

Just then Zeczy came into the room.

With him came mighty drama. You could feel it. He had refused all invitations to the previous demonstrations of Doctor Samuel. He had refused this one. But now he was before us.

He bowed to Doctor Samuel, very formally; and said, very quietly:

"If I may."

And Samuel bowed and said, "My thanks for coming, Doctor."

Zeczy stepped to the slab and looked into the eyes of that which lay there. Then he stepped back.

"I would not operate," he said. "This one is dead!"

IF ANY man had breathed you could have heard it.

Doctor Samuel flushed.

"Am I, then, a charlatan, Doctor Zeczy?" he asked angrily. "And are Hartzmann, and Bricelle, and Carstair, and a dozen others who have made tests for me, quacks? Were not the other subjects dead?"

"I ask a pardon of you," Zeczy said. "And of all those who have worked with you. You are far from a charlatan, Doctor. You are sincere and honest. You are a splendid scientist. As death is known by tests, all those you brought to life were dead. But the great test has yet to be devised: one to tell when the soul departs."

Zeczy of Budapest turned to the dim, high circles of seats that rose above him.

"I can tell when the soul departs," said Zeczy.

"Some one has said," the great Hungarian practitioner went on, "that the eyes are the windows of the soul. I have just now looked in through vacant windows. It has gone. This one is really dead."

"I thank you, Doctor Zeczy," Samuel said. "Your diagnosis is invaluable." Again he poised his needle. "The point just penetrates the heart. We go in here, below—"

But Zeczy softly touched his arm.

"I would not do this surgery," he advised. "I beg your indulgence humbly, Doctor Samuel. And you will bear with me, all you eager young men. But let us think." He put his hand upon the high arch of the mighty chest of Masterson. "The soul has gone from this. What will you have now if you bring it life?"

Nobody answered that. Zeczy had just said, "Let us think."

"Half a million years ago," continued Zeczy, "a thing less than a man, more than an ape, started to think; started to stand with backbone perpendicular. *Pithecanthropus erectus*, science has named him. You have seen his skull. That was man without a soul. His small brain had not yet begun to dream. God was waiting for that. God had a soul all ready, waiting. So I would be afraid to bring this thing to life. Preservation, gentlemen, is the noble purpose of our calling. But resurrection is Another's work. We should, I fear—how is the English—make a mess of resurrection. We might, attempting it, turn back the clock of Time, half a million years. . . . I thank you, Doctor Samuel. I thank you, gentlemen." And Zeczy walked, in breathless stillness, from the clinic.

Then Doctor Samuel, for the third time, raised the long needle which he uses to work miracles.

FOR perhaps a month, in uttermost seclusion, Masterson lived on his great ranch in Southern California. Then he disappeared, and no man ever laid eye on Masterson again.

But at last they did find out the hideous end of him. The Thing had killed him—The Thing that had, with horror and with terror, paralyzed all Southern California for a month—The Thing that killed and ate.

Machine guns killed it, finally. It had long canine fangs set in a huge prognathous jaw, and its skull was very flat; but it walked erect. It was an unexplainable, ghastly mystery. Anthropologists said that The Thing turned back the clock of Time five hundred thousand years.

It had finished Masterson. The evidence was indisputable. The police were sure. Grotesquely clinging to its squat and hairy body as it dropped riddled from a tree, were split and tattered garments that had once been worn by Masterson.

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Evenings Only

You would see them dancing together, laughing together, all intimacy and animation. And you'd say, "Those two are in love." But they weren't. Not both of them. Not then

By Brooke Hanlon

GERRY bit her pencil end, and frowned, and bit again. Her manner was strangely similar to that of the chief advertising writer of Holcomb's, hunching over the mahogany desk in her small private office and struggling with a brochure which was to snap the Park Avenue débutantes and the college girls from their seasonal apathy and bring them to a sharp and immediate realization of the pressing need of new garments, of Holcomb garments. And small wonder that Gerry resembled the high priestess of the pencil in that large and polished Fifth Avenue interior. She was that high priestess, that seer of style, that prophetess of fashion. She was Gerry Girard, whose sparkling morning columns discussing this and that within the great store delighted the initiate, made clothes-conscious the multitude. She was that Gerry Girard who commanded the respect of even the austere executive offices of that grandiose establishment in which she inhabited, from nine until five each day, a small niche.

Gerry didn't, at the moment, exactly suggest the repository of so much importance. Her smooth brown hair was slightly ruffled; her small nose betrayed a shade of pinkness and a condition of shininess unusual to it. At her left were three small handkerchiefs rolled into balls and evidencing a state of dampness which could have been caused by nothing other than tears.

She reread what she had written. Surprisingly enough, it was not aimed cannily at the pocketbook of anyone on Park Avenue or in Westchester. "Help Wanted: Male," it was headed austerely. "Young man, twenty-five to thirty, personable, college bred, background, good dancer," it went on. "Work of confidential nature evenings. References exchanged."

Gerry inserted two more words. "Evening clothes," she wrote carefully—and made a hasty dive for a handkerchief.

She'd remembered Foster Haines in evening clothes. There hung about the handkerchief a faint fragrance of "Que tu m'intrigues," and her lips trembled more desperately. It was "Que tu m'intrigues" from the bottle which Foster had given her for Christmas. Having diluted the expensive perfume with three more tears, she put it determinedly aside, affixed her telephone number to the scrap of paper, added "call between 8 and 10" and reached for the telephone.

Gerry had again achieved her polished exterior when she sat behind the mahogany desk next morning. All day she handled buyers and assistant buyers and artists and display men with her accustomed deftness. Yet, occasionally, over the surface of all this smoothness, there occurred a slight upheaval which was sheer panic. What had she been thinking of? What had she let herself in for? She, Gerry Girard, advertising for a man. Coldly, in the public prints, she'd set forth her wants. "Personable." She shuddered. "Evening clothes." She practically gulped over her salad in the tea-room around the corner.

"What ho—what now?" Perry Wells was a display man whom she fought to the last eyelash in business hours, yet who proved a not unamiable luncheon companion.

"Nothing," she said listlessly.

"You looked for a moment as though you'd seen the well-known worm alpenstocking it up the lettuce." Perry touched his small waxed mustache. "By the way, how's the boy friend?"

"If you mean Foster—" That was sheer front. Everybody knew it was Foster. It had been Foster exclusively for a year.

"Yes. Foster, old boy, old youth, old dream. How is the old oyster?" Perry's attention had definitely wandered. "I suppose you've seen those new mannikins. Well—"

Gerry ate, relieved.

Illustrated by George de Zayas

"Do women confide in you?" Gerry asked him impulsively

FROM eight to ten her phone rang incessantly and she talked into it in a voice which was frigidly businesslike in the lower register and inclined to go off into tremolo in the upper. "That won't do." She sat holding her hot cheeks at ten o'clock. "If you go nervous you're lost."

She'd made appointments with three of them, and she noted their names distastefully: Donald Hargreaves. Robert Stark. Clifford Rogers. She'd picked the ones with the nicest voices, of course, and no doubt that had been wrong. A voice could lead one astray. She drooped, taking a final look about before turning the lights off. How empty the place looked. There was the chair over which Foster's well-knit and well-tailored length had been wont to drape itself. There were the books he had left on his last visit. There the prints he had brought her from Paris. There, on the radio, his photograph. She pushed the light button quickly, erasing it all.

Donald Hargreaves. He was ushered in by Iona, in white cap and apron, promptly at eight o'clock. He was personable, well-bred, and obviously unemployed. At eight-fifteen he was ushered out again, still unemployed. "Too young," Gerry thought regretfully. "Not more than twenty-two."

Robert Stark lasted only ten minutes. "Bright lad," she thought distastefully. "Too bright." No, that type wouldn't do. No doubt she should have contacted more than three of them. There wasn't a chance in the world that the third one would be any better.

Clifford Rogers. She paced worriedly, waiting for him. "Won't do at all," was her first thought. "But wait a minute—" was her second. "Yes, I could tell him," was her third. "I wouldn't mind at all if he laughed at me." He was long and rangy. He had an alert and friendly, terrier sort of look. He was well-groomed, without at first glance seeming to be. That is, you noticed Clifford Rogers first, and the clothes second. "Nice ears. Nice head. Nice shoulders—" Gerry proceeded with her silent inventory, listening to statistics about his experience and references. "Knows how to offer a cigarette, and to light it," she noted. There are ways and ways of doing that, as every girl knows. "Registers no surprise." She liked that. He was Yale, she learned. He was M. A. He was Gamma Gamma Gamma.

"All that doesn't really matter so much." She brushed it aside. "But do you mind mixing a cocktail? You'll find things in the refrigerator." She wanted a man who knew his way about, even in kitchenettes, certainly. She bit her handkerchief end, waiting for him.

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They danced. Every time they neared the Foster table the twirls became, if possible, more languorous

"There you are." He advanced toward her, twirling the cocktail shaker, and she thought she detected a twinkle in his eye. It was gone in a moment, however. That shaker—Gerry watched him pour—had been a gift from Foster. She had to squelch that thought immediately, drowning it with a mouthful of the third applicant's drink.

"Wait, wait—" he interposed. "Just a moment." He went back to the kitchenette and appeared in a moment with a plate of appetizers. This time the twinkle was definitely there.

"Did you concoct all those, and the drinks too, in three minutes?" Gerry bit into one tentatively. It was nice.

He grinned, and one eyebrow went up comically.

"Do women confide in you?" Gerry asked him impulsively.

"I eat up confidences," he said solemnly. "Greta Garbo has told me her emotional history."

"Because I'm going to." Gerry fumbled, and regained her businesslike pose. "But if you'll put a record on first, we'll dance."

HE PICKED out Look in My Eyes and they tangoed slowly about. Not bad. Not bad at all. Gerry had the trick of being able to appear small and helpless when she wasn't really that way at all. Just now, for instance, her eyes were well over the shoulder of this lithe young man and on every one of those languorous dips and turns she could see the photograph of Foster Haines on the radio. She had to shut her eyes against it at length. Tangoing this way, eyes closed, with this humorous and easily moving young man was not wholly unpleasant.

The record was finished. They sat down. "Now," said Gerry, "I'll tell you about it. I've lost a man."

"Have you tried the Bureau of Missing Persons?"

"Gracious, no." Gerry looked startled. "What I mean is, everything was all fixed. An understanding, they used to call it. Then he met someone who—who evidently interested him more. That one." She waved toward Foster's picture with a brave attempt at insouciance.

Clifford Rogers got to his feet and looked at the photograph. He looked at Gerry. "Ought to have his head examined," he said. "I mean—excuse me. Go on."

"Your task would be to take me about evenings"—she avoided looking at him—"every evening, if you could spare the time. You see, I know where Foster hangs out. I ought to." She swallowed. "I think, with luck, I could run into him often. The idea is, when we did"—she hesitated—"you would seem to be burned up about me, if you get the idea."

"I get it. But—"

"I thought, you see, if I could make him jealous. He's just the type to be jealous. There isn't a lot of time. I mean I don't want to waste time. I've been seeing only him. And if I met a new man tomorrow and he gave me a fearful rush, he'd have his own places, you see. Oh, dear—the thing is, I conceived this idea of hiring someone nice looking and suitable—"

The candidate bowed.

"—and I'll pay all the bills, of course, and would five dollars a night be satisfactory?" she finished with a rush.

"Quite satisfactory," he said gravely. "Of course, the rôle of gigolo is new to me, but—"

"DON'T say gigolo," she begged. "It's just a business proposition. I do feel queer telling you all this."

"No need," he assured her. "It will be a tremendous help to me, just now. You've no idea."

"Then it's all settled." Gerry was relieved. "Can you start in tomorrow?"

"I'll be right here, at eight, say. And—and I'll try to give satisfaction."

Again Gerry thought she detected a glint of humor in his eyes. She couldn't be sure. But it didn't matter if he was laughing at her. Nothing mattered, nothing but Foster. Alone once more, she moved irresistibly toward his photograph. She stood for a moment staring at it, lost in thought. Her glance fell then upon the plate which had been heaped high with hors d'œuvres. It was empty.

"He was hungry," she thought, startled. "Hungry."

"YOU look sweet, Gerry," Cliff Rogers was saying a week later in the Club Pierre. "Is that a new dress?"

"Yes, it's new." Gerry was in blue satin, a blue which was soft, yet succeeded in doing electrical things to her eyes. Gerry was looking about the club covertly. "It's part of my game," she reminded him. "I've got to look sweet." Her eyes came back from their fruitless quest. "Don't I look a little bit dangerous, too?"

"As dangerous as a planeload of dynamite going into a tail spin," he assured her.

"You are getting on," she remarked. Her eyes took up their pilgrimage again. "He isn't here, either." The life went from her voice.

"It would be just as well, if he should come in, that he'd find you paying a little attention to me," Cliff Rogers said. "Just a little, you know. Pretend to be sort of wrapped up in me, why don't you? Good practice."

"You've been perfectly grand." Her roving gaze came back to him with compunction. "Made to order. And all the time I know you're thinking me a perfect goat."

"Stop that," he said. "There's a goat in this, but it isn't you. Now what are we going to have?"

They ordered. Gerry derived a slight melancholy satisfaction in seeing Cliff Rogers eat. She had developed a professional interest in her new employee. It was nice to know he was having one good meal a day. She tried to call his attention subtly to the most nourishing things on the menu. "The filet mignon is nice here," she'd say, or, "Let's start off with soup." Of course she usually had to force her own share of the dinner down. It was hard to have an appetite, knowing that at any minute Foster might walk in with that girl.

"Look here," her companion said suddenly. "Isn't all this a little expensive for you? I mean—"

"What's money for?"—Gerry's voice was low—"if not to get what you want? I'm afraid you're not finding me very good company." She stirred. "But I'm beginning to be discouraged. Wouldn't you think, in ten days, we'd have run into him somewhere?"

"WE'RE bound to soon," Cliff said. "He'll want to take her where he's known. New Yorkers are like that. The head waiter rushing up to welcome him, the manager coming over to say a few words—that act. Now look here"—he patted her hand—"don't worry. We're going to see this thing through."

"Of course he has called me, twice," Gerry remembered. "But they were conscience calls." She drooped. "You can tell by the voice."

"Whoops," Cliff Rogers said suddenly, under his breath. "Look alive, lady. Smile. Dimple, if possible." He was galvanized into action. "Turn on the fireworks. He's here. If my eyes don't deceive me the original of your prize photo is at hand. In the flesh. Checking his things. Blonde. Blonde with him."

"It would be," Gerry said in a small voice. "Oh, Cliff. I'm scared. I can't smile. I can't d-dimple. Why did I ever start this?" She took refuge behind her napkin.

"Buck up now," he urged. "Here..

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Gilded Wings

Crosby was a flyer—a hero to millions. Girls had thrown themselves at him. He had never loved, never married. Only one girl knew the reason

By Ernest Haycox

THE plane came low and fast out of the darkening west like a silver dart, circled Pendleton's field once and swooped with a rising wail of the slip stream. Wheels and earth merged and the ship scudded on as smoothly as a bolt of silk unrolling along a counter, stopping abreast the small crowd gathered there. Theodore watched this beautiful exhibit of precision in deep respect and spoke to Pedrick, who was a local flyer.

"He's heard this Chamber of Commerce speech a million times before. What do you say to a guy as famous as that?"

"You could fly to hell in that job," said Pedrick, almost in reverence.

There was a few minutes' delay and somebody switched on an auto's headlights that bathed the ship with a fluid silver radiance. In the cockpit Captain Crosby's black head bowed toward the dials while the motor ticked over rhythmically. "There ain't anything," said Pedrick, "he can't do in the air," and then he disappeared modestly, for the motor was cut and Crosby threw out a kit bag and lowered a tall figure to the ground, immediately going to the front of his ship to set the prop in a horizontal position. Theodore went forward then, faintly disappointed. This man who had been an exemplar of daring in the war, who was now one of peace-time's great aviators, seemed grave and settled and well past thirty. Theodore said:

"Pendleton's proud to have you here, Captain Crosby. You've missed the first two days of the Round-up, but tomorrow's show will be good."

He got instantly the shock of Captain Crosby's personality. The flyer's match, raised to a cigarette, illumined a grin across square and white teeth, across a solid, wind-tanned face. Even in this poor light Theodore made out the fine net of weather wrinkles around eyes that were half between green and blue. Theodore, who was no fool, thought those eyes had the capacity for tremendous change. Certainly the man had seen enough in his time. Captain Crosby's voice was easy and full:

"How in thunder did you know I'd be here?"

"Be pretty hard for you to go anywhere without being reported. We heard you had decided to fly up on a vacation. So we wired Los Angeles for your departing time, and checked you over Klamath Falls. You're staying at Butch Annadale's house, who knew you in the war."

HE PICKED up the flyer's kit bag, put quite at ease by the latter's slow chuckle; and walking back to the car, he thought: "Big people have a way." Captain Crosby's voice gently addressed the small crowd:

"It is very kind of you to come."

Theodore waited, again thinking, "This guy's right." Captain Crosby crawled into the front seat and stretched his legs out in front of him and sighed gently, and Theodore, slipping a close-range glance at the flyer, got the impression of graveness relaxing to perceptible melancholy. They went across the flying field and flowed along a smooth highway, without talk; they crawled through a main street overflowing with the holiday crowd, ascended another street to the residential section of the hill and stopped before a big white house exuding brilliance and confusion through its every pore. Theodore hopped out and got the kit bag.

Captain Crosby's grin was sharp and ironic across the bronzed skin. "Theodore," he drawled, "what kind of a vacation did your Chamber of Commerce think I wanted?" But he followed obediently up the steps and through a wide doorway, to be set back on his heels by a literal riot. Thirty or more people, very gay, seemed to be talking all at once. The radio was on. Two couples struggled through the motions of dancing, a man in a violently yellow flannel shirt nudged his way into the crowd with a tray of glasses. Somewhat detached and analytical, Captain Crosby recognized them to be of that young married and marriageable set every town possesses; he watched Theodore wigwag for silence—and get it.

Theodore said, with a flattering simplicity: "Captain Arch Crosby."

That moment of speculative quiet was nothing new to Crosby. In a way he was a showman, and this was his entrance. He straightened a little, a solid and ruffle-haired man against the light; he bowed a little. "It is nice of you," he said gently, "to take me in," and watched a girl detach herself from the group and walk forward in a manner that reminded him of water flowing. She was tall and cool and her hair was a smooth butter-yellow. Two straps across small and full shoulders supported a plum-colored party dress, beneath which her body showed its suppleness. Her glance was soberly direct.

"I HAD heard that nothing disturbed you, and I can believe it, after this. I'm Gwyn Annadale. Butch and Elsie had to go to Portland. It really isn't necessary to introduce you around—you'll bump into the gang later." Her hand was warm; it gripped his heavy palm with a moment's pressure. "I'll show you your room."

Captain Crosby took his kit from Theodore, with thanks, and trailed Gwyn Annadale's neat ankles up the stairs, conscious of the constraint he had left below. The girl paused at a bedroom door and slouched her ivory-smooth shoulders gracefully against the wall. She said: "Don't let them bother you. They're not tourists. Only my own bunch. We always burn the candle at both ends during rodeo week. Or seem to." A wondering speculation was very clear across those lovely eyes. She added: "But I doubt if they will bother you."

He was slightly amused. "What sort of a reputation has Butch made out for me?"

"A hero—without the angels' wings."

"Butch," he observed, "is no older than I am. You can't be his daughter."

"You may remember a kid sister who sent him fruit cakes and knitted sweaters in 1917. Me. I have a picture of you two standing beside a plane, at the front." She looked at him with an increase of quiet concentration. "In the picture you were laughing."

He said, bluntly: "How old are you?"

"Twenty-six." Then she said, "What an admission!" and turned away.

Captain Crosby opened his kit neatly on the dresser and scrubbed up. He brushed his suit. Echoes of revelry lifted from the main streets at the foot of the hill and entered the open window, and the gridiron pattern of lights down there laid yellow banners across the sky; and then, turning his eyes about the walls of this pleasant room, he saw a picture framed on the wall that roused him from the indifferent run of his thoughts. It was, he found, the flying officers of the 185th Pursuit Squadron grouped against a hangar in France—just a bunch of kids staring across fifteen years of time through a surface slowly turning yellow.

HE PLACED Butch Annadale's serious face and his own, and he wheeled away without pleasure. Very few of that outfit had been old enough to vote; very few of them had ever lived to reach the voting age. Going soberly down the hall to rejoin the party, his mind went slowly along the roster of that gallant, half-mad squadron and he felt the sudden nostalgia which comes to a man looking back on a part of his life so high and bright, so irretrievably vanished.

Gwyn Annadale stood in the center of the living-room floor beside another girl and a lean, tough-fibered man with a quiet face. Gwyn Annadale said: "Captain Crosby, this is Karen LaGrange. And Bill Mateer. Bill's a wheat rancher and also a rider. You'll see him in the bucking contest tomorrow."

She was small and dark and quiet, this Karen; but Crosby watched the fire glow beneath her unsmiling eyes. He took Bill Mateer's big-knuckled hand, instantly liking the youth, instantly attracted by a quality of reserved steadiness apparent there. "Tame show for you," said Mateer agreeably. "A buckaroo only falls about six feet, which isn't much distance to a flyer."

"Enough distance in which to break your neck," said Karen, and Crosby's quickening interest got the shadowed worry of her eyes.

Mateer said in a silky, stubborn voice: "A year's work on an acre of wheat is worth maybe sixteen

"Nothing's very solid in a flyer's life," he said. "Call it straight fun and let it go at that"

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The recklessness ever unquiet in him rose to the occasion. He bent down and took her in his arms and kissed her

dollars. Less than an afternoon's work in the arena. Never try wheat farming, Captain. Only suckers do that."

"Others do it—and make it go," said Karen LaGrange.

The sense of a quarrel, the sense of a struggle between them, was pretty plain to Crosby. Meanwhile he felt again the constraint his presence brought to the crowd. But he had met this before and he knew what to do. He said to them all:

"If someone will give me a drink I may be able to catch up."

THIS party progressed. They had gone presently from Annadales' to another house, and then to still another. There was no head or tail to anything—just a deliberate confusion, a pointless play. Captain Crosby sat on the floor in a corner with an empty glass that had contained something with too much bitters, watching the temper of this bunch run a little freer, a little more daring. They had a game now on which they were exhausting a positively enormous energy. A man and a girl stood in the middle of the room, right hands clasped, each trying to unbalance the other. The girl tripped and violently sat down, and said: "Was that the human thing to do?" Laughter and applause—and another couple in the middle of the floor.

The fellow in the yellow shirt refilled Captain Crosby's glass. Flyers had more than their share of wine, women and something that passed for song, and he supposed he could qualify as a judge. This party was too robust to be indecent. Bill Mateer and the LaGrange girl sauntered out to the front porch, and Gwyn Annadale, moving on with that striking grace, came to him and sat down.

"Indifference," she said, "or boredom?"

"The very old fall asleep anywhere."

She said: "How old, *mon capitaine?*"

"Thirty-six." He stirred the cocktail with an index finger. "That means nothing. My generation aged early. All of us left alive are very old."

She turned and tucked her legs beneath her, the better to watch his bronzed, straight-lined face. "I was quite young when Butch wrote his letters from the front. I had my picture of you through him. It wasn't such a bad picture, Captain Crosby. And the very young don't forget—so I have followed you through the newspapers ever since. Butch almost cried when he found he'd miss you here."

The gang had decided to dance, and he saw them all as a blur of bright colors on slim, restless bodies. He was at that stage of drinking, he knew, when a lucid calm descended, when there was a great deal of beauty to be seen and some peace to be had. Gwyn Annadale went gently on:

"FOR a while after the war you dropped from sight. I found you again when you made the dawn-to-dusk flight. After that it was one thing and another. I didn't sleep from the Monday to the Wednesday morning they were hunting for you on the Pacific—and finally found you hanging to a wing of your plane. Did you have to make that trip to Hawaii? Do you have to do all the other things?" She drew a breath and seemed to recall the newspapers: "Captain Crosby, doubling for Eric Halsey, in the Dusk Patrol, breaks both legs to bring his ship down in flames, a hundred feet before the camera;" "Captain Crosby narrowly averted disaster when a new type plane he was testing for the factory lost its wing in a power dive." She looked at him, expressionless except for the straight, exploring glance.

He drank his cocktail. "There's a better order in flying nowadays. The transport pilots lead a pretty regular life. It used to be different, it used to be rough-and-tumble. There are a few of us left that remember it used to be rough-and-tumble. I guess we can't seem to forget it."

She murmured: "Is there anything you haven't done?"

"Some things might have been better left undone."

"Women. I said I knew a great deal about you. When you are through, what do you do with them, *mon capitaine?*"

"Nothing's very solid in a flyer's life. Call it straight fun and let it go at that—as the women do. Who wants to marry a man in the morning and see him dragged out of a wreck in the afternoon?"

Karen LaGrange hurried in from the porch, her cheeks pale and angered; Bill Mateer followed and looked around with a sort of bitter

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Illustrated by George Howe

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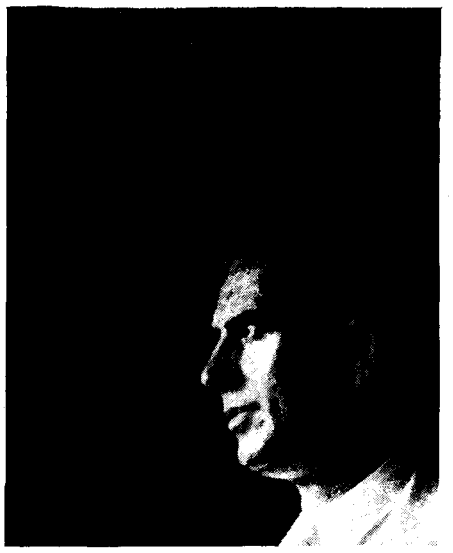


Rest, for the Day is Coming

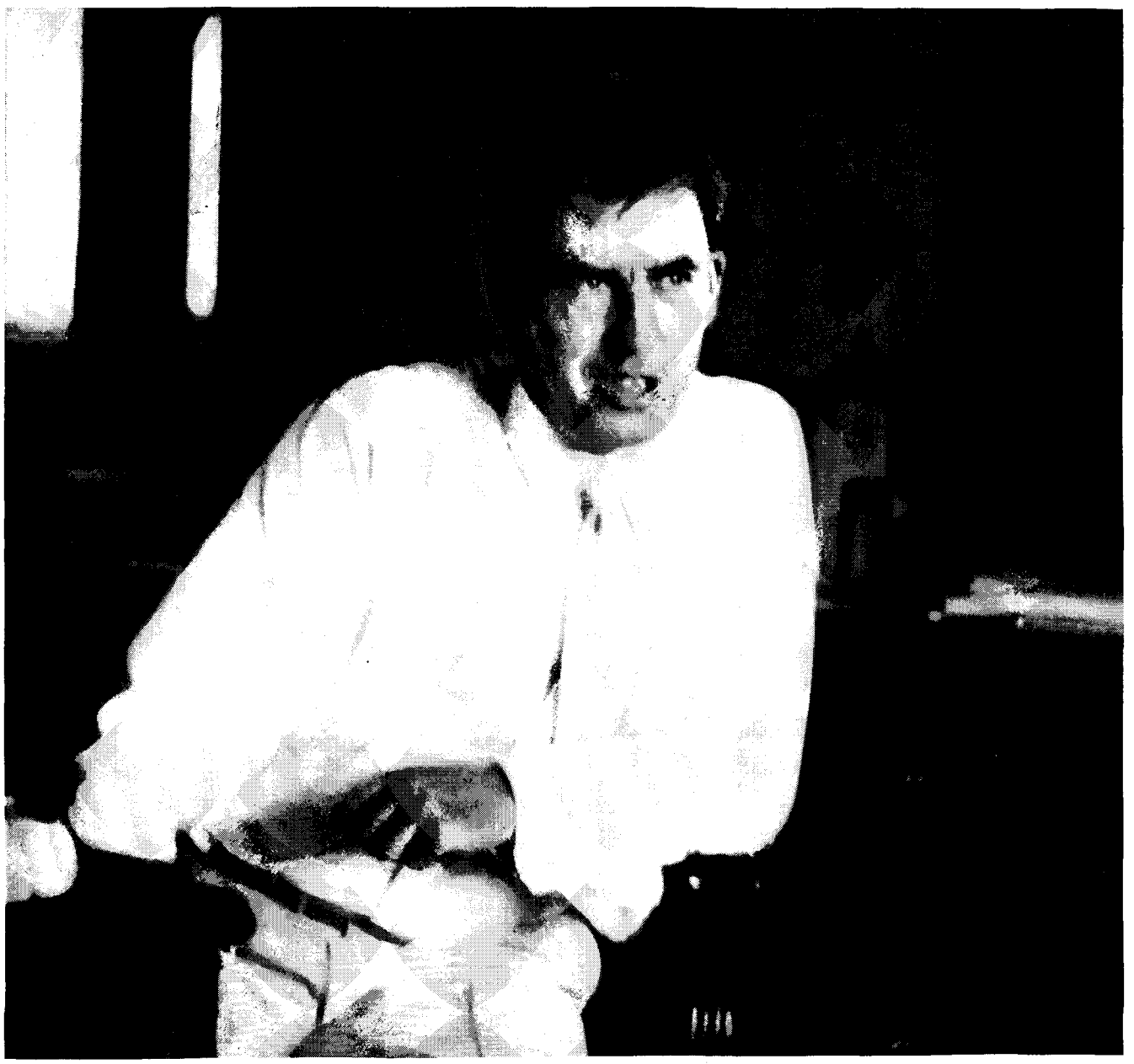
The very practical visionaries in charge of the Department of Agriculture open fire on the religion of hard work

By Ray Tucker

Photos by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, looks upon the Soviet experiment in remolding a people's habits with eyes open and unafraid

"Hank" Wallace, the New Deal's Secretary of Agriculture, is the chief apostle of a new mode of thinking and living for thirty million American farmers



WASHINGTON has seen all sorts of farm leaders come into town and camp on Capitol Hill in the last ten years. It has been a painful pilgrimage, that is, to the Presidents and politicians in the receiving line.

Some who came were professionals who made a racket out of the farmers' troubles, while others capitalized agriculture's distress for the votes there were in it. Others disturbed the dreams and digestion of three Republican Presidents out of sheer deviltry. Many were

A life of greater leisure, greater comfort, greater dignity, greater happiness for the producer is the vision of M. L. Wilson, Chief of Wheat Production

manufacturers and business men who wanted to help the farmer because they could not sell goods to him unless he got a higher price for his products. For one reason or another, most of them wanted the farmer to get something from the government so that they could take it away from him after he got it.

When the Roosevelt administration decided to give the farmer 30 cents a bushel extra if he reduced his wheat acreage, and proportionate sums for reductions of other crops, one old-fashioned farm leader remarked:

"That's swell, but we should have asked for more. We know our farm relief better than the farmer does. If we can't relieve him of what he gets from the government, we're not as smart as I think we are."

But the smart boys have been fooled —at least so far. For one thing, they didn't have the slightest understanding of the kind of farm leaders President Roosevelt planned to put in charge of his agricultural program. He did not pick the self-appointed fellows who have worn out their trousers seats and their welcome by commuting from the Corn Belt to the Capital for the last decade. Instead of choosing professional Jeremiahs and politicians, he placed this experiment in the hands of the strangest assortment of human beings ever assembled under one roof at Washington.

He has filled the Department of Agriculture with philosophers, professors, social crusaders, economic evangelists and deeply religious men who regard this governmental venture as something more than a device for restoring the economic balance for the farmer's financial benefit. They look upon it as a chance to plow up a people's basic ideas toward the here and the hereafter, and to change a young nation's psychology. They talk of social, spiritual and cultural values in the same breath that they mention the price and weight of porkers.

A New Conception of Farm Relief

The chief apostle is "Hank" Wallace, the boyish, black-haired, 44-year-old Secretary of Agriculture. He takes such little interest in politics that he bolted to Al Smith in 1928 because he thought the lad from the East Side had social vision, and to Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 for the same reason, even though his own father was Secretary of Agriculture under Presidents Harding and Coolidge.

He cares so little for the things of this world—and the proprieties—that he refuses to ride in the luxurious limousine provided for him by the government. Its soft cushions bruise his humble skin, and he bumps along in the cheap, rickety car of an assistant. Deeply religious in the broadest sense, he runs Sunday-school lessons in his farm publication, and would rather discuss religion, philosophy and sociology than prices, economic trends and agricultural statistics; he indulges in such unworldly hobbies as astronomy, higher mathematics and running up Pike's Peak.

A minor prophet of a new kind of life for the farmer, he speaks a language which old-style relievers don't want to hear. They leave him strictly alone now, as do Jim Farley's patronage hunters and dispensers. Such ideas as partisan politics and selfishly excessive profits for anybody don't figure much in the dreams that are tumbling through his head of a richer, happier existence for the hewers and tillers.

Despite his non-political nature, Mr. Wallace has figured in several controversies involving recent Republican Presidents and the old political order. When his father entered Harding's Cabinet, the son assumed editorial direction of their publication, and immediately began to attack the Administration's ship subsidy bill as favoritism to Eastern interests and discrimination

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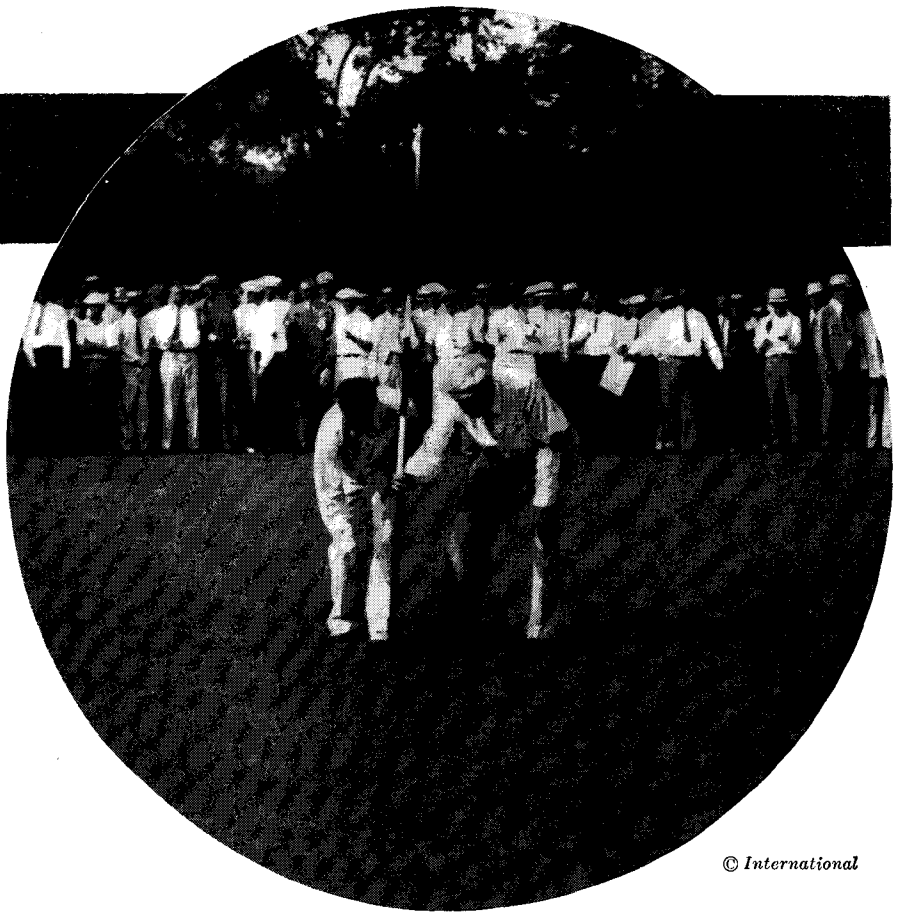
By Grantland Rice



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Johnny Goodman began life on the wrong side of the tracks. He had to borrow clubs to play in his first big tournament. Whatever breaks he got were breaks he made for himself; and his career would make the Alger boys blush in unison. Now he's out to add the Amateur championship to the Open. Mr. Rice measures his chances

WHEN young Johnny Goodman of Omaha, Nebraska, Open Golf champion of the United States, invades Cincinnati for the coming Amateur championship, he won't need any set of binoculars to look for the odds against him.

He can look to the North and see Ross Somerville, the Canadian, coming on to defend the crown he won a year ago in Baltimore. He can look to the Southwest and see Gus Moreland, the brilliant young golfer from Dallas, Texas, determined to break through this year.

He can turn to the East and look upon a strong field which includes young Mike Turnesa and the veterans Guilford and Sweetser.

And there will be George Dunlap from New York, who downed Somerville in the last British amateur at Hoylake.

There will be Scotty Campbell from the Northwest, who recently won the Northwest and the Canadian championships.

He can see Seaver coming on from Los Angeles and Maurice McCarthy steaming in from Cleveland. And nearer at hand there are Johnny Fischer of Michigan and Cincinnati.

There will be Perry and Yates from the South, both kids. A number of famous veterans, such as Chick Evans, Jess Guilford, Max Marston and Chandler Egan, qualified for the test, yet this field should belong to youth.

It is one of the strongest contingents for young players from all sections of the country that ever marched to a golfing battlefield, and most of these have the needed experience to stand up under the toughest fire.

When the Odds Pile Up

There was a time in amateur golf when New York and Chicago ruled most of the scene with Travis and Travers, Sweetser, Evans, Gardner and a few more. But that day has passed. Every section of the country now can send along one or more crack golfers with a chance to win, or at least a good chance to beat any opponent on a given day.

This has increased the odds terrifically against any one man. Thirty-two will finally qualify for match play at Cincinnati, and if all who qualified had an even chance the odds would be 31 to 1 against a lone starter.

Johnny Goodman is Open champion. And yet such golfers as Somerville, Dunlap, Ouimet, Moreland, Seaver, McCarthy, O'Brien and Fischer have an even chance against any man they may meet. Ouimet may be forty years old. But Michael Scott this summer won the British amateur at the age of fifty-five.

This coming Amateur championship at Cincinnati should be one of the best ever held for the simple reason that at least a dozen entries are good enough to win it. After thirty-two survivors have qualified on Monday and Tuesday, the big explosion takes place Wednesday; after that only eight of the thirty-two can carry on the war. And not even the Delphic Oracle could tell who these eight will be.

So the odds against young Johnny Goodman winning his second crown in one year will be seven or eight to one, despite the fact that he is Open Golf champion of his bunkered country. But Johnny Goodman is accustomed to facing heavy odds. Not many know that he had to start using left-handed clubs. Not many know that in his second year of tournament golf he had never owned a niblick, the club that most golfers use until it is burning hot.

When he won his first city championship of Omaha, he had to play with borrowed clubs. And this is one of the game's favorite alibis.

You might say that Goodman must hold his place by almost endless practice. But the strange part is that Goodman doesn't believe in a lot of practice. Every now and then he hits a few balls to warm up, but he could never get any kick out of hammering drives and irons from a lonesome spot with no competition in sight. He has always believed in play—in active competition.

Harry Greb fought himself into condition by fighting at every chance. Goodman has played himself into golf fame by tackling the course against some opponent. He thrives on the joy of battle, either against par and the field or against some human adversary in the contest of swapping stroke for stroke.

In 1929 when Johnny Goodman was nineteen he got a three-hole jump on Bobby Jones in the Amateur golf championship at Pebble Beach. Jones' smashing counter attack cut away this commanding lead at the twelfth hole.

Fact and Fiction

At the 15th hole young Johnny Goodman again went to the front to hold this narrow margin in the presence of an astonished and bewildered gallery who couldn't believe the miracle had happened—not even when he hit that magnificent wooden shot through a treacherous Pacific wind to within eight feet of the 17th hole.

That afternoon Johnny Goodman was beaten in the second round by Lawson Little, another kid prodigy.

Later on in the evening I happened to run into a well-known fiction writer.

"This day's golf," he said, "will make a corking story."

"In what way?" I asked him.

"Just figure it all out," he said. "Here is a kid who came from the wrong side of the railroad tracks at Omaha as a caddie. He wins the city championship when he is only sixteen. He then becomes a member of the famous 'Box Car Trio' playing in the Trans-Mississippi championship at St. Louis. A year later he wins this championship. He has to hitch-hike his way to various tournaments. He has to camp out in a tent. Then the poor little ex-caddie, who had to help support several brothers and sisters, comes along and breaks up an

(Continued on page 47)

Rotofotos

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Crossed Oars

The right medicine for Mr. Neall, administered by a girl who knew what ailed her hero—a strong story, with plenty of muscle in it

By Corey Ford

HUGH NEALL mumbled to himself vaguely and ran his finger down the column of newspaper print to a marked paragraph. His face brightened.

. . . "'But when all is said and done,'"—he raised his voice a little—"'it was that final twenty-yard drive which more than justified the early-season praise of King's broad-shouldered and determined stroke, Hugh Neall, whose name seems destined to go down in Knickerbocker rowing history. Neall's remarkable combination of smoothness and power, his tremendous enthusiasm and earnestness, above all his superb sense of rhythm, make him the mainstay of the eight from the sidewalks of New York—'"

"Do you ever find that it holds you back, Hugh," murmured Helen MacRae, "having those seven other men in the boat?"

"Oh, no," said Hugh very soberly. "On the contrary, they're really quite a help to me. You see—"

"Yes, dear," sighed Helen. She glanced at the scrapbook. "Hugh!" she exclaimed in elaborate surprise. "Isn't this a picture of you?"

Hugh glanced briefly at the newspaper cartoon pasted in the center of the page, and shrugged. "Yeah. It's not bad, for a drawing."

"You look rather rugged," said Helen mildly, as she studied the heroic proportions of the athlete in the sports cartoon.

"'Hugh Neall, King's Ace Stroke,'" Hugh read aloud from the caption beneath the picture, in a slow, expressionless monotone, "'under whose leadership the Knickerbockers not only seem slated for Poughkeepsie honors, but also for a national intercollegiate championship in the Coast Regatta to be staged by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce this summer. Neall's rare combination of smoothness and form . . .'"

SHE looked up from the picture and gazed instead for a moment at the less impressive but somewhat more amiable features of the original, seated here on the sofa beside her. Hugh's wide, solemn eyes were puckered slightly in concentration as he continued to read; now and then he ran a big hand clumsily through his touseled yellow hair, and his thick lips moved slowly. His face was earnest, honest, thoroughly humorless. His sense of humor was at best an open question. In a group his slow laugh would invariably ring out a moment later than the rest, hearty and wholesome and usually a little puzzled. It did not worry him. He faced the world serenely, accepting good breaks as they came, without gratitude, acknowledging praise and discounting blame with a judicial calm, always quite secure in his own self-esteem. His voice droned on contentedly:

". . . 'like a well-oiled machine. Already this year's King eight has clinched its claim to rowing fame—' Did I tell you," he broke off, looking up from the scrapbook with a pleased smile, "that they're even going to make a motion picture of us, at Poughkeepsie?"

"Are you playing the lead?" she suggested idly.

"Well, not exactly," he replied, "although I suppose you might say the part is more or less based on me. That is, in the story the hero is supposed to be this famous stroke who wins the race, and so naturally they picked King. The part in the picture," he said, "is going to be played by this movie actor, what's his name, Ricardo Renaldi. You know him?"

She nodded. "I've seen him. He's very romantic."

"He probably can't row," said Hugh tolerantly, "but I'll try to coach him a little. I don't mind. In a way, it's a kind of a recognition of the crew, as you might say. Of course, I guess we deserve it—"

She sighed again. "Of course."

He looked at her blankly. "What?"

"I'm sorry." She always despised herself for making fun of him; it was like teasing a good-natured Newfoundland dog, and his placid lack of resentment was a reproach in itself. "Only you're so confident of yourself. I've wondered sometimes what would happen to you if—if you lost a race, for instance?"

"WE CAN'T lose," he said matter-of-factly.

"I know, Hugh, but suppose you did. . . . You'd have such a long, long ways to fall, and you'd land so hard. Did anyone ever mention to you, my pet," she said, "that you think quite a bit of yourself?"

"I believe in myself, if that's what you mean," he said. "It's all right to believe in yourself, isn't it?"

"If you don't believe too much. Or as long as things go all right. I was only wondering," she added thoughtfully, "how you'd take it—if things ever went all wrong. Would you still believe in yourself then? Or would you just quit?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"No," she said resignedly; "I know. Dismissed." She fluttered the pages of the scrapbook for a moment. "Tonight is the last time I'll see you till after the Poughkeepsie race," she said, without looking up. "I'm going to miss you, Hugh."

"Helen," he began huskily, and cleared his throat. "Helen, there's something I'd like you to have—while I'm away."

Her eyes softened, and she slid her hand over his. "Yes, Hugh."

"I'd—I'd like you to have this scrapbook," he blurted. "You can read it over at your leisure, when you have more time."

MR. DENNIS DUFFEY, ace director for Majestic-Kessler Pictures, was no one to do things by halves. In order to shoot the brief crew sequence for Fighting Hearts, featuring Ricardo Renaldi and the King varsity crew, he arrived on location with an imposing retinue consisting of three launch-loads of cameras, sound-equipment, lights, assistant directors, camera-men, sound-men, light-men, property-men, grips, and Mr. Renaldi, the star of the pro-

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

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duction. Mr. Duffey, with a nice sense of proportion, brought up the procession in a fourth launch of his own.

The impressive entourage, as it unloaded onto the float before the King boathouse at Krum Elbow, brought the excitement in that placid camp to a dizzy peak. During the two weeks' monotonous grind of training for the Poughkeepsie race, the hatching of a brood of pigeon eggs would come under the general head of news; and in contrast with the daily routine, therefore, the prospective filming of Fighting Hearts had loomed as nothing less than a major event. Now, at last, there was to be some excitement.

MR. DUFFEY, his preparations completed, watched with a slight scowl as the eight varsity oarsmen marched briskly down the runway with the shell, swung it out over the side of the float and lowered it carefully into the water. He leaned over and inspected the slim craft dubiously. "It's pretty long to get all of it in the camera," he announced at last. "Haven't you got a shorter one?"

"It's the one we always use," said Pop Hadden, the coach, mildly.

"Well, I suppose we'll have to make it do." He passed his hand wearily before his eyes. "*Now*, what's the delay? Can't I have *any* coöperation around here? Where's Mr. Renaldi?"

"Right here, Denny," said one of the oarsmen before him.

Dennis Duffey blinked in surprise and stared at his star. Ricardo Renaldi, in socks and rowing trunks, looked astonishingly like a regular member of the varsity squad. Only his paler skin, and a slight bulge of fat around his waist, betrayed the fact that his customary routine was a trifle less arduous than theirs; his shoulders and chest were well developed, his arms sufficiently powerful to swing an oar convincingly, even his face, at a discreet distance, was youthful enough to get by. Mr. Duffey gave him a brief, appraising nod. "All right, Ric." He tapped his teeth thoughtfully with a knuckle. "Now, let's see where you're going to sit."

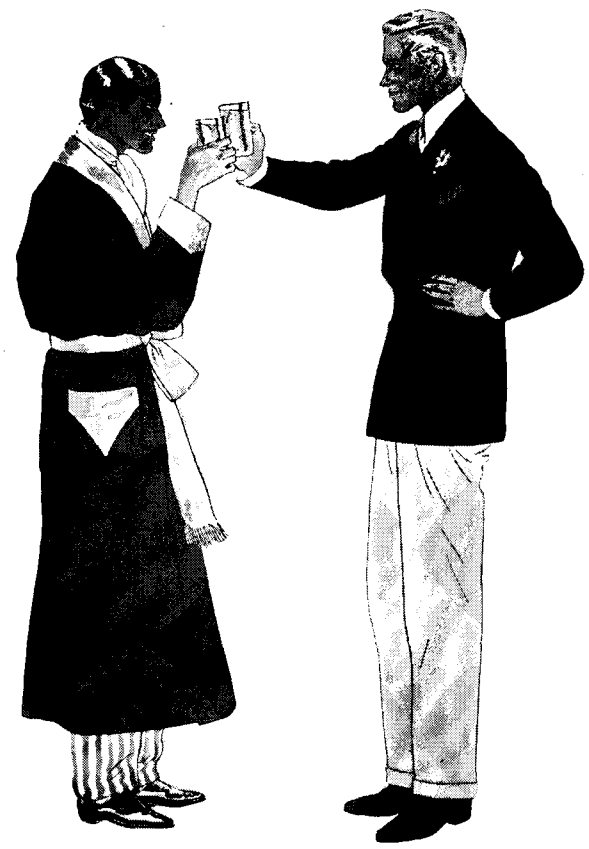
A worried look passed over the faces of the oarsmen standing beside the shell. For the first time they realized that one of their number would have to sacrifice his embryo film career to make room for the star.

"Right up here," Mr. Duffey decided at last. He beckoned to Hugh Neall. "Will you let Mr. Renaldi have your place?"

Hugh Neall smiled incredulously. Obviously Mr. Duffey did not understand. "But I'm the stroke," he explained patiently.

"Yes, that's right." Mr. Duffey consulted the script. "It says here that he's a stroke. Step out, please."

"I said they could row without me. They can get Renaldi. I'm through," he concluded breathlessly



"Here's to the race," said Ricardo Renaldi. "Good luck to you, Hugh. I hope you win"

Hugh Neall gaped in bewilderment, unable to believe his ears. There was some mistake. But—

"Give Mr. Renaldi your oar," said Mr. Duffey, gesturing Hugh aside. "Get in, Ric."

AT SUPPER that night Hugh Neall ate his food in ominous silence, ignoring the conversation around him and eying his plate glumly.

Bill Bogart, No. 7, cast a sly glance down the table.

"One thing's certain, Renaldi knows how to handle an oar," he remarked innocently to the others. "He's a real oarsman. Wonder where he ever rowed before?"

"Nice form," agreed another member of the squad. "He has a good reach."

Hugh's lower lip protruded dangerously, and he sank a little lower in his chair. Bogart stole another sidelong glance down the table at him.

"By the way, I wonder if the old man clocked us today?" he inquired, raising his voice a little. "I never saw the boat go so well."

Hugh Neall shoved away his dessert untouched. There was a strange drumming in his ears, and his throat felt dry and hard. Bogart eyed him covertly, and then nodded to Jenks, a tall, red-haired oarsman. "Yes, sir, it only goes to show," he sighed, "what you can do when you have the right combination in a boat."

"A good stroke makes all the difference," Jenks replied solemnly.

Hugh Neall pushed back his chair and rose. For a moment he stood bewildered and helpless, staring at the circle of grinning faces about him like a stag surrounded by a pack of hounds. He turned deliberately and strode out of the room. At that particular moment, he felt, he needed above all else solitude and an opportunity to regain control of himself, a control which was fast slipping. Outside in the cool twilight several members of the squad were strolling along the railroad embankment.

"Want to take a walk, Commodore?" someone called mockingly.

Without replying he started down the tracks alone in the opposite direction, clenching and unclenching his fists, kicking viciously at small pieces of gravel with the toe of his sneaker. In vain, as he walked, he tried to recapture now the mood of serene indifference with which he had always met crises in his life heretofore. Abruptly, quite without warning, it had fled. The blow to his pride this afternoon had suddenly shattered his calm and abiding faith in himself, and left him hurt, uncertain, profoundly disturbed. He had to get back his confidence again. He was good, he insisted over and over to himself. He *had* to believe that. He even had a newspaper clipping in his pocket to prove it.

He sat down on a pile of ties beside the embankment and took the frayed clipping from his pocket. He bent forward, straining his eyes a little in the fading light. "'Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 10: Stroked by the brilliant Hugh Neall,'" he read to himself, half aloud, "'whose rare combination of smoothness and power is the mainstay of the Knickerbocker shell . . .'"

Slowly his big hand closed over the clipping. He crumpled it into a little ball, and dropped it onto the ground at his feet. He rested his elbows on his knees and stared dully at the gathering dusk over the river.

It broke his rhythm. As long as he believed in himself, his sense of timing had been as natural as breathing. His form heretofore had been flawless. Now his self-confidence was destroyed, and his rhythm suffered. He was no longer sure of himself; he began to worry about his timing and to watch his side control. His form fell off, and the boat consequently began to check between strokes and lose momentum.

They blamed him, of course. His lack of form had spread to the rest of the boat; more serious yet, his resultant attack of nerves proved equally contagious. The men grew restless and irritable, they lost weight, the atmosphere around the camp became tense and strained. Simultaneously the feeling of mutual antagonism deepened. Several days ago Hugh had moved over to the Freshman table, preferring to eat with them rather than with the members of his own squad. Since the incident of the motion picture, in fact, he had addressed to his boatmates only the most perfunctory remarks. Somehow he associated them with Renaldi; they had sided with Renaldi against him, and a photograph of them posing with Ricardo Renaldi—"Film Star Strokes King Varsity Crew"—had been posted conspicuously on the bulletin board. They had betrayed him, he felt.

NOW, in turn, he was almost ostracized by them. They left him severely alone. And they lost to California in the Poughkeepsie Regatta by almost two lengths. The newspapers next day hailed it as a sensational upset, and rowing experts devoted whole columns to technical explanations of the various elements which had caused the highly touted King eight to crack, in the face of all their early-season predictions. But to the other men in the shell, who had seen the handwriting clearly on the wall for a week before the race, there was no doubt where the blame lay. As they paddled wearily back upstream, three dreary miles to the boathouse at Krum Elbow, their accusing eyes were fixed on Hugh Neall's back, and now and then they exchanged glances and nodded briefly. They did not say much.

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Doniphan's Volunteers

They were short on discipline and smart uniforms, this ragged band of Missouri country boys who helped win the Mexican War, but how they could fight! Their red-headed leader, a small-town lawyer who topped Abraham Lincoln by an inch, knew little of military strategy but he "could always think of somethin'." It's a thrilling story

By George Creel

Doniphan, furiously riding from point to point, quickly put an end to confusion. "Every man for his turkey" was the battle cry

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

AT THE battle of the Sacramento, in Chihuahua, Doniphan and nine hundred Missourians faced a Mexican army of five thousand, massed on a high plateau behind fortifications bristling with artillery. One man out of every seven had been assigned to tend horses, but as the bugles sounded the charge, the giant colonel was startled to see these guards let go of bridles and dash forward with the rest.

"Hey!" he bellowed, standing up in his stirrups. "Come on back here, every blamed one of you, an' hold those horses."

"Hold *hell*," was the answer that some ragged youngster took the time to shout. "Say, we can hold horses back home."

Doniphan's Expedition! Few remember it now, yet the annals of glory record nothing braver, gayer or more characteristically American than the march of the Missourians to far Chihuahua and home again. Three thousand miles they covered, these country boys with a small-town lawyer as their leader, much of the distance through enemy territory where they were hopelessly outnumbered; unpaid, unsupported, half-clothed and unfed, they starved or burned or froze as they fought to give the flag new stars, but always they laughed and sang.

An amazing company and a still more amazing commander! Alexander William Doniphan was a huge person—once he stood back to back with Abraham Lincoln and topped the Rail Splitter by an inch—and along with a red head and fine big nose, he had a chin that jutted out like a granite ledge. Knowing nothing at all of military science and caring still less, he made precise West Pointers foam at the mouth, but he was adored by the Missourians.

It was in the closing days of June, 1846, that Colonel Stephen W. Kearny set out from Fort Leavenworth, leading his own Dragoons and the reckless crew known as Doniphan's First Missouri Mounted Volunteers. "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor had won his famous victories at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, General Wool was to march from San Antonio for the conquest of Chihuahua, and it was Kearny's task to seize New Mexico and California.

Off across the burning prairies he raced his command, for President Polk's orders had stressed the necessity for speed, and many a stout young fellow died before the cool waters of the Arkansas were reached. The Missourians, however, refused to be daunted by heat and thirst, cheering themselves by assurances of "good fightin'," and buck-jumped their horses over Raton Pass and down the mountain sides with all the zest of turkey hunters. However, Governor Armijo proved to be a coward as well as a rascal; before they arrived, he had fled with his money-bags, and New Mexico became an American possession without the firing of a shot.

Bluff and Diplomacy

Kearny rode off to California in late September, unaware that ambitious Frémont had already made the "conquest." Doniphan and his men were left behind to pacify the Navajos and then proceed to Chihuahua to join the army of General Wool. A hard ride, to be sure, but a peaceful one, for Wool had 3,500 men and much artillery, and would undoubtedly sweep a broad, safe path for the Missourians to follow.

As Doniphan counted his thousand men, and cocked an eye at the bleak mountain ranges where the Indians had their strongholds, he decided that the situation called for bluff and diplomacy rather than force. Dividing his command into various small bodies, thirty and forty in each group, he sent them off into the snow-capped, saw-toothed ranges with orders to round up all the Navajos they could find and herd them down to a grand council at Ojo Oso.

For three months the small commands wound in and out among the granite peaks, suffering hunger and thirst by day, and lying down at night without other cover than their summer rags and billowy whiskers.

All of the Navajo strongholds were reached, however, and though they looked more like scarecrows than conquerors, the Missourians cowed the sullen savages by sheer boldness and succeeded in bringing them down to Doniphan at Ojo Oso. What the chieftains could not understand, however, was why they were expected to make peace with the selfsame Mexicans the

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Out-of-Season Girl

By Georgiana Cusacks as told to Croswell Bowen

Sables in August, bathing suits in January—but that doesn't mean the locale is the Alps or Palm Beach. It's just one of the many phases of being a model that these versatile young women accept with unshakable poise: they know beauty without stamina doesn't get to first base in their profession

I MAKE my living with my hands. Yet, if either one of them shows the slightest blemish or the faintest sign of a callus I am thrown out of work. If my employers notice that I have cracked or broken one of my finger nails or have manicured them badly I am told to take a little vacation until the defective finger nail has grown back into shape.

I am a professional model and it so happens that my principal job in this life is holding beautiful things in my hands while a photographer or artist gives to the object, and incidentally to my hands, whatever permanency lies in a printed advertisement. My hands have been photographed, painted and drawn holding such things as jars of cold cream, silver teapots, cups of coffee, strings of pearls, toothbrushes, diamond bracelets (that took my breath away), alarm clocks, solid silver knives and forks, cigarettes, engagement and wedding rings (I have never possessed either), scissors, lipsticks and a thousand and one other miscellaneous objects of one sort or another. It's an interesting job, but it gives a poor working girl expensive tastes.

A Costume for Every Occasion

Models generally earn about $3,000 a year. True enough, there was a time when a model often made as much as $100 a day, but that was not every day, and, of late, models' fees have been greatly reduced. It is hard work. There is much waiting around, and when you finally start to pose it is necessary to stand up a great deal of the time.

To be a successful model two things are very necessary: You must always be available when you are needed, and you must be versatile. That is, you must be able to pose wearing and doing many different things. I pose wearing riding habits, tea gowns, sports dresses, suits, overcoats, hats, raincoats and, when I have to, bathing suits. My face, ears, eyes and hair are also used for photographic purposes.

One of the great tragedies of my life is that I do not possess a bright and winning smile. Those young ladies in my profession who do are at a great premium and much in demand for toothpaste advertisements. They are known in our parlance as "smile girls." Unfortunately, they seldom smile when not at work. Most models try not to smile too much—it puts wrinkles in a pretty girl's face.

All in all, I have found models to be a serious, hard-working group of girls, extremely interested in doing a good job. Most of the models I know are supporting either their mothers or some relative. Lately, many of them have been supporting their husbands. I find them happy, cheerful and kind. We have our various philosophies, our shop talk and our little jokes. There are discomforts in the work, and there are compensations.

For instance, season in and season out, I am always out of season. I am forever being photographed wearing clothes two seasons before they are supposed to be worn. Thus in the dead of winter I must needs stand on a wobbly diving board in a drafty studio and pose in a bathing suit. During the hottest days of summer I must wear fur coats in studios separated from the scorching sun only by a thin roof. There was a time when wearing mink, sable, seal or ermine coats and wraps would have thrilled me to death. But the sight of fur coats brings to my mind the thought of what I have endured wearing them, and now I literally hate them.

Probably the two best-paid models in New York are Winnie Strickland and Claire Coulter. They are widely used and are very charming indeed. A well-known department store used to dress Winnie Strickland and another girl exactly alike and photograph them together for fashion ads. They looked very much alike and were about the same size, and were known as twins, although they were no relation whatsoever. Finally one of the "twins" married, and the other has since had to work alone.

Professional Bride

Weddings always remind me of the wedding of a friend of mine who is a model. About a year ago she and a young architect named Bill decided to be married the second Saturday in June. Inasmuch as both of them needed all the money they could earn, they decided to work right up until their wedding on Saturday, be married, take

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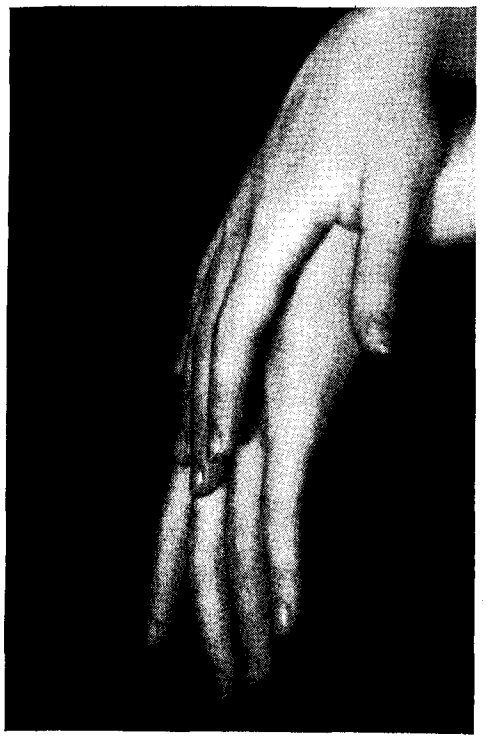

Photographed for Collier's by Lee Miller

Georgiana Cusacks, versatile model, whose chief job is holding beautiful things in her hands, and who has found posing as much an art as acting

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A Bath and a Shave

By George S. Brooks

It now appears that Roy is passionately attached to Clementina. But you couldn't blame the girl for harboring a doubt or two

CAN you step down here for a minute, Mr. Haynes? It's me. Roy. I've got to see you.

No. I'd rather not come up on the porch, not while Clementina's mother is there. Let's go out to the barn, where we can talk man to man.

Don't bother with the lantern. No use wasting kerosene. And maybe I could talk better in the dark, anyhow.

I felt I ought to tell you what happened to Clementina. Then you can break it to her mother.

Oh, no. Nothing happened. That's just it. And I'm not to blame for it.

I wouldn't say Clementina ran away from home. It's not running away when a person walks out the front door in broad daylight and says "goodby" when she goes.

You make me nervous, Mr. Haynes. I could tell this better if you stood still and didn't wave your arms.

You know Joel Bense, out Auburn way? Him who used to be Father's hired man a long time ago.

No, of course not. Clementina couldn't have run off with old Joel. He's dead. But, in a way, it was his funeral that started her.

I'm trying to tell you.

My father had thought a lot of Joel when they were both in life and health. I saw in the Auburn paper that Joel had died, and decided it would be neighborly for me to drive over to Interlaken to his funeral.

As I read it, the paper said, "Funeral services from the house at 2 P. M. Thursday." Before I got around to read the notice again and make sure, the paper had been thrown out. My housekeeper throws papers away as fast as they come in, without hardly giving me time to look at the date and the weather report.

Here, take a cigar. Maybe that will quiet you.

If you didn't want the cigar, you could have handed it back. There wasn't any call to throw it away. It was a pretty good cigar, too. They cost six and a half cents apiece.

Today being Thursday, and Bense's funeral being on my mind for this afternoon, I started the hired men grading and leveling in the south field by my Number Three gas well. And what a well she is! Three million cubic feet of sweet gas pouring out of her with a roar you can hear for a hundred rods.

I'm coming to Clementina. Just be patient.

About eleven o'clock this morning, I quit work and went to the house. I took a good bath, shaved and put on my best suit. This blue suit I'm wearing. I told the housekeeper to fix me an early dinner.

THAT isn't more than twelve hours ago. Gol! It seems like a week. A whole lot can happen in a little while, can't it, Mr. Haynes?

It was just after noon by my watch when I drove out of my yard, starting for Joel Bense's funeral.

I had to stop for gas in the village. Ed Kelsey was tending the pump, because his helper had gone home for his dinner. Ed asked me where I was going.

"Funeral," I told him. "Over Interlaken way."

"Who's dead over to Interlaken?"

"Joel Bense."

"Well, I hope he's dead," said Ed. "Because he's been buried for two days."

"I know he's dead," said I, a little put out, "because the paper said so. But they're burying him at two o'clock."

"If they're going to bury him at two o'clock today, I just wasted my time being pallbearer for him at two o'clock Tuesday."

That convinced me that somebody had made a mistake. At first I thought the newspaper was wrong. So I hunted up a copy in the barber shop. But when I looked at the piece the second time I saw I'd read "Thursday" for "Tuesday." They both begin with a T. It's an easy mistake to make.

Of course, if I'd stopped to think I might have known they wouldn't wait until Thursday for the funeral, especially in hot weather.

MR. HAYNES, I forgive you for what you just said, because I know you're anxious about Clementina. But I must tell this in my own way, or I won't make it clear.

"You dressed up, put on a collar and shaved for nothing, didn't you?" said Ed Kelsey. He's a great hand to rub things in.

"Yes, and I wasted a hot bath, too," I told him.

"Tough luck, Roy."

I agreed it was tough luck, but I couldn't blame anyone except myself and the housekeeper, who'd thrown away the paper before I had a chance to read it a second time.

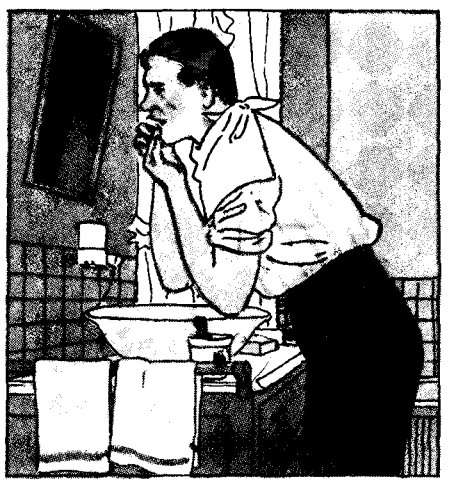
"Now, since you're not going anywhere in particular, Roy, why don't you step into one of these new eights? Maybe we could get together on a trade-in for your old car." Ed Kelsey always has an eye out for business.

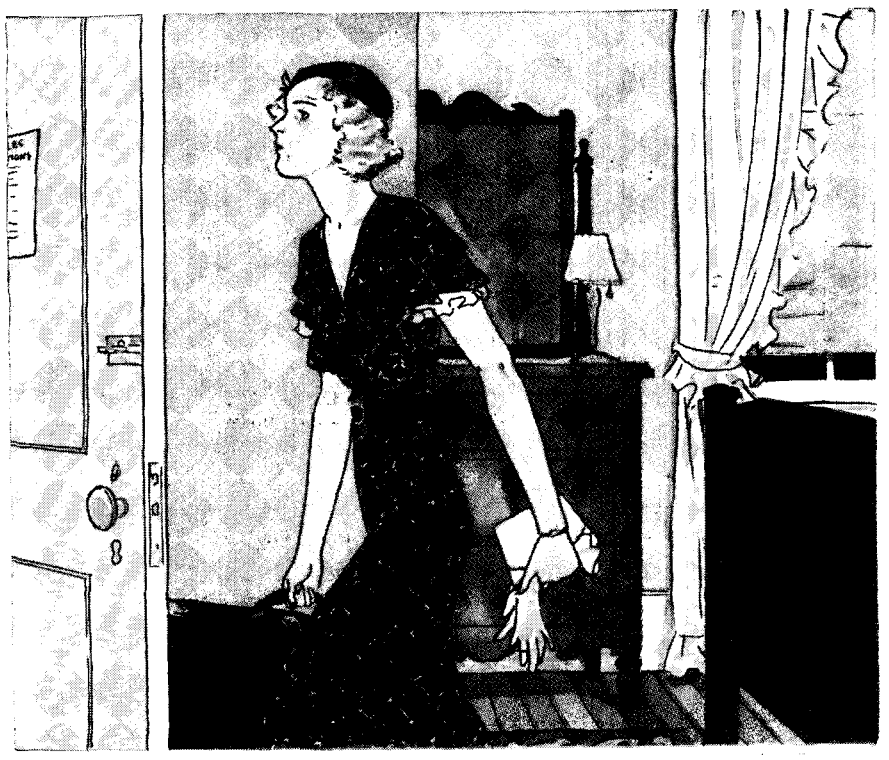
Have you seen these new eights, Mr. Haynes? That's one of them standing in your drive. It has a super-charger on it that delivers one third more power. I suppose they mean a third more power than the motor would have without the super-charger. I'll ask Ed.

Anyhow, when I'd tried the new eight on Methodist Hill as far as the school house, I made up my mind I wanted it. I'd intended to trade in for a new car two years ago. But we hadn't struck natural gas on my farm then and I couldn't see my way clear to pay for it.

Gas is a godsend, Mr. Haynes, especially for folks who have it to sell. When Ed made me his best cash proposition, I sat down there at his desk and wrote him a check for $1,724.60. Just like that. I stepped over to the county

(Continued on page 48)





"If you don't think enough of me to take a bath and a shave special for our wedding, you know where you can go"

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

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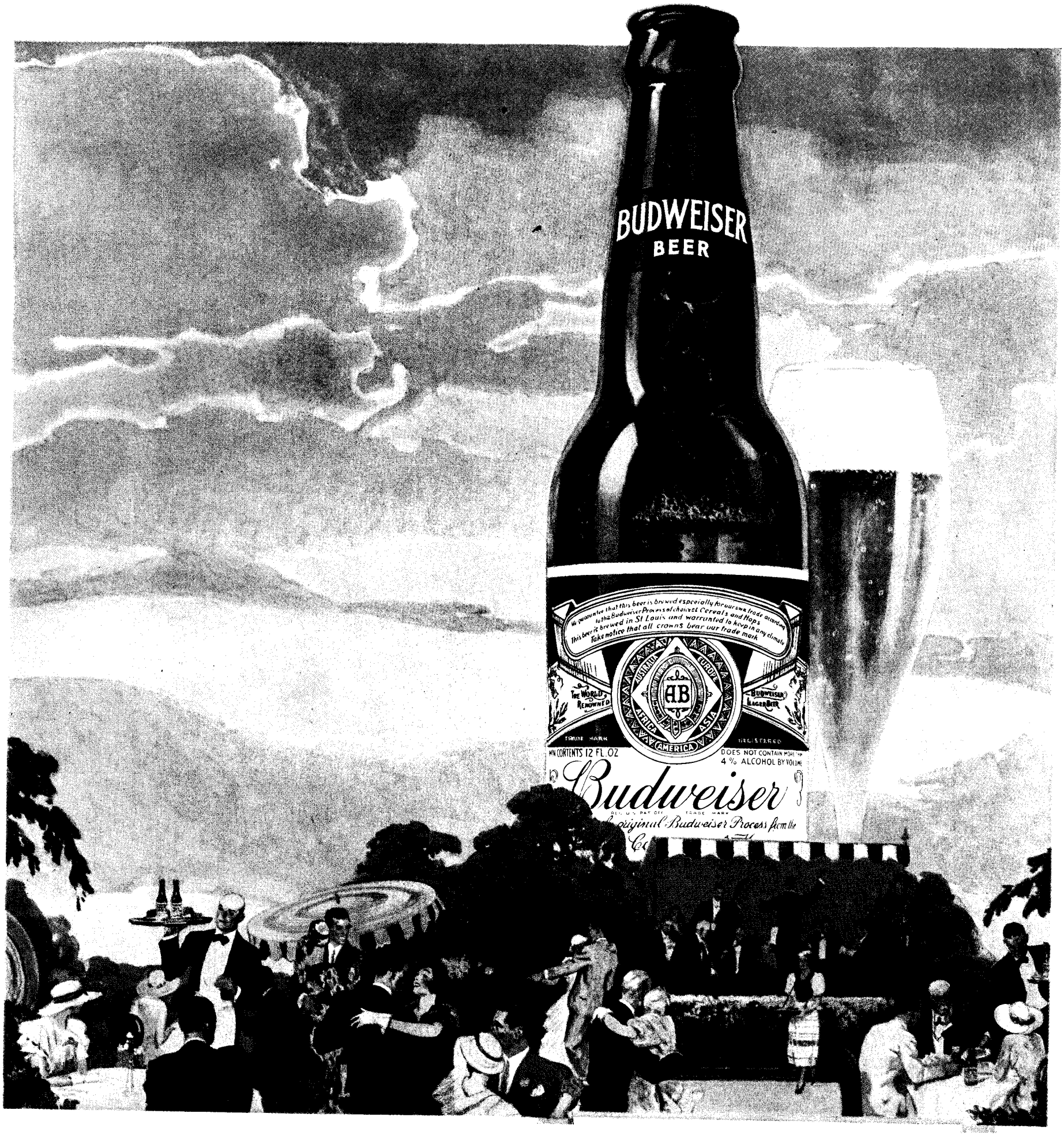
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We guarantee that this beer is brewed especially for our own trade according to the Budweiser Process of choicest Cereals and Hops
This beer is brewed in St Louis and warranted to keep in any climate
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK
Original Budweiser Process from the

WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S BUDWEISER . . . . . and so it always has been, because the best in life calls for the best in beer. The quality which has made BUDWEISER outsell any other bottled beer on Earth is the result of 75 years of brewing skill. The demand for that quality built the largest brewery in the world. Today, as always, BUDWEISER comes to you fully aged.

Visitors Cordially Invited to Inspect our Plant

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ S T . L O U I S

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1933, by Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

FOUR young Californians—Fanny Furness, Madge Rountree, Chris Thring and Mack Wise—come to New York together. All secure jobs; and all are happy—except Fanny. In love with Chris, she has learned that he, like Mack, is *in* love with Madge!

Weeks pass. Then Chris, in obvious distress, comes to her. "Fanny," he says, "Madge and Mack have gone to the Coast, to be married. I'm clearing out—shipping on the first boat I can find." . . . Alone, wretched, Fanny receives a pleasant surprise. Her employer, a theatrical producer, gives her a part in a play which is going into rehearsal. Just before the opening night, however, she learns that Chris—ill, penniless, without friends—is in town. She goes to him, nurses him, saves his life. And presently they are married.

The happiest days of Fanny Furness' life follow. Then Madge and Mack return from California. Their "love" has vanished—they are not married! Before a month has passed, Fanny learns to her dismay that Madge and Chris are meeting secretly. And Madge (a clever actress) makes no effort to conceal her feelings. "I love Chris," she says to Fanny. "All right, Madge," Fanny replies. "Get him away from me, *if you can!*"

Chris, working for a law firm, must go to Scarsdale, to discuss a case with Mr. Mockby, one of his employers, and another lawyer. He telephones Fanny, asks her to find some important papers bearing on the case and bring them to him at 4 P. M., at the Grand Central station. His train, he says, leaves at 4:10.

Late that afternoon Fanny finds a cryptic love note which Madge had sent Chris. Miserable, she misses the 4:10 to Scarsdale, but takes a later train, bringing the papers. She seeks to find the Mockby home; a taxi takes her to the home of estranged relatives of her husband's employer, who send her to the right house, and she unwittingly becomes the instrument of a long desired reconciliation between the two families. But for Fanny a double shock is in store: Chris has failed to arrive—no one knows where he is—and the papers she has taken from Chris' desk, she discovers at the last moment, are a bundle of sentimental poems written by Madge Rountree's roommate.

IX

FOR a long moment Fanny stood staring; she raised her eyes from the fatal sheaf of Phyllis Maitland's ridiculous verses to the faces of the men, looked back at the papers again. Her face was very pale.

"I brought the wrong envelope," she finally said, simply.

"So it would seem," Gerald Mockby said.

"There were two; I remember now. They were both in the table drawer. These are the verses of a friend of mine. She sent them to me, and I should have sent them back."

"D'you mean to say you haven't got the Bucknell stuff with you?" Mr. Kessley demanded flatly.

"Why, no; it's at home, unless Chris has it somewhere. And I don't know where Chris is."

"Who's Chris?"

"My husband. And I wish it was the middle of next month," Fanny added in her thoughts, "and that we were all dead and buried!"

"I suppose we couldn't get hold of those papers?" Gerald Mockby suggested.

"We could if they're at the house," Fanny told him eagerly, "but Chris may have them."

"Why, no, we couldn't; no, we couldn't!" the Jellicoe lawyer said sharply, after a glance at his watch. "I've got to make that eleven o'clock train; I've got to pick up my bags, and it'll take us an hour to get into town!"

"I'll have one of the men make a very careful resumé of the whole thing, Mr. Kessley," Gerald Mockby said gravely, "and send it to you by air mail. I think I could promise to have that in the mail at this time tomorrow, and it'll be in Santa Barbara as soon as you are."

"Sure, sure, sure!" the other man said, dissatisfied, biting his nails. "It's —too bad!" he said, restraining himself.

"I can't *tell* you—" Fanny began, in distress.

"Well, it was unfortunate, but it can't be helped," Gerald Mockby said briefly. "I'm afraid our time is a little short to do anything about it now. Now, I'm driving you people down to the city, I believe—I think we might as well get going."

"Gerald," said the elder Mrs. Mockby, returning from the telephone, "you have to stay down for lunch, don't you, tomorrow? But Aunt Sarah wants us all for Sunday supper."

THE young man stared at his mother. "Aunt Sarah does!" he ejaculated incredulously.

"Certainly Aunt Sarah does," Mrs. Joseph Mockby said superbly. "I must see your father about it; he'll be delighted."

"The two envelopes were rather alike," Fanny was murmuring agitatedly. "But I can't *think*—"

Nobody paid her any particular attention. Mrs. Mockby presently bade her a kindly but obviously distracted goodby. No one else was in sight when Fanny went out to the car; got into the remote back seat, and snuggled into her corner, making herself as unobtrusive as possible.

During the entire trip she looked out at bare, open country, lighted towns, country roads again, cemeteries, and the beginning of the city apartment houses, listening to the talk of the two men with but half-hearted attention, wrapped in her own humiliated reflections.

"All very well to think that tomorrow's a new day," Fanny thought, "but you can make more trouble in one day than ten tomorrows can take care of! This may hurt Chris horribly—it *will* —with all those other young men in the office trying to get ahead of each other, being efficient and smart and modern within an inch of their lives! We may never catch up again, and it's all my doing; it was my worrying about Madge, and delaying to talk to Mack, and missing the train—"

THEY were in the city streets; the car had drawn up at the office of the broadcasting company. Fanny said a subdued good night to Mr. Kessley, offered one more apology to Chris' boss.

"I am so terribly sorry, Mr. Mockby!"

"Oh, forget it; accidents will happen!" said Gerald. "You'll find Chris at home, I suspect, and I wish you'd tell him that I'm staying at the Sartoris, and that I'd be glad to have those notes tomorrow morning. I'll get hold of a stenographer, and we can ship them to Mr. Kessley in the afternoon."

"I will," Fanny promised fervently, "and if Chris isn't there I'll bring them down myself!"

"Right envelope this time?"

"Oh, don't!" She could not laugh. "I feel so badly," she said.

The car drove away, and Fanny was rushed up in the great elevator and entered the warm, luxurious rooms of the radio base. As usual agitated singers were awaiting their call; as usual the string orchestra was anxiously, accurately playing, the leader's eye on the clock; as usual, directors were moving noiselessly about and looking through glass panes into carpeted, pleasant little rooms with pianos and chairs in them. And, as usual, the audience of some hundred silent, attentive folk was ranged in the chairs, listening and watching.

Fanny found Mack, who was occupied, but who nodded her a welcome and, presently being freed by a series of musical notes from a gong, led her into a room where they could talk.

"Hello, Fan. What's all the shooting about?"

"Oh, Mack, I've been making such a fool of myself all day, and gotten us into such trouble!" Fanny began to give him the disheartening particulars, and Mack laughed.

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"I've been here since two o'clock," Chris said, in an odd, restrained voice. He looked from one to the other. "What's the big idea?"

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

"Missed the train and went to the wrong Mockbys, eh? You would. Why don't you take a course in a concentration school, and develop the brain?"

"It's not funny! And then, Mack, having gotten there, two hours late, all draggled and dirty, and having had to go back to the Jesse Mockbys' for the suitcase, and all that—then I gave him the wrong envelope!"

"How d'you mean you gave him the wrong envelope?"

"Why, you know Madge's friend, Phyllis Maitland. She'd sent us this imbecile poetry of hers, the rottenest and weakest blank verse you ever read, and Chris and I'd been laughing about it, all this week, and I must have put the envelope into the table drawer with the Bucknell notes."

"But you took the other, too?"

"No, that's just it. I didn't!"

"Oh, *Fanny*," said Mack.

"I know. I handed them the envelope, and they were so delighted to get it at last, and they went into Mr. Mockby's library and got started, and when they opened it it was nothing but Phyllis' poetry!"

"Horrors!" Mack murmured.

"Well, you can imagine! And there I was, like a dummy, standing around in their house, after having nearly broken my neck to get there for nothing—and having to be gotten to town again!"

"When did Chris show up in all this?"

"But that's just it, Mack. Chris *hasn't* shown up!"

"Not at all?"

"Not at all."

"He's home, then."

"No. Or if he is he's only been there the last hour. For Chris would have telephoned the Mockbys right away; he would have sent them some sort of message, and he would have been worried, besides, about me!"

"It does seem that way," Mack mused.

"COULD he have gone over to New Jersey, with the Bruntons?"

"No, I telephoned. Even so, he wouldn't have left you without any message."

"Mack," Fanny asked, suddenly very pale, "would he and Madge—they wouldn't—"

Mack, lighting a cigarette, looked at her, scowling.

"No," he said, not quite convinced.

"She's mad about him," Fanny offered.

"I know she is. But Chris loves you," Mack answered impatiently.

"But he did love her. Only last year he was mad about her."

"Chris can't see anything but you now, Fan. Why, your little finger is worth ten Madges. You're not as pretty maybe, but when you do look pretty," Mack said, in his terse, grumbling way, "you're a better looker than she ever was. Chris—the thing is that Chris—I mean, probably—"

He paused and, looking at her scowlingly as he ground out his cigarette, asked simply:

"Where *is* Chris?"

"That's just what I don't know!"

"Well, I'm through here in five minutes," Mack said, getting to his feet. "I'll go down home with you and see if he's left a note or a message or anything."

"There might have been a message on the table—there *might* have been," Fanny ruminated uneasily, in the taxi. "I was horribly late when I rushed in, and I simply grabbed the envelope—"

"The wrong envelope!"

"The wrong envelope and the suitcase, and rushed out again. I had about seventeen minutes to make the train."

"Seventeen minutes not to make the train."

"WELL." Fanny sat upright in the jolting cab, but her voice was faltering toward tears. "Mack, I'm so tired, and I'm so anxious about Chris; it seems as if this nightmare of a day never would end! And then Monday he'll probably get a terrible call-down from Gerald Mockby, even if he doesn't get fired outright—"

"He won't be fired. Chris is going to be a big man, Fanny."

"You think so, Mack?"

"Sure. I know so. They all know it. Look at them entrusting him with this Bucknell case; it's a million-dollar case."

"Oh, don't!" shivered Fanny.

"Some men are good men, depression or no depression," Mack said. "And Chris is one of them. You only have to look at that map of his—"

"Looking at that map of his is what I've been trying to do for ten hours!" wailed Fanny.

"I thought he had a lunch date with Madge, but she said—I telephoned to Jersey after I telephoned you in Scarsdale—and she said he had broken it. Or rather, she said that they hadn't

(Continued on page 43)

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

BEWARE... the UNSEEN EXTRAS hidden in a "Cheap Paint" job

... You don't pay in full for a "Cheap Paint" Job ... *until you have paid for burning it off!*

THE low price of a "cheap paint" job is a big temptation... *unless you stop to add up all the extras you'll have to pay.* That's the trouble with a "bargain" offer. It leaves out future charges. Unmentioned, but unescapable, these extra items more than wipe out your expected saving.

You can judge how the additional costs mount up, and how soon they must be paid, by a moment's study of the photographs at the right. You see there how one home-owner figured he saved $75 when he painted... and how his "saving" turned into a big expense in just two years.

You can't foresee the total cost of a "cheap paint" job at the time it's done. But it isn't long before you realize that it will cost too much. All too soon, cracks make their appearance in the paint film, opening it up so moisture can seep in. Then the paint begins to scale. The damage spreads. In no time your whole job is a total loss, not to say an "eye-sore", and you have to repaint.

But before you repaint, there's the heavy expense of burning and scraping. And of a new priming coat as well.

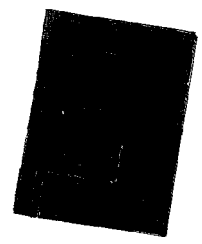
What a contrast when you use Dutch Boy White-Lead. Paint made with Dutch Boy doesn't crack and scale but wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking leaving a smooth, unbroken foundation for the new coats. Dutch Boy needs no burning off ... and consequently no new priming coat... when the job is repainted.

The surest way to guard against expensive extras, and to avoid the need of having soon to repaint all over again, is to choose your painter as carefully as you choose your paint. He will welcome your vote in favor of Dutch Boy. His experience teaches him that Dutch Boy upholds his reputation for long-lasting and satisfactory work.

He knows he can mix Dutch Boy to meet the requirements of your house, and that he can tint it to the exact colors you have chosen.

Send for the booklet shown at right. The time to read it is *before you paint.*

"Save the surface and you save all" — Paul Revere

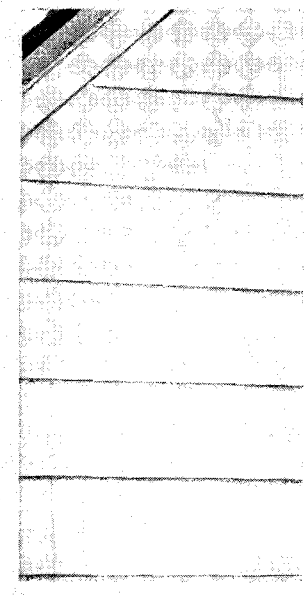


"The House We Live In" shows painting mistakes and how to avoid them. Helps you save money. Sent free on request to Dept. 15, care of nearest branch

"CHEAP" PAINT *after 2 years*

This "cheap paint" job cost $300 two years ago. Today the owner must pay $100 more for burning and scraping before he repaints ... total $400, or $200 a year. He'll also have to pay the extra cost of a new priming coat.

DUTCH BOY *after 3 years*



This house in the same New Jersey town cost $375 to paint. Right now, the annual cost is only $125. But the job is still good for years so the cost will be less. There'll be no "unseen extras" in this paint job.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak Street, Buffalo; 900 West 18th Street, Chicago; 659 Freeman Avenue, Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Avenue, Cleveland; 722 Chestnut Street, St. Louis; 2240 24th Street, San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street, Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, 316 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building, Philadelphia.

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The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 9

The young man was becoming more and more embarrassed. He took his courage into both hands, however.

"Well, the long and the short of it is, sir," he brought out, "I thought you might give me a hint as to how things stood with your client. Supposing, for instance, you were in a position to tell me that his financial losses were imaginary and that he was a wealthy man, then I have the beginnings of a story for the paper and a very good background for my own novel."

Mr. James Huitt glanced again at the card which lay upon the table.

"Mr. Tyssen," he said deliberately, "I have always understood that gentlemen of your profession allowed themselves considerable latitude, but I take the liberty of telling you, sir, that I think your question addressed to me concerning the affairs of my late client is both impertinent and improper. I beg you will convey that expression of my opinion to your sub-editor."

"I am very sorry, sir," the young man apologized ruefully. "I didn't mean to give any offense. It didn't seem to me that there was very much harm in asking you something which the whole world will know in a day or so."

"I will take it for granted," Mr. Huitt said, "that the exigencies of your profession are responsible for your untimely visit. I will tell you as much as this, therefore: At the coroner's inquest tomorrow afternoon I shall answer publicly any questions asked me as to Mr. Jesson's financial position. Until then not a word concerning his affairs will pass my lips except to his relatives. Permit me to wish you good afternoon."

Tyssen rose clumsily to his feet.

"Sorry if I have annoyed you, sir," he apologized once more. "I suppose there is some reason for keeping things so dark. You couldn't even give me a hint, could you?"

Mr. Huitt, who had already rung the bell, looked up at his clerk's entrance.

"Show this gentleman out, Merton," he directed.

FOR some minutes after the departure of his disappointed visitor the bank manager sat motionless in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the opposite wall. Presently, without change of expression, his fingers strayed towards the bell, which he firmly pressed. Merton made prompt appearance.

"Bring me a copy," his chief instructed, "of Mr. Samuel Jesson's account with us. I shall require it absolutely up-to-date for the inquest tomorrow."

"Certainly, sir."

The young man hurried out. He was gone about ten minutes. When he returned, Huitt, who was certainly not given to wasting his time, was still seated in precisely the same attitude, his eyes fixed upon exactly the same spot. His clerk laid the figures before him.

"You will remember, sir," the former ventured, "that only yesterday afternoon Mr. Jesson rang up and inquired the exact state of his balance. We gave him the correct figures but he only laughed at us. He was to have come in this morning."

"I remember perfectly," Mr. Huitt acknowledged. "In fact, I had an appointment with Mr. Jesson at eleven o'clock. A very sad affair, Merton."

"A bit mysterious, too, sir," the young man ventured.

Mr. Huitt sighed.

"To us it may seem so, Merton," his chief assented. "Somehow or other, though, I always felt that there was something sinister about these large cash withdrawals."

"You are thinking of blackmail, sir?"

The bank manager's grave expression might have been taken for assent. He made no reply, however. It was not a matter for discussion with an employee.

AT FIVE minutes before the time for the departure of the return train that evening Mr. James Huitt, as was his almost invariable custom, took his place in the right-hand corner seat of the "Club Car" for Sandywayes. Mr. Timothy Sarson was already installed with a handful of evening papers. Mr. Cresset arrived a few minutes afterwards and Roland Martin, not content with his narrow escape of the morning, only entered the carriage when the train was on the point of leaving.

Greetings between the four men were quite perfunctory although the strain of the morning had disappeared. They expected to see one another, and secretly, although their feelings of friendship might not have been deep, they would have been disappointed to have found anyone missing. It would have been a link broken in the chain of their daily life.

"You have heard about the inquest tomorrow, Mr. Huitt?" Timothy Sarson asked.

"I received a subpœna at the bank," was the quiet reply. "It is to be held, I gather, at the village hall at three o'clock."

"There's a great deal of curiosity in the city," Mr. Cresset remarked, "with regard to poor Sam Jesson's disclosure of financial losses."

"The city is always curious," the bank manager observed.

"I saw his brokers this morning," Cresset continued. "Poor old Burrows—he's the head of the firm, almost past it now, though—he couldn't make head or tail of it. Said he should have put Jesson down for a wealthy man. Certainly he has never made any losses on what he bought from them."

"Shall you come up to town tomorrow morning, Huitt?" Roland Martin asked.

"I shall come up at the usual hour," the bank manager confided. "I have arranged with my deputy to take my place from one o'clock."

"I'll motor you up to the hall if you like," Martin suggested. "It's rather a long pull to the top of the village."

"That would be exceedingly kind of you," was the courteous acknowledgment.

"About a quarter to three at the tennis courts. The whole affair will be quite formal except for your evidence."

"So I understand," Huitt acquiesced, seeking refuge in his evening newspaper.

AT SANDYWAYES, as usual, the four occupants of the "Club Car" all went their separate ways. The village itself stretched irregularly up a winding hill on the left-hand side of the railway—a village in which there were still some charming old Sussex houses and one very beautiful one, Sandywayes Court, a country seat of the Earl of Milhaven, Deputy Lord Lieutenant of the county.

The chief charm of the place, however, lay in the little stretch of country called the Oasis on the right-hand side. Here was an old-world Common, with a duck pond at one end, a cricket ground in the middle and lawn tennis courts at the farther extremity, the whole surrounded by a low, white rail and bordered on the right-hand side by a swiftly running stream. On the other side of the rail were long, irregular spinneys of pine trees, beyond which stretched the celebrated Paradise Golf Links, the most famous in the county for their perfect situation, their marvelous greens and magnificent clubhouse, once the Dower House of the Milhaven family. To the little colony who inhabited the Oasis, however, this was all unknown country. The Paradise Golf Links kept their perfection to themselves. A hundred-guinea entrance fee and an impossible committee kept their gates barred rigidly.

Huitt, opening the gate almost opposite the station yard, crossed the sweet-smelling meadow and by an almost indistinguishable footpath unlocked a gate marked "Private" with a key attached to his chain and passed between two privet hedges to the open space in which several tennis courts had been laid out. From the veranda of a small pavilion he returned courteously the greetings of the players, ordered a cup of tea from the woman attendant and sat down to watch.

IT WAS a very peaceful scene. Sybil Cresset and Pauline Sarson were playing against the latter's brother Anthony, a younger and even better-looking edition of his father, and the young man, Tyssen, who had been a visitor at the bank in Aldwych that afternoon. On the farther of the two courts several other people, including the local doctor—Anderson by name—and the curate of the village, Mr. Greatley, were engaged in making up a set. The latter, excusing himself for a few moments, came across and greeted the new arrival.

"I hope you think, Mr. Huitt, that we are doing right in playing this evening," he remarked. "The vicar had an idea that we ought, perhaps, to close the courts for the day. I ventured to suggest, however, that we do so only on the day of the funeral. Mr. Jesson was never a great enthusiast. In fact, he seldom came near the place unless his daughter happened to be staying with them."

"I think you decided quite rightly, Mr. Greatley," the bank manager, who was president of the tennis club, pronounced. "If we close during the hours of the interment I think that is all that is necessary."

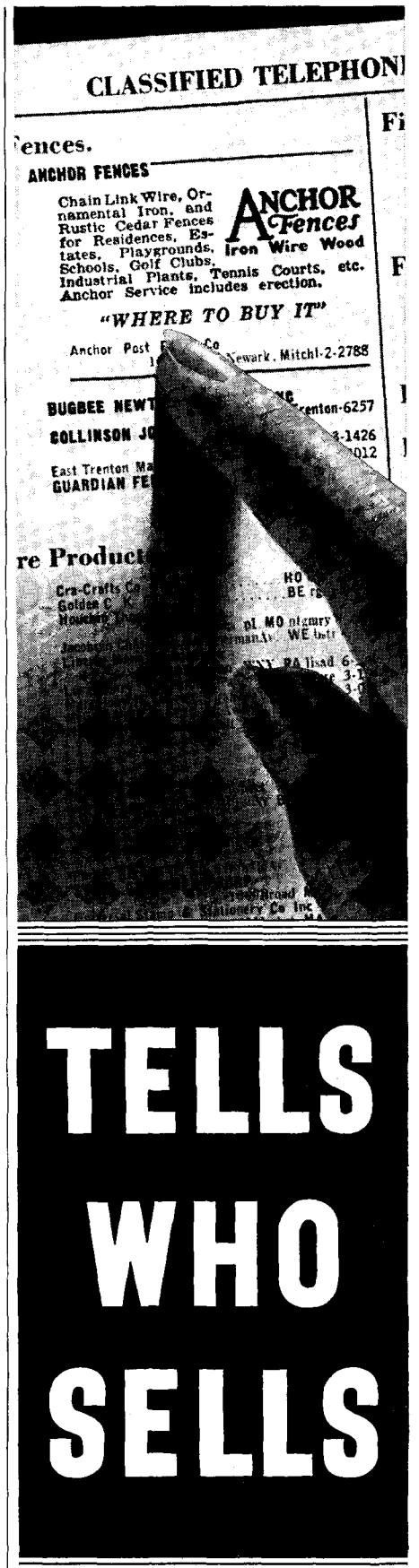
"A very shocking affair," the curate went on lugubriously. "Quite inexplicable. I saw Mrs. Jesson for a few minutes but she was not in a fit condition to talk to anyone. There is a great deal of gossip going on in the village."

"Of what nature?" Huitt inquired.

"There is a sort of an idea that there must have been some other cause beside the fear of poverty to induce the poor fellow to take his life. Excuse me, sir, I see that I am wanted."

He hurried off and Mr. Huitt leaned back in his chair. From where he sat in the corner of the raised veranda the view was a very pleasant one. Beyond the tennis courts the common stretched away past the cricket ground to some pine woods which appeared to afford a shelter for several pleasantly built bungalows almost hidden from sight amongst the trees. On the right-hand side of the common was his own exceedingly pretty cottage covered with buginvillæa and wisteria. On the left-hand were most of the houses which made up the little settlement called the Oasis. There was the village police

(Continued on page 30)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"WHERE TO BUY IT"
TELLS
WHO
SELLS

"I know the name of the product . . . but I don't know who sells it."

It's easy to find the answer—in your classified telephone book. Look for the brand name of the product—Goodrich, Frigidaire, Mimeograph, etc. There you'll find a list of authorized representatives—names, addresses, telephone numbers.

WHERE TO BUY IT

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(Continued from page 29)

station, a creeper-covered building of ancient red brick, the post office—almost a twin building—and the rather more pretentious houses of Mr. Roland Martin, Mr. Timothy Sarson, Mr. Cresset and the victim of the last night's tragedy—Mr. Samuel Jesson. All these residences were a trifle more modern but the architect had been kind to a very pleasant location and the creeping vines and luxuriantly filled gardens had been kinder still.

A dreamy little corner of the world, it seemed to Mr. Huitt as he sat there listening to the thump of the balls against the rackets and the laughing voices of the players.

"A sad thing about poor Mr. Jesson, sir," the old lady who had made him his tea remarked, as she came out with the tray. "I seen him pass only yesterday morning. Cheerful as possible, he seemed."

"A very sad affair, Mrs. Harris," the president of the Lawn Tennis Club agreed.

"That there young gentleman as is come and is staying over yonder with Mrs. Foulds, he did seem struck all of a heap when he was told," Mrs. Harris continued. "The young gentleman that's playing tennis there now: a nicely spoken person, but nosey, and with queer wandering habits at night time."

Mr. Huitt looked speculatively across at Tyssen—the young man in question. He appeared to no more advantage here in the country than in the city. He was powerfully enough built but his flannels were ill-fitting and his tennis was nothing wonderful.

"He was interested, was he?" the bank manager remarked. "I wonder why. He has scarcely had time to get to know any of us yet. Let me see—his name is Tyssen, isn't it?"

"Tyssen it is, sir. They do say that he writes books and bits of things in magazines."

"Holiday making?"

"Maybe, sir. He is not one of those who talk much about themselves. He's got secret ways with him, too, that I'm not altogether fond of."

"You are a woman of observation, Mrs. Harris," her companion remarked.

"I notice things more than most," was the self-satisfied assent. "What I have noticed about that young man is that he seems more interested in everyone else's business than in his own. I am a poor sleeper myself and I have seen him more than once wandering around at three or four o'clock in the morning."

THERE was a brief silence. A very close observer, however, might have remarked that with Mr. Huitt it was not altogether a silence of indifference.

"Wandering around where?" he asked quietly.

"Well, all the houses, so to speak. Last night I saw him cross the Common and walk almost to your gate. A dark night it was, too."

"So I remember. I am wondering how you saw him."

Mrs. Harris smiled.

"It was one of those nights with sheet lightning opening the skies pretty well all the time, sir," she told him. "I seen him on the Common. I saw him pass the cows and the next flash that came I seen him stepping over the railing just opposite your gate. I could even see the queer sort of stick he was carrying."

"Well, I think this is very observant of you, Mrs. Harris," her patron said pleasantly. "It is always useful to have someone who watches what is going on even in a quiet neighborhood like this. However, I daresay this young man means no harm. Have you seen him wandering about the wilderness at all?"

"I can't say I've noticed him in that direction particularly," Mrs. Harris admitted. "Not a night, anyway. But what I say is—why not stay in his bed like a Christian at nights instead of traipsing all over the place? What does he want to do it for? That's what I ask myself."

"Writers are supposed to have queer habits, you know, Mrs. Harris," the bank manager reminded her, with a reassuring smile. "There's not much mischief he can get into around here."

"In a way of speaking that's true, sir," the woman agreed, "but when things happen like that poor gentleman killing himself last night—well, then I don't like things about that we don't rightly understand. What's he doing here? Tennis? Why, Mr. Anthony could give him three-quarters of the game and beat him left-handed! He's not a great one for talking to the young ladies either."

"It appears to me," her companion warned her, lowering his tone, "that the young man is coming over this way."

MRS. HARRIS took the hint and disappeared just as Mr. Greatley, the curate, arrived with the person whom they had been discussing.

"Mr. President," the former said, "this is Mr. Tyssen, who is spending a week or two down here. He would like to join the club as a monthly member. He met you this afternoon, it appears, but only on business."

"Well, why don't you keep him off th' floor then!" *Frank Owen*

Mr. Huitt rose to his feet and held out his hand. The young man did the same. His fingers were very bony. So were Mr. Huitt's. His apparently weak eyes had a hard spot in the middle. So had Mr. Huitt's, although his glasses partially concealed this. A very close observer might have wondered whether there was not some unexpressed significance in this introduction.

"We shall be very pleased to have Mr. Tyssen as a temporary member," the president declared. "Our standard of play is not particularly high, Mr. Tyssen. I daresay you have already discovered that."

"Quite good enough for me," was the modest reply. "I am only a rabbit myself but I like the exercise."

"I hope that you like the neighborhood?" Huitt inquired. "I wonder how you chanced to find us out. It's very seldom that we have strangers here."

"Just accident," the young man confided. "Sheer accident. I am a curious sort of person about new places. I take a railway ticket to some village I have never heard of before and just wander round."

"You are lodging with Mrs. Foulds, I understand, at the post office?"

"For the present. I rather had my eye on one of those bungalows up in the wood there."

Mr. Huitt shook his head.

"I am afraid that you would have no chance in that direction," he said. "The water supply is bad and Lord Milhaven, who owns most of the land round here, has decided not to build any more."

"There's one that doesn't seem to be occupied," Tyssen persisted.

"That one is being kept for the servants of the lady who is already in residence," Mr. Huitt explained.

"The foreign lady?"

"I am not aware of the lady's nationality," the bank manager said, resuming his seat as a hint that the conversation might be considered over.

"I can tell you what it is if you want to know," the young man observed.

"Thank you," was the stiff reply. "I am not interested."

Tyssen, with no further excuse to linger, passed on. The Reverend Greatley, who was an observant person, found himself a trifle puzzled. He could almost have fancied that in this very ordinary meeting of a village visitor with a local magnate some unanalyzable disturbance had made itself felt.

TYSSEN returned from the dressing-rooms of the lawn tennis pavilion just after Mr. Huitt had taken a dignified leave of the little company. The young man glanced at the disappearing figure of the bank manager with an air of disappointment. He paused in his almost ceaseless task of rolling dark-colored, unappetizing-looking tobacco into ill-shaped cigarettes, and for a moment seemed about to follow him. Anthony Sarson, who was seated with Sybil Cresset and his sister and who was really a very good-natured young man, beckoned him over.

"Our president is a little huffy tonight, Tyssen," he said. "I should leave him alone. He hates to be questioned anyway. You have not met my sister formally, I think? Pauline, this is Mr. Tyssen, who is spending his summer vacation down here."

The Sarsons were certainly a very good-looking family. Pauline, with the flawless complexion and clear brown eyes of her father and brother, possessed on her own account the attractions of deep yellow hair and a slim but most desirable figure. She was of a smaller type than her male relatives, with greater subtlety of feature and expression.

"I have heard about Mr. Tyssen," she said, as she shook hands. "How did you come to find us out in this backwater?"

"I wanted a perfectly quiet place," Tyssen explained.

"You have certainly succeeded in finding it," Pauline assured him. "Is Mr. Huitt an old friend of yours?"

"I saw him for the first time to speak to this afternoon," the young man confided. "I called at his bank."

Anthony Sarson grinned.

"I've been there once or twice," he told them. "Seems scarcely human when he's in that magnificent inquisitorial chamber of his. He's not a bad old sort, though."

"I find him," Tyssen observed, "a little reserved."

"He is certainly not what you would call expansive," Pauline remarked. "He has very strict ideas about everything—the etiquette of tennis, the etiquette of conversation, the etiquette of life."

"Bank managers," Anthony said, "have to be precise in their habits. Are you going to play again, Tyssen?"

"I should be glad to if there's room for me anywhere," the young man replied, with his eyes fixed upon Pauline. "I don't play very well, unfortunately."

"YOU had better play with Pauline," Anthony suggested, "against Sybil and me."

"If your sister will be kind enough to take me," Tyssen accepted eagerly.

"I shall like to," the young woman remarked, rising to her feet. "Most of the men I play with—Mr. Greatley for one and Anthony for another—poach abominably. If you really are out of practice, Mr. Tyssen, perhaps I shall get my share of the play."

"I am not so much out of practice," Tyssen confided, as they strolled off towards the courts, "as a very indifferent player. I played a little as a boy. Since then—well, I've not had much time."

"You write things, don't you?" she asked.

"I try," he admitted. "I started as a journalist. I want to write a novel. Just now I am studying life and character so far as I can."

"You have come to a queer place for that," she laughed.

"I suppose so," he admitted doubtfully. "Yet there are plenty of adages about the quiet places, aren't there? Unexpected things happen sometimes. For instance, the tragedy of last night!"

She sighed.

"Too dreadful. . . . Shall I serve?"

"If you please."

The set turned out to be a very interesting one. Tyssen exerted himself more than on any previous occasion although it was obvious that he had no great knowledge of the game. The four drank lemonade on the porch afterwards. Pauline was smiling quietly to herself as she listened to her partner's rather clumsy compliments on her prowess.

"Shall I tell you one thing I have noticed about you, Mr. Tyssen?" she said.

"If you please," he begged.

"You play, at any rate, with more energy when our president is not here. *You don't like him.*"

(To be continued next week)

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Thy Woods and Templed Hills

Continued from page 12

member of a family wherein four potential wage-earners were unemployed—a father, an older brother, a sister and himself. He lived at home, where presently the miserable fare possible to the family's ever-decreasing resources stopped entirely and they had appealed to the public relief agencies for food. There wasn't much sustenance in what they got, either, and in time even public relief was dying for the want of funds.

Joe being the only member of the family eligible to the Civilian Conservation Corps, inasmuch as one had to be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, it was up to him to apply. Like thousands who went into the service to get the thirty dollars a month the government would pay, Joe was organically sound but underweight and undernourished. But he had no communicable disease, his heart and lungs were sound and he was an American citizen, conditions the corps insisted upon. He hadn't any idea what reforestation meant, but then neither did the rest of the country. He was perfectly willing to agree that twenty-five of his thirty dollars a month be withheld from his pay and sent to his family, and swore a long and complicated oath of enlistment concluding with a solemn "So help me God."

The Old Army Game

With two hundred lads of his age group he was sent to a conditioning camp where he proceeded to get into trouble without delay. The camp was commanded by a Regular Army major whose assistants were a lieutenant of the medical corps, two extremely tough army sergeants, four privates and a couple of cooks. Remember, there was no drilling, no Army uniforms, no do-it-and-like-it discipline. The Regular Army enlisted men—the privates—were doing such mild police duty as the rules of the Civilian Conservation Corps permitted. Usually this was limited to warnings and a few words which were not to be too stern. The enlisted privates did not love the conservation boys overmuch, the latter getting about twice their pay and being bound by none of the discipline they lived under. Joe got a bit drunk one night and did his best to coax one of those privates into a fight. And the private said:

"Listen, bum, if I was to do my duty by you, you'd go to the hospital and me to the guard house."

And Joe, being in no condition to believe that, told the soldier that all soldiers were yellow and that this was a chance to prove it. So he took a mighty wallop at the soldier, who backed off with unutterable woe in his eyes. But just then something hit Joe on the chin—something from another direction—and he went peacefully to sleep. There was an investigation of all this because they couldn't locate the deliverer of the punch that laid Joe low—which is a way they have in the Army.

He was pretty lucky, at that, to have been retained in camp. There were plenty of men to take his place; a couple million men who would have been glad to take thirty dollars a month to get away from the hateful scenes of unemployment, insufficient food and clothing and the general demoralization that comes of prolonged want and inaction. But most of them were married men and the corps did not want married men. Back of the idea as it came from Franklin Roosevelt's fertile, unconventional mind were such idealisms as salvage of a rising generation which was falling into ways and habits that do grown men no good. And for lads like Joe the Poke as well as for the thousands of workaday youths who are trudging along in colorless obedience to the camp supervisors, road gang bosses, foresters and stream conservators, this corps has been a godsend. Even if not so much as a dollar's worth of good came to our timberlands and river banks through the efforts of the quarter million young men scattered over forty-seven states, nobody can estimate the value in health, in morals, in the new ideas, in self-preservation and reliance that the corps has given its members. In the first month of their service, including the two weeks in the conditioning camp, the average gain in weight per man was twelve pounds. And not an ounce of it fat.

Almost at once after having been shipped from the conditioning camp to the Ouachita National Forest, Joe got into a nasty spot. It wasn't wholly his fault, because there wasn't much with which to amuse oneself between evening mess and taps—nine o'clock. It had been relatively simple for the government to enlist two hundred and fifty thousand men; but just what to do with and for this sizable army, once mobilized, was the same old problem for the slow-moving bureaucratic minds in Washington.

It reminded you somewhat of the first weeks of what was to be the American Expeditionary Force in 1917. During three months of our participation in the Great War the United States mobilized and enlisted just 181,000 men. It was a far simpler task to find men for the Conservation Corps; no armed enemy awaited them behind the hills they were to climb. But the point of comparison is in the lack of preparedness for this peace-bound army. It took weeks for the government to find the necessary amount of shovels, rakes, picks and trucks—the bare necessities. One reason was that the manufacturers had either stopped manufacturing or that stocks had run so low that the equipment just didn't exist. But for the main part, the government wasn't as fast equipping the Army as the recruiting agencies were in finding it.

Room for Friction

Something to do in their idle hours was even more important to the enlisted men. The United States Army did a pretty valiant job with what it had to offer. Each camp is commanded by a Regular Army officer. In each is stationed an Army surgeon, either from the reserve corps or from the regular service. In some of them you found reserve officers, many of whom had themselves been unemployed and were now called into active duty. Upon these reserve officers fell the duties of supply, recreation and mess, and all the little parent jobs the platoon commander inherits when he is assigned to troops.

Much of the camp's morale depended upon the commanding officer, whose jurisdiction did not extend outside of the camp. The actual work of road building, tree cutting and planting, ground clearing, fire fighting and prevention is under the direction of the Forestry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture. But it was up to the Army to see that the food was adequate, well cooked and properly distributed; that the men were healthily occupied after working hours.

Necessarily much of the success of any of the camps depended directly up-

(Continued on page 32)

"He always looks *half-shaved*"

Too bad he doesn't use Palmolive and get a *full* shave.

WHY do some men always have that "half-shaved look?" The trouble rests largely with their shaving preparations. Some act too slow, and fail to soften the beard. Others act fast, but won't stay wet on the face. Still others are greasy and cause the razor to slip over large patches of hair. Most of them have one or two good points. But they fail in what is needed to give a FULL shave . . . a clean, close shave.

5 features

Palmolive—the shave cream more men use than any other kind—gives a FULL shave every time! Why? Because it does all five things a shaving preparation *must* do to give a FULL shave . . . to avoid that half-shaved look. We call your attention to the five famous Palmolive features on the right. The rich olive and palm oil content. Softens the beard in 60 seconds . . . holds each hair erect! Many creams contain one Palmolive feature—a few even two. But no other cream contains all five.

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That's why we urge you to try a Palmolive FULL shave. See for yourself how much cleaner your face looks all day. For a limited time only your dealer is offering the large 35c tube for only 25c. Buy today while this offer lasts.

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2 *Lasts 10 minutes.* Lather does not dry out. Beard stays soft, razor cuts close and clean.

3 *Lather is stiff.* Holds each hair upright so razor can't slide over.

4 *Olive and palm oil content* gives a rich, creamy, penetrating lather. Reaches the base of the beard. Also, acts like lotion on the skin.

5 *Multiplies 250 times in lather.* One-half inch on the brush gives volumes of rich, lasting lather—saves money.

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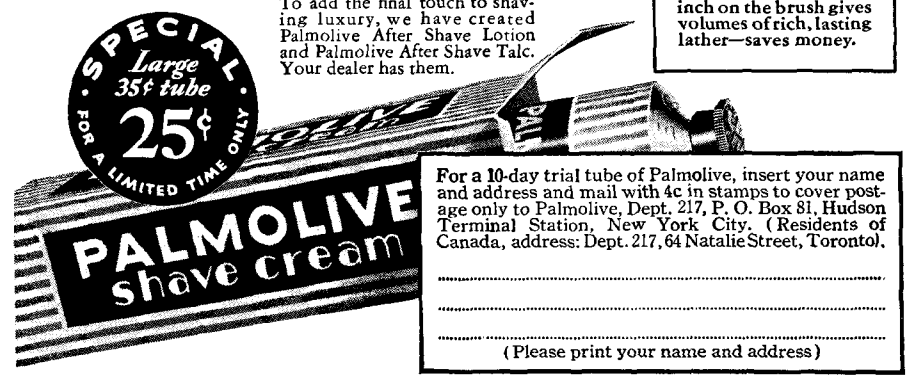

For a 10-day trial tube of Palmolive, insert your name and address and mail with 4c in stamps to cover postage only to Palmolive, Dept. 217, P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City. (Residents of Canada, address: Dept. 217, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto).

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(Please print your name and address)

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(Continued from page 31)

on the morale of the recruits. And the morale of the recruits was largely in the hands of the Army officer in command. Here, then, was one of the Army's greatest opportunities to inspect its own personnel for extra-military virtues and personal resources.

There were officers, particularly in the more difficult East where a greater proportion of the enlistment was derived from the cities, who failed at first to realize that they weren't training men for military uses. They chafed beneath the limitations placed upon them. The recruits were not required to salute their officers—and of course had no intention of trying it. There was nothing military about the condition of the squad tents, the men's bunks, the company streets, the assemblies, inspections and personal equipment; a certain number of officers took overlong to understand that there couldn't be, and that none but a certain number of officers desired that there should be.

Where the Army officers resented the frequently slipshod conditions in camp, the men were quick to sense it. And such officers, lacking in the diplomacy and elasticity the job required, commanded the least efficient and coördinated outfits. Some were replaced, some changed their attitudes, some took a lame philosophical position, saying that it wouldn't last long, so why worry?

So it isn't at all surprising that there should have been quite a bit of friction in the camps at first, and many nasty stories. Joe, for example, became involved in a craps game that did him no good. Joe is a bit of a weakling anyway, given to whining when things don't go right and to writing heartbreaking letters about how cold the mountains are, how tired his feet get, how unlike home (he should be thanking God) the food is, how tough his sergeant is, how hard he works.

Mountains from Molehills

Anyway, Joe got into a small-time craps game which was run by a vigorous young thug from St. Louis. His five dollars didn't last long enough to get warm but the young gambler took Joe's markers, his I O U's for the rest. Of course the gambling lad didn't last in camp; before a week had gone by he was given his ticket home, carted to the nearest railroad station and told to be careful not to return. But back in St. Louis the rising young racketeer had gone to Joe's family and demanded that they cash Joe's markers out of the twenty-five dollars they received from Joe each month.

And then, instead of dealing directly with the petty shaker-down or reporting to the police the presence of a rising racketeer, the parents of Joe rushed to the local relief headquarters and wrote letters to the nearest anti-administration headquarters to complain that the government was making a gambler of their Joe, was permitting him to be robbed and them to be blackmailed; that Joe, who used to be such a good boy, was now being taught evil in a great variety of hideous forms and that they had it from Joe himself that the camps were unsanitary, the sleeping tents blanketless, his fellow recruits brutes and worse. And in no time at all Washington was hearing all about the frightful conditions that these two hundred and fifty thousand helpless young men—this flower of our manhood—were degenerating in.

Gradually as the camps recover from the first furor, as the proper equipment comes in, as the rigors of camp life, the benefits of the open air and the healing sun make muscle where there had been pulp and as the youngsters adjust themselves to the life, the inept, the whimperers, the slothful, and the rest of that inevitable minority that can't take it, disappear. The majority of the cities, towns and townships from whence they came have made it clear that once a man deserts the corps he may not return to the public relief lists from which he was rescued.

The recruits from the cities had the hardest time of it getting set. A bit too much outdoors for them at first. The nights were too quiet and by day the picnic spirit which seizes the urbanite turned out to grass possessed them.

Boss Doore Demonstrates

At first they were a bit loath to work with the steady plodding of the country boys who toiled beside them. The natural consequence was a considerable bickering between the city boys and the gang bosses. But presently they learned the fine art of loafing, and learned it from the rustics they first professed to despise. "The first thing a man has to learn about loafing on the job," said their farmer tutors, "is to make no noise about it."

Now and then they struck a foreman—hundred-dollar-a-month employees of the Department of Agriculture—who wasn't to be fooled even by silence. One of such was Boss Doore, who is unlike some of his fellow bosses in that he knows men as well as he knows the woods. There were three things he hated—just three—Boss Doore said. One was a loafing white man, the second a rattlesnake and the third, "a public appearin' woman."

He demonstrated the second first. On a single afternoon, while his crew scattered along the road, he killed five rattlers with five blows of his long-handled spade. Every blow was accompanied by a lethal curse. No doubt about his hate. His dislike for a loafing white man came next.

It happened that he had in his crew (the lad is back in Chicago now) a young fellow who made it clear to everybody within earshot that the government owed him a living and that he didn't owe the government a cent. Therefore, neither Boss Doore nor the President of the United States was going to make him work at anything that didn't appeal to him.

"Maybe," suggested Boss Doore, "you can give us a sort of idea. Maybe they have your special kind of job on the books somewheres."

"It wouldn't be down here with a lot of sod-busters like you," said the lad from the Loop, adding a few well-chosen words of description of the boss, his mountain people and the forest in general.

"That's bad, that's bad," said Boss Doore mournfully.

"Yes," said the Chicago recruit, "and there's more to it. I don't like to see suckers around me either. Listen, you guys," he cried, addressing the rest of the crew, "lay down them shovels and take it easy. When we get back to camp I'm going to say something to the major and if he says anything back I'm going to push it down his throat."

"But I only tried to fry a couple of eggs" *Frank Owen*

Taming a "Tough Guy"

"That's bad, that's bad," repeated Boss Doore. "It certainly is bad."

"Listen," said Chicago, advancing upon Boss Doore, "don't say that no more. I don't like it, you ——"

Boss Doore waited until the tough boy got through. Then, turning to the rest of the crew, he said, oh, very mournfully:

"Young fellers, I been living in the hills a long time, almost as long as my pappy did before me, and I may have missed something. But nobody ever told me about a law that says you have to be called out of name as much as I been and not let the fellow know you don't believe him."

And so, with all the ponderous dignity of the mountains he had always lived among and had never deserted even for a brief visit, he administered to the Chicago lad a beating which, they assure me, started at the top of the head and wound up at the toes. Before it was half over the tough boy was howling for mercy, but Boss Doore had one of his conscientious hates up and had no intention of stopping until his job was finished. The Chicago boy went A. W. O. L. and reappeared in Chicago where he made horrible representations to the recruiting board against Boss Doore, with whom things might have gone badly had not twenty members of his crew, witnesses of the fascinating proceedings, made voluntary and proper affidavits.

The time came when Boss Doore was to demonstrate his third hate—which he did like a gentleman. One evening he heard an extremely personable young woman haranguing a group of recruits in a village a few miles from camp. I am told that she wore white shorts, a red blouse and talked "right interestin'."

A Political Sidelight

Just what she was saying isn't important to our tale. It had to do, however, with the evil which these innocent boys were visiting upon the workers of the world. They were dishonoring the dignity and the sovereignty of labor by accepting from a capitalistic tyranny one dollar a day for working in woods which were the rightful property of the workers, including the recruits, of course. There was more of the same, all of it being accepted with a fine, generous calm by the lads, several of whom were not so enraptured by the lady's eloquence as to forget that she was decidedly good-looking. One lad in particular. He applauded frequently but occasionally supplemented his demonstrations with a hoarsely whispered:

"Listen, baby, get it off your chest quick and let's beat it away from these mugs."

But unhappily Boss Doore, who had been sitting on the store porch, twenty yards away, had reached the end of his tether of tolerance. Here was a "public appearin' woman" and he hated the breed. He wasn't interested much in what she was saying; he merely resented her saying anything. So he elbowed his way through the crowd, removed his hat with a round flourish and, forcing the lady to take his arm, escorted her down the road to the outskirts of the village and there told her to "go home and tell it to your husband and if you ain't got none I don't blame him."

Which seemed to be utterly satisfactory to everybody except the Galahad who had been trying so hard to rally the lady to an early conclusion that he and she might "beat it away from these mugs."

"Listen," he said, "that's bustin' in on a guy's plans."

"Forget it," growled one of his buddies. "What's the good of trying to date up a Communist?"

"Oh, yeah," sneered the deprived one. "Listen, punk: When a gal looks that good to me, she can be a Republican and see if I care."

Other earnest ladies have found the Conservation Corps quite as difficult to deal with when they have taken the boys a little too seriously. For example, the one who addressed herself to a camp commandant with firmness and frankness. She was, she let it be understood, a member of the board of trustees of a school for young women some ten miles away from the camp and wanted it clearly understood that she would have none of the pupils in that institution molested or otherwise inconvenienced by the major's young men.

"Madam," said he, "let's come imme-

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diately to an agreement. I shall be glad to see that my boys do not molest your young ladies if you, in return, will assure me that none of these innocent creatures the government has entrusted to my care will be waylaid or attacked by your girls."

Into one of the camps one afternoon came two high-minded ladies who wondered whether they might sing to the lads that evening and teach them the serene comforts of community song. Indeed they could. They added that they were not only active members of a patriotic organization but, in times like these, had concluded that a little more patriotism would not come amiss if spread beyond the confines of their society. Indeed it wouldn't. The ladies were gratified, they would at once start mass sings of patriotic airs. Splendid. Might they see the camp roster—the names of the boys? Certainly.

The list made it all the more obvious to the ladies that patriotic singing was in order. The camp was full of Weinsteins, Weitzenkorns, Loadipopoluses, Weisendangers, Pzschmesyls, Domschaks, Trnkas, Pfaus, Jewzaschoffskys, Choyniskys, Munsaxes, Tschaikors and Stefanis. What a field to work in!

And that evening the elder and more determined of the two ladies stood before the boys whilst her sister in the good work sat back a little, strumming a guitar. How many of the boys knew the words of America? Of the two hundred, perhaps a dozen raised their hands—not too certainly.

Whereat the instruction started. The elder lady sang the first three lines and the boys repeated them after her with such vigor that tears of joy welled into her nice eyes. The affair was approximately a riot until, inevitably, the time came when she sang:

"I love thy rocks and rills—
Thy woods and templed hills—"

And the lesson came to a ghastly and rowdy climax. Instead of repeating her words, the lads in terrible unison pursed their lips and delivered themselves of that universal blast of disagreement. Clearly they did not love their country's rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills, quite enough to sing about them.

There was more singing, of course, but the lads took care of it themselves, wallowing lachrymosely in cowboy laments and ballads of home, Mother, Kitty from Kansas City and, just to show the woods had not swallowed them body and soul, I Cover the Water Front.

What's the Next Move?

There are no arbitrary lines along which one may set forth precisely what this quarter million young men are doing in our national and state forests and on the privately owned land where fire prevention work is essential to the preservation of the public domain. Neither can you offer them as a class by themselves nor as typical of any geographical or social group. They are quite as representative of the country at large as the A. E. F. was, neither more righteous nor less sinful.

In the great national forests and parks—Tonto in Arizona, Teton in Wyoming, the bewildering Idaho, the weird Shoshone of Wyoming and the awesome Klamath Modoc and Sierra in California—the work is less compact, more general and less variegated than it is in the small state forests of, say, Connecticut where distances are unimportant, reforestation and conservation rather better organized than is possible in wildernesses where a mere hundred miles is regarded as something to be done before breakfast.

For the most part the lads have been assigned to forests within their home states that they might be within reasonable distance of their homes for week-ends. This, of course, where feasible. But you'll find New Yorkers in the great Olympic Forest in Washington and Philadelphians in the Nez Percé country of Idaho, Bostonians in New Mexico and Chicagoans in the Tolyabe of Nevada. And a very good thing for these lads from the huddled streets.

Go from camp to camp and ask all the questions you please. The crew bosses and the Army officers will match you question for question. But the one you will be asked most is:

"What is going to happen to this crowd when their six months are up?"

"I don't know."

"How many of these fellows would reenlist for another six months?" I asked.

The answers varied, of course, but not so much as I had expected. But taking my chances with fact, I'd put what I heard together and say that at least half of the conservation recruits would be eager to go on. And the proportion should increase as time passes. Of fifty or sixty men I talked to at random in a dozen camps, certainly forty assured me with varying spirit that they were beginning to love the life and looked forward with no enthusiasm to returning to what they had known before enlisting.

We're Getting Our Money's Worth

Of this you may be sure—the United States of America is getting its money's worth. It is wholly true that for the first two weeks of the enterprise the corps was little more than a school wherein the simplest things of the woods were taught. Since then, all that youthful vigor properly directed has built and improved hundreds of miles of roads through mountains—work which in the ordinary course of progress by the capable but scant forces the government employs in its forests might not have been done in the next ten years. These roads have two huge virtues: They open the forests to the tourists and they open the way to much more successful fire fighting and prevention.

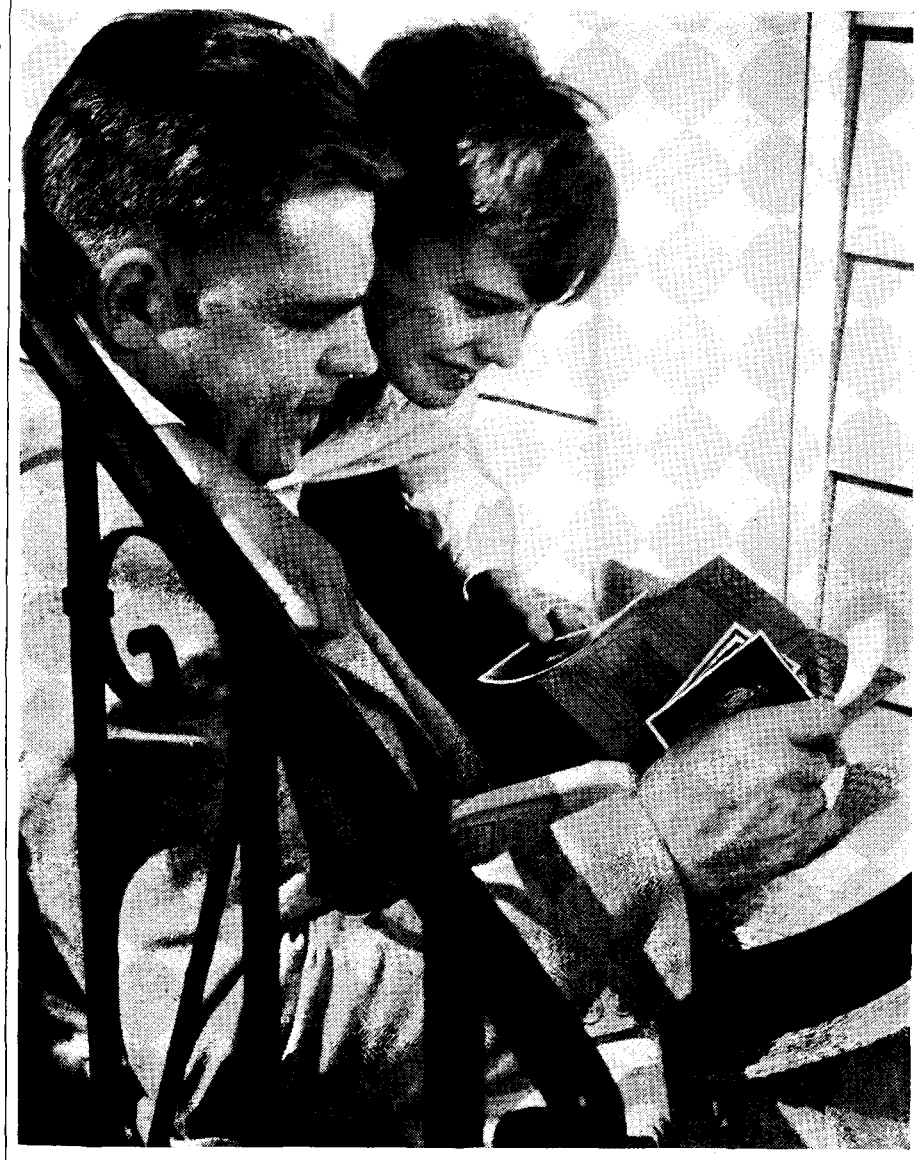
They have cleared away many thousands of acres of hitherto impenetrable underbrush which not only furnished the tinder on which fires fed but throttled young trees and was fire's defense against successful attack. They have cleaned out a vast number of mountain streams, releasing imprisoned springs, and are stocking them with trout and bass. They are voluntarily attending evening classes in engineering, zoölogy, plant biology and botany. They are restoring whole mountain spurs to their old usefulness as protective sanctuaries for game. Actual planting in the almost denuded hills of the East came next. They've done a good job—one which even such skeptics as Hamp Grayne regard with considerable respect.

"But," says Mr. Grayne, "some of them city guys were awfully tired at first. One of them was sitting down on the edge of the clearing one evening and I asked him if he was tired. He said he didn't remember. He said he wanted a drink and I told him where the spring was. He got right talkative after that. He asked me a lot of questions about how far I could see and what I saw when I found what I was looking for and things like that.

"He said he come from St. Louis and I said that according to that he ought to be seeing a lot of things he never saw before. He said he had but that there was one thing he wished he would see. I asked him what it was.

"'Brother,' he said, 'I would give a couple of ears to see one of them Don't Touch the Trees signs they got back home.'"

"Some Labor Day, Dad— Some Snapshots!"



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KODAK VERICHROME FILM

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Evenings Only

Continued from page 15

Put your hand on the table. There. That's it. I'll put mine over it. There. Isn't that cozy?" Cliff went into a radio announcer's routine. "Coming up," he intoned. "Coming up. Head waiter rushes forward. Hero beams. Blonde—blonde shows twenty-eight teeth by actual count. Couple takes ringside seat. Darling, darling— That's in case he can hear across the room, which of course he can't—"

"Cliff—" Gerry came up from behind her napkin. "Are they nice teeth?"

"Not bad," he said judiciously. "Whoops! The mug is looking over here. He's seen you." Cliff leaned closer. His grip on her hand tightened as he stole another glance. "Looking at me now. Registering surprise. Registering displeasure. Offended proprietorship, as I live. Darling—that's in case he does lip-reading—look at me."

Gerry looked and surprisingly she dimpled. The dimple grew to a laugh. "You are a nut," she murmured gratefully.

"Coming over," Cliff intoned. "Right this way. Coming, coming— Wants to see if we're a mirage. I won't take no, Gerry"—his voice became intense, rough—"I went off to Europe to forget you, but I couldn't forget. I had to come back. Oh—" He got to his feet.

Somehow Gerry was laughing. "Hello, Foster," she managed. "Do you know Cliff? Mr. Rogers, Mr. Haines. Cliff has just come back from Europe and—"

"And high time," Cliff put in deftly, aggrievedly, "when I have to try for a week to get an evening with the only girl in New York."

GERRY'S gurgle of laughter spurted again, and if there was a trace of hysteria in it no one would have guessed. Least of all Foster Haines, seeming to experience some difficulty in removing his eyes from Gerry.

"Well, hello," he said. "You two—That is, just ran over to say hello, Gerry. Don't want to barge in."

"That's all right. Perfectly all right," Cliff assured him. "Gerry and I were just going to have this tango. Come on, Gerry." He pulled her away.

They danced. They executed intricate dips and twirls and every time they neared the table where Foster Haines sat with his companion the dips and twirls became, if possible, more intricate, more languorous.

"You were great," Cliff congratulated.

"Didn't you pile it on a little thick?" Gerry asked. Her cheeks were scarlet; her eyes were down. She didn't at all regret the purchase of the new dress, moving slowly about the dance floor of the Pierre now, with Foster's eyes upon her. Even now he was experiencing that difficulty in tearing his eyes away. She could feel it. Her laughter continued to spurt. Perhaps it was hysteria, and perhaps it was the contrast between the comments Cliff Rogers was pouring into her ear and the tenderness of mien with which he was pouring them.

"Isn't missing a move," he reported tenderly. "Casting on me the glance baleful. Yes, baleful it is. Ha. It's going to be too easy. If you could see the looks she's giving you, darling. Darling, darling—just for effect, of course. She's going to go sour on his hands in a moment. The teeth have been turned off now."

"C-couldn't you be a little more original?" Gerry choked with laughter.

"Original? What do you mean, original?"

"I mean, there are other terms of endearment besides darling. There's precious, sweetheart, dearest—"

"Laughter"—he became serious—"is very becoming to you."

"I have to laugh," she explained, "or I'll cry." She smothered her laughter now in his shoulder.

"Fine. That's great," he applauded. "He got it, too. And I still stick to darling. It suits."

"You'll have to take me off." She was practically crumpled against his shoulder now.

"Can you explain it?" she asked helplessly, huddled again in their booth. "That's Foster sitting over there with the girl who has taken him away from me, and I'm laughing. I can't stop."

"Don't stop," he said. He captured her hand on the table.

"You're not reporting," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes. Things aren't going so good with them now," he said mechanically. "She didn't like our dance."

"Cliff—" Gerry said. "What does she look like? I tried to look at her while we were dancing but everything would go blurry."

"Went blurry, did it?" he said mus-

"He's been trying to forget her, but he's a memory expert!"

Joseph Easley

ingly. "Look here, Gerry—if I may—what do you see in a—"

"Oh, you don't know him," she defended quickly. "He's not himself tonight. He"—she stole a glance—"he's pouting. He's not at his best, pouting."

"Oh, well," Cliff shrugged. "Having put on our act, shall we go?"

"Of course." Gerry was startled. On former evenings she had been the one to make this suggestion.

"I mean, of course, if you're ready." He fell a little stiffly back into his employee rôle.

"FOSTER was funny," she reported to him gleefully next evening. "He called me twice at the office and each time I said I was too busy to talk. So he called here at seven. He wanted to know if you were Eddie Cantor in disguise or the Four Marx Brothers. He said you seemed to have me in stitches. And if you could have heard his voice. All sarcastic and funny. Foster's just like a little boy when he—"

"I can imagine," Cliff said dryly. He was standing in front of Foster's picture. He snapped his cigarette lighter on and held it above the Florentine leather frame, below it, to one side. He stepped to the right and then to the left, studying it.

"Cliff," Gerry said, "what are you thinking about?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all." Cliff snapped his lighter shut and chewed the end of his cigarette.

"Because if you're thinking Foster's, well, not quite hot, you're wrong." Warmth came into her voice. "He just got into the clutches of that girl and—"

"WHAT I was really thinking"—Cliff turned definitely away from the photograph—"was this: I was wondering if you'd let it be my party tonight. I got tickets for Gone Tomorrow and—"

"Cliff! You shouldn't have. I can't let you."

"It's all right. I wrote a little thing some months ago and managed to dispose of it. I thought it would be pleasant to take you someplace where Mr. Foster Haines wouldn't be likely to turn up, for a change. I thought if you could get your attention focussed upon something else for an evening, even a show, it would do you good. Just a prophylactic suggestion," he apologized. "Perhaps it's out."

"You shouldn't have," she lamented. "What if you did get a little money? Or was it a lot?"

"Not a lot," he said hastily. "But enough for theater tickets."

"Oh. I thought you might be going to give up the position."

"You wouldn't want me to?" He lighted the cigarette now.

"Oh, no. Not now, when we're just beginning to get results."

"I see. Well, what say we go? Last night," he said rather moodily, placing her wrap on her shoulders, "I thought I liked you best in blue, but now I see that white's your color. You should always wear white."

"It's going to be awfully funny"—she was gay with a gayety touched off by three phone calls—"when you get back into a regular position. Imagine, for instance, your saying to the boss, 'Yesterday I thought I liked you in tweeds, but now I see that mohair is your—'"

"Stop—"

"What's the matter, Cliff?"

"If you're trying to tell me I spoke out of turn—" The humorous twist was gone from Cliff's eyebrows.

"Why, Cliff, what is the matter with you? Of course not. Now, smile."

It was a half hour, perhaps, before Cliff's smile was entirely natural. "Did you have a good time?" he asked anxiously, when he'd brought her home.

"Marvelous," Gerry said. "I can almost forgive you for being so extravagant."

"Don't think about that." He was bending over her by the elevator. He was looking particularly well groomed for an unemployed young man. The colored boy grinned toothily in the interior of his car. It always took passengers of this sort so long to say good night, especially when the man was looking down with just that reluctant-to-leave expression. "What time tomorrow evening?" the elevator boy heard the young man say.

"Oh—" The girl was looking past him, her eyes musing and expectant. "Didn't I tell you I'm seeing Foster? I thought tomorrow wouldn't be too soon. Should I have held out longer?"

"No. Of course not." The young man became formal. His ears pinked a little and he set his hat on. "I'll call you next day to see how things are," he said. "Good night."

WEDNESDAY evening in Baretti's. Baretti's was one of Foster's haunts.

"Did you have a good time?" Cliff asked.

"Not—not exactly." Gerry frowned. "He sulked practically all evening. He was particularly small-boyish. Bad tempered. He said"—she giggled—"a man who dances as well as you do wouldn't be able to do anything else. That shows he's jealous, doesn't it? I told him you were a writer. You did write something, you know."

"So I did."

In the Blue Grill a week later—

"How now?" Cliff asked. He had seen her but once. The other evenings she had spent with Foster.

"Steaming," she reported happily. "Steaming. He warned me against writers."

"I suppose you're getting back into your stride. I mean things will soon be all hunky-dory again." Cliff was very busy with the menu.

"Yes, I think so." In Gerry's eyes there was a soft glow. "But I want to be very sure of him, you know."

"I'm still employed, then?" Cliff made aimless hieroglyphics on the cloth.

"Of course," she said easily. "He must still see us about. You're the heavy suitor from Europe, you know. Do you suppose"—she began her covert glancing—"he'll come here tonight?"

In Gerry's apartment, after another week—

"Foster wants to be married right away," she told him simply.

"Well—" Cliff rubbed his hair. "What do I say now?" he asked, after a moment. "Oh, congratulations, and all that. And—where's the nearest exit?"

"You didn't think I'd accept him right away, did you?" She was scornful. "Surely you gave me credit for more finesse than that."

"I didn't know." There was something queer in his manner, Gerry thought. Perhaps he was worried about the position.

"I'll still need you until I think it's time to say yes," she told him quickly.

"Well, there's that."

"What do you mean, there's that?"

"Just—there's that." He'd moved again toward Foster's picture. He stood staring at it, eyes half closed.

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"Here is my plan for tonight," she said gayly. "Foster will be at George's just now, standing at the bar and having a lonely drink. It's where all the Princeton men go when they're stag. He'll be standing there wondering where I am tonight, and whether I'm with you. The thing for us to do then is to hurry right down there—"

"—and go into our act," Cliff finished. His voice was odd. "All right, let's go."

"You're changed," she accused him in the taxi. "What's the matter with you? Are you worried about anything?"

"Just the condition of the country," he said lightly.

"Well, don't forget you're to make me laugh tonight."

"It shouldn't be hard," he said somberly. "Sit here," he ordered in George's. "You'll be able to watch the bar. We—we may as well drink to the success of our team. Here's to us."

"Here's to us," Gerry echoed happily. "We're good. Look at us in the mirror, Cliff. We look rather nice."

Cliff refused to look at them in the mirror.

"Your knight in armor has come in," he said moodily. "He's scowling in this general direction. You had better give him a tumble."

She didn't look right away. "Cliff," she lamented, "you are changed."

GERRY sat in her apartment two weeks later and her pose was much the same as it had been on the day she had struggled with her want ad. Her hair was, if anything, more ruffled than it had been that night. Her nose was pinker. The expression in her blue-green eyes was more despairing. Several infinitesimal handkerchiefs were rolled into sodden balls on her desk. "I'm getting good at it," she thought dismally, staring at them.

It was impossible to sit still long, however. She had to move up and down the room. She had to lace and unlace her fingers, to move ash trays here, to move them there. She had, at frequent intervals, to glance toward the phone and then to drag her eyes, by main force, away from it again. A phone never rang when you watched it. This one, recently, didn't even ring when you didn't watch it. She tried to say, "Hey, hey," but it wouldn't come off.

So girls have paced up and down since time began, Gerry supposed, wearily. Waiting for the postman's whistle, waiting for the sound of horses' hoofs, the toot of a horn. She turned her back determinedly upon the telephone. It was nearly nine. It must ring now. It must—

It rang.

"Hello." Her voice was stifled.

"Oh, it's you." It went into a nose dive.

"No. No, I can't see you, Foster. . . . Not ever . . . I—I just feel that way . . . I thought I'd made you understand. Please don't call again, Foster. Good-by."

She set the instrument back in place slowly.

The next time, if there was any next time, would be a wrong number, of course. She'd had two weeks of wrong numbers, of miscellaneous calls which had brought her heart into her throat, only to let it drop again with a sickening thud. For two weeks she'd been waiting. At first confidently, then doubtfully, now despairingly.

It would be better to go to bed, she decided. Anything would be better than this. It was ten o'clock now. Perhaps she would be able to go to sleep and forget for a while that one of New York's thousands of unemployed young men had fallen back into the nothingness out of which he had come. No sooner was she in the bedroom than the strident summons came.

"Hello, hello!"

"Oh, Cliff!" She sat down weakly. "Where have you been?"

"Where would I be, Gerry?"

"But you went off so—so—I didn't dream you wouldn't call again. I didn't know where to get you."

"I just thought it was best to take myself out of the picture." Cliff's voice was strained. "I've been circling around the darned phone for the last two hours, for the last two weeks, in fact, trying not to call you. But, well"—he turned savage—"here I am. Go ahead and tell me how happy you are."

"Happy," Gerry wailed. "I'm not happy at all. C-can you come up?"

Clifford Rogers. He knew how to come into a room, how to greet a girl, how to offer a cigarette. Nice ears. Nice head. Nice voice. Clothes all right. But Gerry didn't think of any of that. "Oh, Cliff—" she said helplessly over and over again.

"Gerry, Gerry—" Cliff said, careful not to touch her.

They didn't, for some reason, go into their act. They didn't do much but look at each other. They stood and looked at each other; they sat and looked at each other.

"Let's do all the things we did that first night," Gerry proposed, her voice rather hushed. "You mix a drink."

He mixed a drink.

"Now put a record on."

He picked out Look in My Eyes and they danced, still in that somewhat hushed manner. It was on the third round of the room that he gripped her shoulders and spun her about.

"Where's the picture?" he demanded.

"Oh." Her head drooped. "You're hurting my shoulders, Cliff. It—it's in the garbage can."

"Garbage can?" His grip tightened.

"Yes. Weeks ago. Two."

"Why? Look at me, Gerry."

"He's just a stuffed shirt," she murmured.

They resumed their dance.

"Cliff," Gerry said gently, "when you rushed off so suddenly that last night—just before you rushed off, I mean—I mean, why did you kiss me?"

"Because I couldn't help it." His voice was muffled.

They danced.

"Was once enough?" she questioned, more gently.

THE record ran out. It ground away unnoticed for a long time.

"About a job, Cliff," Gerry said at last, disengaging herself. "Gage is taking a new man on for men's department copy. You wouldn't like it, of course, but it would tide you over."

"Darling, come back here—"

"But I want to talk."

"Put your head there and talk."

"Well— Now let me alone. About a job—"

"I have a job, Gerry." Cliff held her head firmly against his shoulder. His nice ears went nicely pink. "Now listen. Keep still. I'm on the Leader. Have you seen the sappy series called The Story Behind the Ad?"

"You— You wrote me up?" She struggled.

"Be still, darling. Of course not."

"Then"—she was still—"you're just a fraud."

"I'm not so bad." His eyebrows went into their act. "I have a sheaf of checks you gave me. And I'm going to pay you back for all those gigolo evenings."

"You'll have a long time." Her voice was muffled. "Such a long time."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes. Cliff—"

"Yes."

"Was twice enough?"

How Mary Ellen Won the $5,000 Beauty Contest

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WHAT! WITH MY SKIN LIKE IT'S BEEN LATELY? NOTHING SEEMS TO CLEAR IT UP
GRACE CLARK CLEARED UP HER SKIN WITH SOME MARVELOUS NEW KIND OF PASTEURIZED YEAST-WHY NOT SEE HER?
I WILL-RIGHT NOW!
DO YOU THINK THAT NEW YEAST WILL REALLY HELP ME, GRACE?
IT DID WONDERS FOR ME
ARE YEAST FOAM TABLETS HARD TO TAKE, MR. JACKSON?
YOU'LL LIKE THEM, I'M SURE. THEY'RE NOT LIKE ORDINARY YEAST. THEY DON'T FERMENT AND CAN'T CAUSE GAS
6 WEEKS LATER
THESE YEAST TABLETS ARE WONDERFUL- MY SKIN AND COMPLEXION ARE JUST PERFECT NOW!
THE JUDGES VOTE TO AWARD THE $5000 GRAND PRIZE TO MARY ELLEN WHITE
HURRAH FOR MARY ELLEN!
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The moody silence was broken only by the slap! slap! of the oars on the water, the banshee howl of a fast freight lost in the gathering dusk.

Hugh was tired, too tired even to think. Well, it was over now, for a time, until they entrained for Los Angeles next week. Almost two lengths, they said. So now the famed King varsity was just another crew, after all, and tomorrow all the sports writers would discard their old line about "the crew from the sidewalks of New York" for the new one about "eight bronzed Lochinvars out of the West." He must get it out of his mind. Put the shell in the rack, grab a last plunge in the river, then catch the launch to Poughkeepsie and meet Helen in the lobby of the Nelson House.

Helen would understand about Renaldi, and the insult, and what had happened today. She would help him forget the race. . . .

They pulled up alongside the dark float, lifted out the shell, carried it up the runway in silence. In the wavering lights of the boathouse he noticed for the first time the damp cheeks of several of the men, and he felt uncomfortable and a little embarrassed. Losing meant a lot to him, too, but he was not going to pull off a sob act about it. Bogart passed him, and Hugh saw to his surprise that he was sobbing openly. His previous antagonism was lost in a swift, impulsive sympathy. He caught Bogart's arm. "That was a tough one to lose," he murmured.

Bogart snatched his arm away furiously, and his eyes flashed in anger through fresh tears: "Maybe you're satisfied, anyway."

"What do you mean?" Hugh asked slowly, with a sudden hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Let him alone, Bogie," said Jenks. The other men of the squad had gathered around them, looking at Hugh with cold dislike. "He's not worth it," Jenks added in disgust.

FROM a great distance Hugh seemed to hear himself urging in a little voice: "Spill it, Bogie."

"Come on, Bogie," said Jenks. "He knows all right what you mean. It's no use talking to him."

"What do you mean, Bogie?" he repeated.

"I mean throwing the race the way you did," Bogart sobbed in a high, uneven voice, "just because you were sore. That's what I mean. Just because you didn't get your picture taken, you try to queer the whole crew so none of us will get in the picture, either. Sure, they'll probably throw the whole business out now. That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"That's not true," said Hugh thoughtfully.

"No?" Bogart's lip curled. "I bet you pull the same act when we get to California, too. You crossed us up once—"

From the depths of his utter weariness, Hugh swung at him once. Missed. Then Pop Hadden was holding both his arms, and Jenks was leading Bogart away, sobbing, into the boathouse. Suddenly, too late, Hugh began to shudder with a wild anger.

"The hell with going to California, then," he shouted hysterically, struggling to free himself. "You can row your race out there without me. Get Renaldi to stroke the boat. He's so much better than I am." He turned and stared blankly at Pop Hadden. "The hell with the crew," he explained in a dazed voice. "The hell with them, then."

Helen would understand. He found her an hour later, in the crowded lobby of the Nelson House in Poughkeepsie, and he told her all about Renaldi in short, jerky sentences, told her about the race, told her that he was quitting

Crossed Oars

Continued from page 21

now. "I said for them all to go to hell," he concluded breathlessly. "I said they could row without me. They can get Renaldi. I'm through."

Helen said: "So you're quitting?"

He nodded defiantly. Helen was silent.

"That's what I was afraid of all along, Hugh," she said matter-of-factly, at last. "You're only good when things are going all right with you. Otherwise you quit. Right?" He did not answer. "I'm sorry, Hugh. I didn't mind your conceit so much, as long as I believed you had something to back it up. Now I know differently. Your pride is hurt, and so you just walk out on everything. Well, it isn't a very pleasant thing to say to anybody, but I'm afraid I don't like that kind of thing a little bit, my pet, and so I'm afraid I'm walking out, too," she concluded almost gayly, "and you can paste *that* in your scrapbook."

She shook his hand pleasantly and made her way across the crowded lobby with a quick, sure step. He watched her go. She walked steadily out through the door. He did not see her hesitate for a moment outside the door, and lean against the wall with the back of her hand pressed tight against her mouth until several strangers turned and stared at her curiously. Hugh did not try to follow her. He was still standing alone in the lobby, watching the door, when Pop Hadden saw him. Pop sauntered toward him.

"By the way, Neall," Pop Hadden said very casually, "we're all reporting for practice next Monday morning. I want to get in a couple of workouts before we start for the Coast. We leave Wednesday, you know."

"O. K., Coach," said Hugh.

Pop Hadden nodded and strolled away.

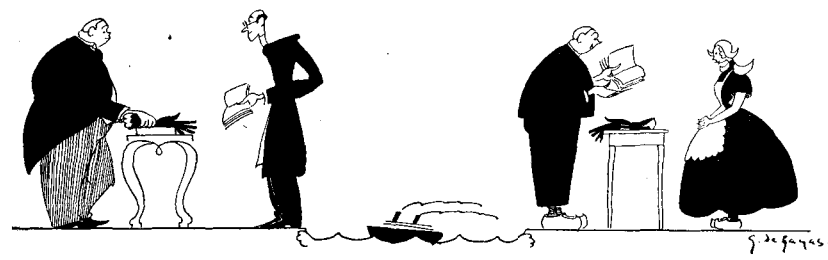
RICARDO RENALDI was an obsession with Hugh now. Somehow, in his mind, seeking desperately for someone to blame, he had come to the conclusion that Renaldi had been the cause of the whole thing. This was all a personal issue between Renaldi and himself: Renaldi had purposely taken his place in the shell, Renaldi had contrived with malice aforethought to shame him before the entire squad; it was Renaldi who had come between himself and Helen. It was a bitter feud between them, he convinced himself, a feud that could have but one outcome. He could not rest now until he had met Renaldi face to face. He must avenge this insult to his name. Pistols for two, coffee for one. His honor was at stake.

The feud grew in proportion in his mind as the train drew nearer and nearer to California and to Ricardo Renaldi. For hours Hugh would sit brooding beside the window, staring moodily at the speeding landscape and dwelling with eager anticipation upon that inevitable meeting between Renaldi and himself.

In turn, Renaldi, with diabolic cunning, managed to fan the flames of this hostility by flaunting those hated features before him wherever he turned. When Hugh picked up a copy of a motion-picture magazine, Renaldi's face grinned at him insolently from the cover. When he glanced out of the window at a passing station, an impudent billboard hurled Renaldi's name in his very teeth. In the newspaper advertisements Renaldi endorsed his favorite toothpaste; Renaldi deliberately wore the same make of socks; Renaldi's name was even on a box of cigars in the club-car. They were greeted in Los Angeles by huge posters and banners celebrating a recent film epic of Ricardo Renaldi's. In their hotel at Long Beach, Renaldi had managed, with fiendish ingenuity, to have an autographed picture of himself hanging in the very lobby.

It was the final straw. Hugh had determined, even before they arrived, that he would have the matter out at once. Now he was sure. He would find Renaldi, confront him in his home, fling the gauntlet in his face. He spoke to Pop Hadden; and Pop, who never said much, looked at him a long moment with a faint twinkle in his eyes and then soberly nodded permission. Hugh borrowed a car the next afternoon and set out for Hollywood alone. He scorned taking along a second. They would settle this duel between them, man to man.

He drove steadily, hour after hour, and amused himself as he drove by elaborating pleasantly upon the violent scene of mayhem which presently would take place when he faced Renaldi at



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

"Marriage by the Glove" still is prevalent in The Netherlands. When a Dutch girl becomes engaged to a foreigner and he cannot afford either to come or send for her at once, they become legally united by marrying each other's glove on the same day and hour in their respective countries.

A famous American scientist has just developed a method of measurement that is capable of detecting one atom of cæsium in a cubic meter of space—a feat comparable to detecting the presence of a small fly in a hollow sphere the size of the earth. *—By S. E. Southard, Athens, Alabama.*

Radium now is used to photograph defects in steel posts and beams up to ten inches in thickness. Exposures require from 20 to 30 hours, this length of time being necessary for the rays to pass through the steel and register all imperfections on the film.

Although 50,000 persons throughout the world are afflicted with partial color-blindness, *total* color-blindness is exceedingly rare. In fact, only 125 cases have ever been found, 11 of which were in the United States.

Hard rocks can be pushed into new shapes. Marble columns, encased in tight brass cylinders and subjected to an intense pressure over a long period, have been distorted into short, thick shapes—without a single crack.

Life guards who are skilled in applying artificial respiratory methods have successfully resuscitated persons rescued from drowning even after they have been submerged for as long as 20 minutes.—*By Carl Jager, Jenison, Michigan.*

About 100 years ago golf balls were made of horsehide—stuffed tightly with gull feathers. Each ball contained about a bushel of them. *—By Virginia Clarke, Richmond, Virginia.*

Up in a high pass of the Peruvian Andes stands a monument to one of man's most incredible experiments. It consists of two towers, built on opposite hills, between which, many centuries ago, a primitive tribe hung a gigantic net—and tried to catch the sun.

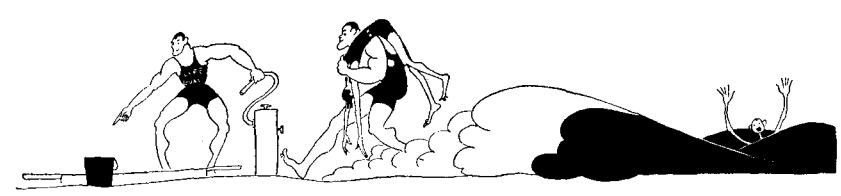
Investigators of suspicious fires often handle complicated cases. On a recent one in New York City, 46 principals and their staffs worked for eight months, auditing 10,000 records of 17 companies in 10 states. Then they had to overcome the combined efforts of 16 defense lawyers before they convicted five men of arson.

During the early centuries of Christianity, it was the general custom to celebrate the death anniversary—instead of the birthday—of famous persons.—*By Paula Connolly, Atlantic, Massachusetts.*

Asia actually has trees that "pray" each day. One of them, a tall date palm in Paiksahi, India, bends to the ground once every 24 hours—the "descent" lasting from 2 A. M. to noon and the "ascent" taking from 2 P. M. to midnight.

Despite the fact that Freemasonry has grand lodges in 36 countries with a total of 4,250,000 members, the United States has 3,259,000, or 77 per cent of this membership.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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last. Renaldi would be frightened, of course, he would try to defend himself, he would struggle in vain against Hugh's righteous anger. Hugh pictured with grim satisfaction the look of abject terror on Renaldi's face, and his fist ached to smash with devastating force into the center of those too handsome features. "So you thought I'd never come to California, did you! You thought you'd never see me again!" He gripped the wheel grimly. "Well, Renaldi, you were mistaken! I'm here! Now put 'em up! Take that! and that! and that!"

He twisted the wheel left, right, left, in a series of short vicious jabs. "Get up, you coward!" Renaldi was cringing now, hugging his knees and whining for mercy. "Ah, so things look a little different now," Hugh sneered, looking down triumphantly; and then he slammed on the brakes and wrenched the wheel violently to avoid an onrushing truck.

BRENTWOOD, the address in the motion-picture magazine had said. It was already dusk as Hugh drove through Hollywood, past the unreal stucco houses, the Paris-green lawns like mats of artificial grass that could be rolled up and stowed away each night, the papier-mâché flowers and palm trees on wheels, the canvas mountains, the smeared gray sky like the sagging backdrop in a traveling road show. Darkness descended in a wet blanket of fog as he reached the outskirts of Beverly Hills, and a native son from Iowa directed him to the exclusive residential suburb of Brentwood. He halted the car at last before Renaldi's house, crunched menacingly up the gravel walk, and pulled the bell. It banged once, like a gong for the opening round.

A Japanese butler opened the door. "Who you wisss to see, please?"

He shoved past the startled Jap into the hallway. "Renaldi!" he bellowed. He clenched his fists and strode down the hall. Renaldi could not hide from him now. He would smoke him out of his lair. He brushed off the protesting butler, who was still tagging at his elbow, and shouldered into the library. He halted. "There you are!"

Somehow in his memory he had pictured Ricardo Renaldi as larger, more formidable and dangerous looking. This mild and rather slender figure that walked toward him in dressing-gown and slippers, his hand extended graciously and a tentative smile of welcome on his face, was not the ruthless adversary of Hugh's fevered imagination. Renaldi had looked much bigger with his clothes off, clad in rowing-trunks and clutching an oar. Here he seemed almost a head shorter than Hugh, timid and slightly bewildered as he bowed diffidently. "Won't you come in?"

Hugh hesitated in the doorway uncertainly, his fists still clenched. "You don't remember me?"

"I'm terribly sorry," Renaldi apologized with an embarrassed smile.

Hugh's fists relaxed. After all, you can't exactly go up and sock a man who doesn't even know who you are. "I'm Hugh Neall," he explained, still on his guard. Renaldi's face did not betray any light of recognition. "I stroke the King varsity crew," he added, and then braced himself.

"Of *course!*" Renaldi's face broke into a happy smile, and he clapped Hugh's shoulders enthusiastically with both hands. "Say, this is swell, your dropping in to see me. I'm tickled to death. Ishii!" he yelled. "Highballs! Sit down. Are the others with you?"

"I'm alone," said Hugh significantly, still holding his fighting pose in an effort to keep the situation in hand.

"Do sit down, old man," Renaldi insisted. He beamed gratefully: "I can't tell you how much I appreciate your coming all the way out here to see me, Mr.—"

"Neall," said Hugh, sitting down stiffly.

"It meant a lot, getting to know you fellows that day," Renaldi began reminiscently. "I haven't forgotten that pleasant afternoon when I had the privilege of rowing on the Hudson with you all—"

"I wasn't in the boat," Hugh pointed out, making a last desperate attempt to get the conversation back onto the proper track.

"Everybody was so pleasant and friendly," sighed Renaldi wistfully. "So different from out here. You know, Mr. Neall," he confessed, "it seems a pretty funny kind of thing to say, I guess, but I get awfully lonely out here in Hollywood sometimes." He looked up. "Right over here, Ishii."

The Japanese butler set down the tray of drinks and withdrew. Renaldi poured a highball and held it out cordially. Hugh was so dazed that he accepted it without question, and began to sip it absently.

"So that's why I get such a kick out of the fact that you fellows didn't forget me," said Renaldi, settling back in his chair again and twisting the highball glass meditatively in his hand. "It makes me feel maybe I haven't really lost touch, after all. You see, I've been working out here pretty steadily ever since I quit college—"

"I didn't know you went to college." Hugh sought to collect the scattered fragments of his mind. He was beginning to feel the highball already. "I thought you were Spanish, or something."

Ricardo Renaldi laughed. "As a matter of fact, my real name is Schmalhausen. Johnny Schmalhausen. I went to Wisconsin."

"Did you do any rowing in college?" asked Hugh faintly.

"I was on the Freshman squad," Renaldi smiled. "I was pretty good, too," he added naïvely.

"Were you in any crowd there?"

"What?"

"I mean, what fraternity were you?"

"I was a member of D. K. E.," said Ricardo Renaldi.

Hugh stared.

"You're a Deke," he murmured at last. He rose and extended his hand, with fingers outspread. "I'm Brother Neall, Gamma Beta Chapter," he said reverently. "Put it there."

"It's been so long," Renaldi apologized sheepishly, as he tried to dovetail his hand clumsily over Hugh's cocked fingers. "I guess I'm kind of rusty."

"That middle finger goes between there," Hugh prompted in a low voice.

THEIR hands locked at last in the grip. They stood for a moment in silence, clasping each other's hands. Hugh gulped and smiled at Renaldi with shining eyes. "Brothers in D. K. E.!" he breathed.

"How does it go?" nodded Renaldi. humming to himself reminiscently. He began to sing the words vaguely, in a far-off voice: "A band of brothers in D. K. E.—"

"—We march along tonight," Hugh joined in, rallying loyally. "Two by two—"

"—With arms locked firm and tight," Renaldi continued more confidently. They stood face to face, highball glasses lifted, their voices blending in complete harmony. "So merrily sing we all to D. K. E. . . ."

They touched their glasses solemnly when they finished the song. "Here's to the race," said Ricardo Renaldi. "Good

(Continued on page 38)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS NOW ENDED
1
WHY TED, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I HARDLY CLOSED MY EYES ALL NIGHT AGAIN LAST NIGHT---I'M SIMPLY "DEAD" FOR SLEEP!
2
WHY TED, LOOK!
SAY, I'M GOING TO TRY IT TONIGHT!
CAN'T SLEEP? Try OVALTINE The Swiss Food-Drink that Brings SOUND SLEEP and NEW ENERGY next day — Endorsed by 20,000 Physicians.
3
--AND SO I WANT A CAN OF OVALTINE!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT, MR. MAXWELL. I'LL BET YOU'LL SLEEP TONIGHT!
BEDTIME THAT NIGHT--
MM! WHETHER I SLEEP OR NOT--THIS SURELY IS A DELICIOUS DRINK.
AND IT'S SO EASY TO FIX--BUT NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED.
5
ASLEEP ALREADY! IT CERTAINLY WORKS LIKE A CHARM!
NEXT MORNING
BOY, DID I SLEEP LAST NIGHT! AND DO I FEEL LIKE A MILLION THIS MORNING!
WELL, THAT SETTLES IT! WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT OVALTINE IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN.

SLEEP Tonight

Like a Child ... New Energy Tomorrow

No More Bed-Tossing . . . This Natural, Drugless Way

HERE'S news that may save you many a sleepless night. For a way has been found to bring sound, natural sleep, entirely without drugs. A way that doctors widely recommend because it's entirely safe.

It is a delicious food-drink you take just before you go to bed. Called Ovaltine, it acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness—*entirely without drugs.*

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

See For Yourself

For the sake of your health, your appearance, your nerves—*try* Ovaltine. See for yourself how much more quickly you fall asleep—how much more soundly you rest.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits you obtain. Observe how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly every night. Note how much more easily you recover from fatigue, how vitality multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it before going to bed. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months—feel far fresher next day.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

993

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

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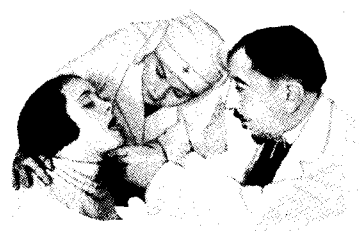
"Coated Tongue may mean serious trouble"



says DR. AGASSE-LAFONT of Paris

ONE of the foremost specialists in France in diseases of stomach and intestines, Dr. Edouard Agasse-Lafont is Ancien Chef de Clinique of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. He states:—

"It is well known that ordinary measures of treating digestive and intestinal maladies are often disappointing, because they upset the system."

He continues: "My advice is to eat fresh yeast. It gently stimulates the intestines . . . strengthens them . . . It has a remarkable tonic effect."

A coated tongue—bad breath—clouded skin—any of these symptoms should be your signal to start to eat fresh yeast. It clears out harmful waste poisons—purifies. And a healthier looking tongue—a better digestion—a clear skin and abundant new energy nearly always result.

Fleischmann's Yeast, in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label, is rich in vitamins B, G and D. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes daily. Directions are on the label.

"I WENT ON A DIET to reduce," writes Miss Jane Holbrook of Portland, Ore. "I reduced all right, but lost all my energy, too. Had headaches. And my complexion was terrible...I tried Fleischmann's Yeast, and the sluggishness disappeared, headaches left. I have no more trouble with my skin."

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(Continued from page 37)

luck to you, Hugh. I hope you win."

"I will," said Hugh in a voice gruff with emotion. "I will . . . Johnny."

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, sponsor of the Boom Los Angeles National Intercollegiate Regatta, was determined to conduct the races on a grand scale. In a characteristic burst of civic zeal, therefore, the city fathers had not only invited a handful of the more socially prominent Eastern crews to participate with them in the great event, but in addition, with rare tact, they had volunteered to furnish their visitors with round-trip tickets and all their incidental expenses. As a result, an impressive array of shells from the aristocratic East awaited the starter's gun at the beginning of the short 2,000-meter course, the Olympic distance.

The regatta was held in the Long Beach Marine Stadium, an artificial T-shaped slough some fifty yards in width and from one to six meters in depth, depending on the tide. The stem of the T was a smaller slough, bridged by a little trestle, which drained into Alamitis Bay and thence into the Pacific. Inside the high board fence which ran the length of the stadium, shutting off the view from the eyes of those financially unworthy to enter the gate, a rutty auto road, hip deep in alkali dust, ran along one side to the temporary wooden stands erected at the finish of the course. Along the opposite side of the slough marched an unbroken forest of gaunt oil wells and denuded telephone poles, like a burned-over timber land. The brown tule grass exuded a faint salt-marsh odor of clams and seaweed; there was no shade; and the steamy white heat of noon beat down mercilessly on the limp spectators huddled beneath parasols and newspapers in the wooden bleachers. High up on the stands, his lip glued to a radio microphone, a perspiring announcer broadcasted the progress of the day's gala events. . . .

THE crews got off to a clean start, breaking from the points together, rowing well and spacing well. California and King stepped out in front, and they stayed with each other, both dropping the beat to 36 and keeping almost abreast. Hugh's powerful shoulders set the pace; his legs drove down against the stretcher; his big blade grabbed the water hard where it reached for it and pulled through to the finish again with an unbroken rhythm. Behind him the seven men in the shell caught his new feeling of confidence; their oars flashed as they faced them over, and their slides worked in flawless unison. Hugh's face was set, his mouth hard, his upper lip curled slightly with the physical effort of each completed stroke. The coxswain was barking: "Get it up! Get it up, Neall!" He raised the stroke to 37, to 38. The rival crew responded. The nose of the California shell crept out in front.

" . . . Coming, folks, I can see them coming now, it looks like *California!* . . . No, it's Yale, nope, I guess it's King that's ahead now, folks, churning the waters of the blue Pacific as they come nearer and nearer, *what a sight!*—it looks like either California or King—"

He had to win. He could not let down now. Drive the legs down, keep that swing long, reach out, pull it through. "A quarter to go—Neall, *get that stroke up!*" Damn the coxswain. His body ached, his breath was burning hot. If he could only hold the grip on his oar. He could not lose, he told himself over and over, he could not lose this race. Everything was at stake. The picture they had taken at Poughkeepsie depended on Hugh; he had to win today for the crew's sake. Drive down, reach out, pull through. Where was California? They must raise the beat again. 38. 39. Still California matched it. They were rowing almost stroke for stroke. "Give 'er ten!" So soon? With a last desperate surge of strength, he lifted the beat to 40 in a final spurt.

" . . . What a race, folks! *Here they come!* California's ahead!—almost half a length—it's California's race, folks, here's the finish line—here they come—*they're over—and the winner is Calif*—what?" He paused a moment. "Pardon me, folks, there seems to—just a minute." He leaned down and whispered to someone beside him. "Well, I guess that's one on me, folks, that wasn't California that crossed the line first, after all. *The winner is King!*—"

THE evening newspapers were already carrying the story of the race as Hugh finished dressing and strolled across the lobby of the hotel. He reread Helen's telegram for the tenth time, stowed it carefully in his breast pocket over his heart, and bought a copy of a late edition of the Herald. He read the story of the race with a satisfied smile, pacing back and forth across the lobby as he read. He was still too excited to sit still. "Long Beach, Cal., July 19: Stroked by the far-famed Hugh Neall, who drove the King varsity crew like a well-oiled machine, the crew from the sidewalks of New York triumphed over the California eight today . . ."

He read on happily, folding over the newspaper to the continued story inside. He had made good. He had saved the motion picture, after all. Now those close-ups at Poughkeepsie would have a real meaning when they were flashed on the screen. He would not be present in them; but he knew he had done his unselfish bit for the crew and for King. He was satisfied.

A photograph of Renaldi on the opposite page caught his eye. It was a small newspaper picture, inserted at the head of a daily syndicated column of screen gossip. He read the caption: "'. . . Renaldi to Star in Football Picture,'" and stopped short. He continued reading slowly: "'Work has been resumed at Majestic-Kessler Studios on Fighting Hearts, the football epic starring Ricardo Renaldi and Lila Andrews, according to an announcement by Director Dennis Duffey today. Although it was originally intended to base this picture on the sport of crew, Director Duffey decided recently to rewrite the story and substitute a football background which he felt would be more timely for fall release. Consequently several crew sequences previously made on location in the East have been discarded, and in the new version . . .'"

Pop Hadden and several members of the squad hailed him as they walked past across the lobby. "Nice going, kid," called Bogart.

"Thanks," said Hugh, hiding the newspaper guiltily behind him. He wondered if they knew. He did not have the heart to tell them.

"We're going to take in a movie before the train leaves. Ricardo Renaldi and some dame. Want to come?"

"Sorry," he said slowly, "I got to get off a wire."

He watched them go, and then he crossed the lobby to the telegraph desk. The girl behind the counter shoved a pad of blanks toward him. He opened Helen's telegram, spread it on the counter before him, and read it again:

HUGH NEALL CARE KING COLLEGE VARSITY CREW LONG BEACH CALIFORNIA CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR VICTORY STOP HAVE GOT YOUR SCRAPBOOK ALL READY STOP COME BACK SOON LOVE

HELEN

He began to print the answer laboriously:

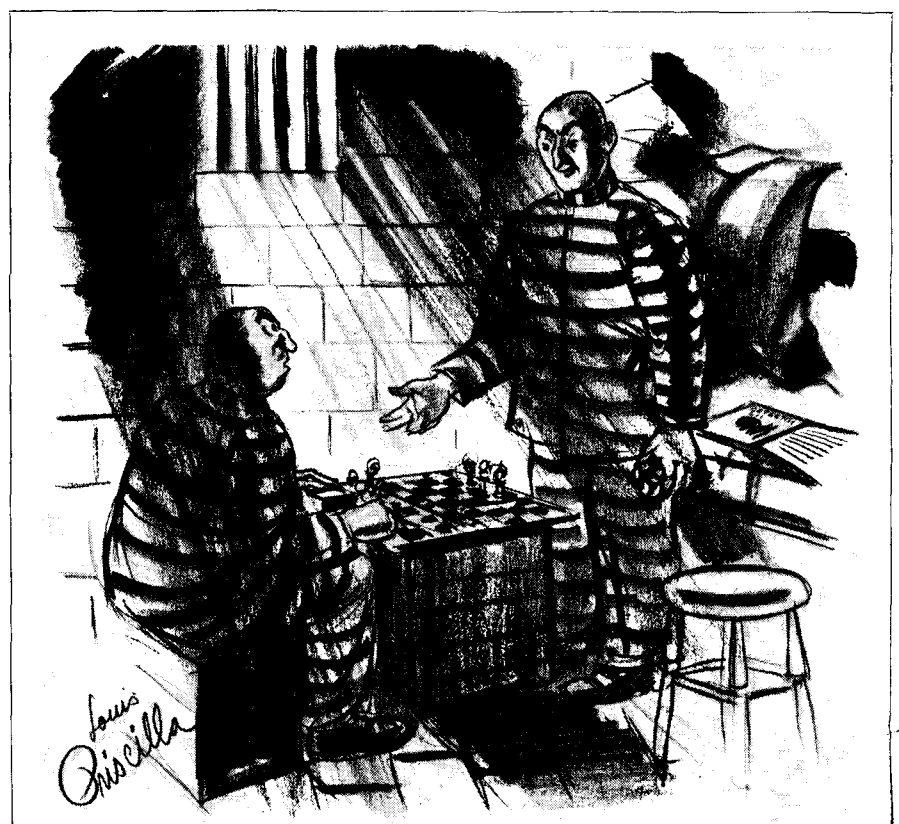
ARRIVING NEW YORK FRIDAY STOP BE SURE TO GET TIMES TRIBUNE SUN TELEGRAM POST AMERICAN NEWS—

Across the counter the telegraph girl was studying the address on Helen's telegram with interest. "Are you on that King crew?" she inquired, with a trace of awe in her voice.

"Yeah," he grinned modestly, "I'm the stroke."

"Gee, I bet that was a great race," she breathed. "I wisht I'd only seen it."

"They've got quite a little write-up about it in the papers," he smiled amiably. "Maybe you haven't read it?" He laid down the pencil, opened the newspaper, and leaned over the counter.



"Let's make it checkers; chess takes too long" *Louis Priscilla*

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Gilded Wings

Continued from page 17

despair. He saw Gwyn Annadale; he came straight over, holding out his hand. "Let's dance this," he said, and led her away. Captain Crosby watched this Annadale girl's supple figure blend with Mateer's and go turning and turning under the light. Definitely, her hair was butter-colored and beautiful. Bill Mateer looked down at her, lips moving, and it seemed to Crosby there might be something between those two. Karen LaGrange, he observed, studied the wheeling couple somberly.

"What," he wondered, "is the shooting about?"

Somewhere in the early hours he returned to his room. He stood in front of the light switch a moment, eying it thoughtfully; and then he closed his eyes, made three complete pivots and stabbed out with a finger—to hit the button squarely on the nose. Nerves and reactions still sound at thirty-six. A heart ticking over sweetly in his chest, a feeling of silky ease throughout his body. He looked at the pictured flying group on the wall, and the ease went away. Dead men, he thought, smiling at him. It wasn't only the war. It was a whole barnstorming generation of flyers dropped behind, leaving him a relic in a swifter age. Sure—famous. But at thirty-six a flyer was ancient and a little weary, and inexpressibly lonely, and fame didn't help much.

THIS was a brilliant prairie morning and a picnic party had been arranged. The four of them stood on the porch, Gwyn and Karen LaGrange and Mateer and himself. A car snored along the incline and stopped, and when Crosby saw the short, brisk young man skip along the steps he knew that the demands of publicity had caught up with him again. The brisk one said:

"The newsreel, Captain. You're presenting the Queen Alice of the Round-up with a bouquet. She's back of the corrals now. We better barge."

He took the silence for consent and returned to his car and shot away. Mateer said, "This will be good," and lifted Gwyn's picnic hamper. They got into the Annadale machine, Mateer driving.

Gwyn Annadale said: "Hadn't we better stop somewhere for the flowers?"

"They'll be on the scene," Crosby drawled. "They always are."

"Romantic," she murmured skeptically.

"The inside of fame. Your disillusion begins here."

Mateer cut down the back streets and through a wide gate of the Round-up grounds. The newsreel wagon and crew waited there, and a girl dressed in a beaded doeskin riding skirt and a sombrero. She was, Crosby thought as he got out, very young and very pretty; and her cheeks were somewhat flushed from the excitement of being thus thrown at the world for a day. The newsreel man handed Crosby a bouquet and said: "We better get this before a lot of incidental sound starts up. Ready, Harry? Queen Alice, Captain Crosby. All set?"

Captain Crosby removed his hat and went forward, ruffled head tipping on the long, solid body. The gleam of excitement was very distinct in the hazel eyes looking watchfully up to him, but there was behind that a provocative humor lurking. Young as she was, he thought, she knew the game.

"Go ahead," the newsreel man said.

Crosby spoke with a necessary distinctness: "For a charming queen, from a loyal subject."

Her reply lifted swiftly. "Thank you, Captain Crosby." She took the flowers and offered her hand to him. But Crosby saw the newsreel man standing mutely hopeful in the corner of his vision and at that the recklessness ever unquiet in him rose to the occasion. He bent down and took the queen in his arms and kissed her, feeling her body stiffen against him—and then remain still.

"Swell," said the newsreel man. "That's all."

Crosby swung about and clapped on his hat. Mateer's grin was an approving streak. "That ain't tough, Crosby." Both the girls looked at him in curious silence. They got in the car, Karen LaGrange in front with Mateer, Gwyn back beside the flyer. Mateer rolled out of the grounds and angled into the open highway. Gwyn Annadale's voice was aloofly speculative:

"A finished performance. Butch always said you handled your women very well."

"You're too young for cynicism. Leave that for those of us who have a right to it."

She sat gracefully indolent in her corner, a symmetrical girl in an apple-green dress; but her eyes were faintly angry.

"Where is your right to be cynical? You've had the run of the world for fifteen years."

"Illusion, like the scene back there. Something that looks real but is just another act put on for an audience."

"Even when you're in the air?"

He let that ride a moment. "No, not then. I'm my own man there."

She said: "I almost believed your talk of being ancient last night. Not now." But her voice then changed to an ironic indifference. "You have a way, Captain Crosby. You kiss them—and they like it. And then you move on. It is rather simple—for you. How do I know? It is all in the scrapbook I have kept of you—fifteen years of it."

He said, quietly: "There will be no more entries in the scrapbook."

Her question was indrawn, half-startled. "Why?"

"You saw this Captain Crosby in the flesh, and he wasn't the man you had pictured. So you write 'finish' to the scrapbook and put it away."

She was very still and her features were shadowed. "You can be very bitter."

CAPTAIN CROSBY rolled a cigarette between his blunt finger tips and stared down and forgot to light it. He heard Bill Mateer doggedly quarreling with Karen LaGrange:

"Just a dumb guy breakin' my back behind a plow. Three years of it is enough."

"Or break your neck on a horse, in front of forty thousand people!"

"But with money in my pocket. Quit it. I'm through."

Karen LaGrange said angrily: "So am I!"

"Sure," grunted Bill Mateer and wrenched the car to a violent halt. A creek tumbled out of a thicket and became a broad pool here; the clearing ran off to a point beyond which the lower prairie swept away. Part of the crowd was waiting and more of the crowd presently arrived. Apparently this was an old rendezvous, for Captain Crosby followed all the men down below the point to a shelter there. Mateer said: "I dug up a suit for you." Captain Crosby shucked his clothes and got into it. Bill Mateer's gloomy eyes, laboring with resentment, turned out to the tawny flats.

"It looks pretty, and maybe it is. But don't ever buy a wheat ranch."

A call summoned them back. Walking rather gingerly across the uneven ground, Captain Crosby whole-heartedly admired the silhouette the girls made in their swimming suits against the violet light. It was, he thought, a fragment of frank and graceful beauty caught in an odd moment to warm the reflection long after. Then they hit the water with a cleaving crash and the exuberant yelling sailed like shot echoes into the green quiet. This, he thought, was pretty good. It was rest and it was forgetfulness. Going over to the springboard, he plunged into the bubble-streaked depths of the pool and broke the surface with a long hand-over-hand stroke that took him rhythmically back and forth half a dozen times. Gratefully refreshed, he went back below the point and put on his clothes and sat there, mentally browsing:

"This Karen's trying to hold Mateer in line on some sort of a proposition. He's bucking, and she's about ready to quit. I like that pair. What's the shooting about?"

HE THOUGHT he knew presently. The men straggled back and dressed and after a while they all returned to a lunch cloth spread on the ground. There was a space beside Karen LaGrange, but Mateer walked around the cloth and sat down next to Gwyn Annadale, who seemed to be still when she watched him. Silence dragged across the party. Crosby thought, "Is this it?" and instantly assumed the place beside Karen. He looked at Gwyn Annadale, prompted by something more stirring than curiosity, and saw nothing satisfactory in her passive eyes. But behind the perfect poise of her body, behind the dreaming stillness, was a quality very strange—like the blending of a drink that was tart and still was sweet. The tartness was this girl's realism; the sweetness was out of a girlhood freshness she never had lost.

Karen LaGrange said bluntly: "We've swapped horses in the middle of the stream, Gwyn. Or do you suppose the horses swapped us?"

Captain Crosby accepted a sandwich, thinking: "Good girl, you can trade punches." The ice was definitely broken and the clamor rose again. But Crosby, more aroused than seemed necessary, wondered what had taken this Mateer to Gwyn Annadale's side. He was still debating it, a silent figure in the center of gay rapier-like talk, when Mateer rose.

"If I'm going to ride any horses this afternoon we've got to get back."

Karen LaGrange's face was, to Crosby's seeking eyes, at once strained.

Bill and Karen went on, but a telegram waited in Crosby's room, to detain him. It was, as usual, another test job in Oakland; and when his company said immediately it meant immediately. He thought, "I'll have to pull out of here tonight," and turned to see Gwyn Annadale waiting by the doorway.

"Not bad news, I hope."

"Called back."

She came over to the window and she opened it wider, putting her back to him. "Tonight, I suppose," she said, without inflection.

"Yes." She swung, and her glance was straight and still. He thought: "Mateer's a fool for letting the Karen girl down like that, and this Gwyn ought

(Continued on page 40)

"I'm going where I can get Pettijohn's for breakfast"

●

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(Continued from page 39)

to be spanked." He thought it irritably, but Gwyn Annadale's unfathomed inspection hit him all at once, and the headlong recklessness rushed through him suddenly. He stepped before her, waited for her eyes to travel slowly up to his face. They were very blue, very deep. He put his arm around the slim, supple back and kissed her, without qualification or restraint.

She was for a long, long moment, stonily unresisting. Then she twisted away and put both her hands behind her, like a little girl concealing mischief, and her eyes were round and full against a faintly pale skin. He saw self-possession return. He stood speechless, wondering at the churn of his own impulses. She said, in a limpid, detached voice:

"That was rather thorough, Captain. Your technique is superbly flawless. It —it wasn't a kiss, it was a trade-mark. What do you do with your women after you leave them so indelibly stamped?"

He said: "Don't be cynical. It doesn't fit you. It never will."

Anger began to color and strengthen her words: "This—this makes me out rather cheap. I came in. I asked for it. I got it. So I've joined the army of camp-following women."

"Leave young Mateer alone," he told her. "Karen's a swell kid."

Abruptly a glint of humor broke through the self-disdain. "We had better be going," she murmured.

LONG shadows flowed over the grandstand and the day was about done, and sound broke in successive waves across the tiered seats. In the box, surrounded by Gwyn Annadale's party, Captain Crosby looked once backward to the thousands so eagerly watching the field and reflected that they had had their money's worth this long afternoon. It was a bright and stirring pageant of long-horned steers charging down the field, of agile ponies turning and streaking after, of brown and heavy-shouldered men catapulting from saddle to steer in finely judged fractions of time. Those fellows took their chances in that ripped-up dust and rose out of it and accepted the applause with taut grins. It was a show, swift and dramatic, and now the peak of the day had come. In the arena the buckers were being snubbed and saddled for the amusement of a world that accepted the picture as it stood and never understood how much strain and bitterness lay behind each beautiful performance, behind each failure. This was the cost of an ephemeral fame—a pressure that dried men up and left them taciturn and lonely.

Crosby recognized Bill Mateer going into the saddle of a firmly snubbed beast, seeming slender and small as compared to the burly men preceding him. He was not, Crosby thought, solid enough for punishment of this rough-and-tumble game. Karen LaGrange's whole body was stone still and her two hands doubled up whitely.

It was soon over. The bucker was released and it flung its explosive body in sunfishing leaps that snapped Bill Mateer's head badly up and down. He could not stick. He lost a stirrup, he tipped, and the violent upheavals unseated him and he went directly down beneath the churning hoofs of the bucker. The bucker lunged away; and two hospital men ran out, rolled Bill Mateer onto the stretcher and trotted back through a door beneath the stands. At once Karen rose and worked her way up the aisle.

Gwyn Annadale's voice was low and troubled: "Do you think I'd ever stand between those two? Your wisdom deserted you for once."

He said: "What's the shooting about?"

"He's desperately poor, terribly discouraged about ranching. He wants to follow the rodeo game, for the money in it. She won't have that. Can you wonder, after this?"

Presently it was over and Captain Crosby slowly drifted with the crowd, his broad arms protecting Gwyn Annadale. They walked along the middle of the street, the picnic party surrounding them. But the talk now was slow and spaced; these people seemed let-down. He understood that well enough. The holiday was over and gayety was over and tomorrow they returned to work. It went that way; it always went that way. When he reached the Annadale porch he stood still a moment, watching the purple shadow tendrils flow out of the prairie; the night would be cool and clear for flying. Gwyn Annadale saw his glance lift skyward, and her voice was as insubstantial as the shadows:

"Nothing keeps you long, does it, Captain?"

He turned rather sharply into the house; he went to the phone and called the oil company. "Captain Crosby speaking," he announced. "I wish you'd gas my ship. I'll be leaving in an hour."

The other man said: "Pedrick would like to warm up for you, Captain. He's our local flyer and he used to be an army mechanic at Riverside."

"That's all right."

Dinner was waiting. In the dining-room he found Karen LaGrange there with Bill Mateer, whose left side was useless and bulky from shoulder to hip. Bill Mateer's normal tan was a little gray, but he grinned at Crosby cheerfully: "Two ribs and an arm." But as they sat down, Crosby's attention was on the girl Karen. She sat proudly there and all the worry and trouble was gone, and happiness was in her dark eyes. A little color stained her cheeks at Crosby's steady inspection.

"We'll be married tomorrow. Why wait now? Monday we go to Bill's ranch."

Mateer said, slowly: "I'm all washed up as a buckaroo." He stared at Crosby and his good arm fumbled around an inner pocket, to find and extend a snapshot. "That," he said, some trace of the old stubbornness remaining, "is what she wants to spend the next five years in. I can't stop her. What would you do?"

Captain Crosby studied the picture, more and more aroused. It was, he saw, a small house, with one tree standing beside it—one tree and the flat prairie running away to the background. Not much grace there, or comfort or convenience. But he was inexpressibly stirred. "Sometimes," he said, "you find a woman like that, Bill. What would I do? I'd take her and think the luck all mine."

"Would you?" asked Gwyn Annadale, and her slender fingers held a fork gently over her plate. "Would you, Captain Crosby?"

"What's five years?" asked Karen LaGrange, laughter in her eyes.

Mateer said: "I understand now why you're a single man, Crosby. I fall six feet and break two ribs and an arm. It would be pretty final at a thousand feet."

"Sometimes," said Crosby, "you walk away from it. But the idea is there, Bill."

Gwyn Annadale looked down at her untouched food.

THERE was quite a crowd at the field when Captain Crosby reached it in the Annadale car. Headlights washed the runway and the ship rested there as if it had no contact with the earth. The motor's rhythm was solid and sweet, the turning prop cut a silver disk out of the light. Pedrick came down from the cockpit, grinning. "You could fly to hell in that job."

"The hereafter of all good pilots, Pedrick," said Crosby. He tossed up his kit and turned. The crowd formed a long rank at the edge of the runway, a dim rank of strangers presenting him with blurred faces. Well, it was like this; just a lot of blurred faces at landing and take-off, the scene alway the same back through the long years. His eyes dropped to Mateer and Karen LaGrange, near him, and dropped lower to Gwyn Annadale, poised so still in front of him. There ought to be one fire burning for every man—one fire and one table and one bed inside four walls, these things to pull him back from wherever he was, like a directional beam.

"Another episode," murmured Gwyn Annadale. "Another act, soon finished. But you're wrong about the scrapbook. The habits of the very young are hard to break."

"It has been pretty swell," he said; but he was inwardly lost and the cool touch of confidence was quite gone. "There's nothing solid about this life. You don't grow roots in the air. Mateer, you've made your landing and I envy you." Gwyn Annadale's face was unstirred, beyond stirring; emotion seemed banished from those blue eyes. They were wise—they were deeper than wisdom. And they never left him. He said, "So long," and took her hand. He was suddenly just another crazy flyer, the old and heedless audacity rushing through him, the heady instincts lifting him up. He said: "I have walked away from a lot of crashes. I don't know about this." And he reached out and drew Gwyn Annadale's supple body inward tightly and kissed her as a desirable woman ought to be kissed.

HE HEARD the crowd's astonishment, the ripple of laughter, and he let her go. Gwyn's mouth was scarlet, and it made her cheeks seem very pale. She said, not quite evenly: "You stamped on your trade-mark once. Did you doubt it would remain? Don't. Women are such fools—but I suppose that is why they're women."

"One day," he said, entirely unsure of himself, "I shall be on the ground, sending other young fellows into the air. An easy-chair job for a relic condemned for flying. I'll be at Oakland by two o'clock. It is a pleasant town, Gwyn—pretty streets and pretty houses."

Gwyn Annadale spoke in a rush: "You don't have to sell me anything! Karen!"

Karen LaGrange ran back into the crowd, to the Annadale car. Gwyn Annadale seemed to rouse from sleep. She was straight and vivid, and laughter softened all her graceful features. "What can I expect, Captain Crosby? What do you do with your women?" Karen LeGrange returned, a small traveling case in her hand. Gwyn took it and offered it to Crosby, the laughter coming out strong and full. "This once I saw more clearly than you, Captain Crosby."

A flashlight exploded just as Crosby was lifting her to the second seat; and Crosby swung and grinned. It was the reckless smile the world expected of a flyer—but it was real enough. There was little more. Captain Crosby climbed up and the engine quickened to a steady blast and dust rolled back and the rudder cables squealed faintly. Gwyn Annadale threw a kiss to Karen LaGrange, who was crying. Then Crosby's arm flung up a farewell and the ship rolled away, came to even keel and rose willingly from the slow earth, vanishing like a silver dart in the farther blackness. The hum of the motor, as long as Pendleton heard it, was strong and unfaltering in the high sky.

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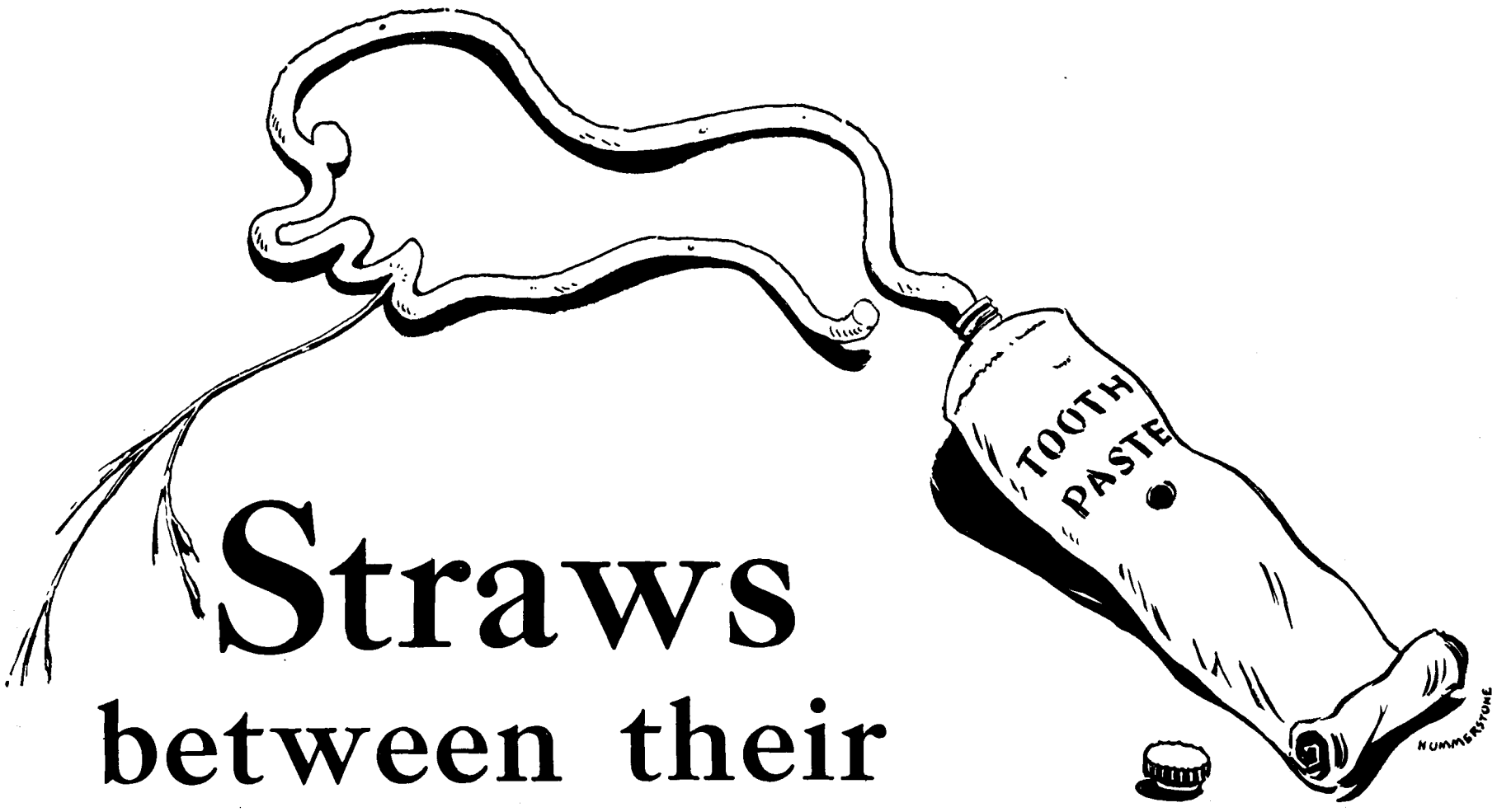

Straws between their teeth . .

REMEMBER the cartoons we used to see — the old-fashioned farmer leaning against the fence, with a straw between his teeth? Well, maybe even the modern farmer chews on a straw now and then. We don't know whether it aids the digestion or not, but it certainly aids reflection.

And what do you suppose the farmer is reflecting about, these days? What would you be reflecting about if you were in his shoes? That's easy. With the prices for farm products climbing steadily higher and higher, you'd be thinking of the money that was nosing its way into your pockets— *and the best products to spend it on.*

The farmer is thinking about these same things. One enterprising manufacturer* figured that out for himself, and advertised his tooth paste in The Country Home. (He refused to assume that farmers use straws on their teeth in lieu of tooth paste.)

Right away, the reflective farmers, who read The Country Home, began buying the advertised tooth paste in gratifying quantity — so gratifying that the manufacturer now also advertises his other principal product in The Country Home. He has found out that rural America is one of the greatest markets ever tapped — and that in rural America THE COUNTRY HOME GETS RESULTS.

*NAME ON REQUEST

THE Country Home

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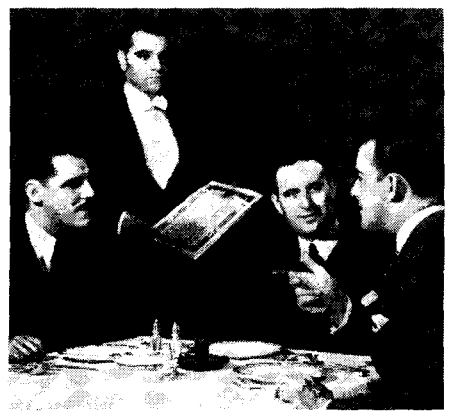
a TIP from one who KNOWS about BEER....



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Rest, for the Day is Coming

Continued from page 18

against the farmer. President Harding summoned the elder Wallace to the White House for a good-natured chiding, asking the Cabinet member whether he was "for or against me." The father offered no apologies, but wrote to his son: "Choose your policies if you will, but please be a little kind and a little careful."

Even this advice was rejected by the crusading editor in Des Moines, who was then in his early thirties. He leaped into the feud which grew up between his father and Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, over the latter's attempt to transfer control over agricultural statistics from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of Commerce. The retaliatory attacks in Wallace's Farmer were scorching.

After brooding over a pile of critical clippings for months, Mr. Hoover sent a friend to complain to Calvin Coolidge that it was not appropriate for the elder Wallace to permit such open attacks on another Cabinet member. But Mr. Coolidge saw no reason for interference and simply offered his personal advice on what and how men in public life should read. It was: "Don't read it if it's agin you."

Fierce and Unafraid

Young Wallace's stubbornness showed itself a few days after he took his present office. The picture of his father, in the course of time, had been shifted from a prominent wall space to a dark corridor in the Department of Agriculture building, and in its stead hung one of Mr. Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde. The new Secretary's first act was to hunt up his father's painting and hang it where he can see it simply by raising his eyes from his desk. They're a fierce, tribal folk, these Wallaces, for all the shyness and simplicity which are the present Secretary's chief characteristics.

Fierce and unafraid in a quiet sort of way, Mr. Wallace recently proved his audacity by going before a group of ministers to suggest a different interpretation of Holy Writ as it affects current economic problems. He pulled no ecclesiastic punches. Besides asking them to stress the social and economic implications of the New Testament instead of the primitive philosophy of the Old, this Scotch Presbyterian descendant of ministers suggested that they read the Pope's 1931 encyclical as a great social tract. And to capitalize this piece of daring, he explained why he had supported Mr. Smith in 1928, and how he learned then the need for more tolerance inside and outside the churches.

Then there is M. L. Wilson. He was head of the Department of Agricultural Economics at Montana State College, and he is now Chief of Wheat Production. But titles don't rest well with "M. L.," as his friends call him in tribute to a certain indefinable strength and solidity of make-up. A great, shaggy, slow-spoken fellow, he sold the allotment plan to Eastern industry and business through Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and then to Nominee Roosevelt through Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell. "M. L." is more interested in ethics, social and economic, as applied to farm thought and life than in such superficial things as acreage reduction and increased prices. "I'm a deeply religious man," he booms out even to casual interviewers as he hoists one huge knee across a baggy trousers leg and brushes the air with a hairy paw in a circular sweep. "I'm not a politician." Although he conducted successful experiments in large-scale farming at low wheat prices and is one of the world's experts on grains, greater profits for the farmer are simply a means to an end with him. What he wants for the producer is a life of greater leisure, greater freedom, greater comfort, greater dignity, greater happiness—time to play, to read, to study, to think, to develop, to be himself.

"M. L." got this way from personal experience. His mother, like so many farm mothers, had to work from dawn to dusk, despite a yearning to paint. Not until she was seventy-three years old was he able to buy her an elementary set of paints and brushes, but even at that age she did some exceptional work. It is still his regret that she could not have developed her talent earlier.

Ironically, both "Hank" and "M. L." are partially responsible for the fact that agricultural production threatens to destroy the economic machine as it now operates. By his experiments in corn-breeding many years ago, the Secretary made it possible to grow corn that tall "out in I-ow-ay," also increasing the yield by three to eight bushels an acre, and his development of corn-husking contests got everybody else to do the same. "M. L.," by his experiments in corporation farming in Montana, under Rockefeller auspices, and his demonstration of the advantages of modern machinery, helped to build up the surpluses which now overshadow the farm country. In some respects their present problem is to undo some of the damage they have wrought. It is an affair of conscience with them, and they take such affairs seriously.

In fact, all these new-style farm leaders are grimly serious, including brilliant young Professor Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and General W. L. Westervelt, Director of the Processing and Marketing Division. Tugwell, for instance, looks on the Soviet experiment in remolding a people's habits with eyes open and unafraid, and says so in his book. General Westervelt, despite pacifistic and technocratic leanings, taught philosophy at West Point, and shocked the Capital by insisting that his salary here be cut from $8,500 to $2,750 a year.

Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser, once showed his confidence in advance planning by trying to prove that hog production can be forecast by logarithmic tables. In big and little things, in their views on social revolutions, war and peace, technocracy and individualism, hogs and logarithms, these men are different and stimulating.

Virtues that Become Vices

Their philosophy, if it works, means much more than money in the bank for the farmer. It means a new mode of thinking and living for 30,000,000 people, and a right-about-face from customs and traditions. Under the Wallace-Wilson formula, for instance, the "busy bee that doth improve each shining hour" becomes Public Enemy No. 1, and the farmer must not think in such symbols; he must scrape an acquaintance with the will-o'-the-wisp. The Biblical injunction to "Increase and multiply" amounts to a violation of the government's request that the farmer "Cut down and reduce."

Such homely virtues as excessive thrift and industry, which were pyramided into the 1929 stock market crash by certain political prophets at Washington, become, in a sense, a national menace, and even the "new freedom" of Woodrow Wilson and the "strenuous life" of Theodore Roosevelt, narrowly interpreted, are false gospels.

With the government putting a premium on smaller crops, the farmer may find it worth while to pray for drought and blizzards now and then. He may not like the prospect, for to destroy living things violates his natural instincts and flouts everything the patriarchs have taught from 'way back.

A Fight for a New Social Order

"Man was made to work and save," he muses. "All this stuff about more leisure doesn't sound so righteous. It doesn't seem right for Ma to have breakfast in bed, even though she's got the rheumatiz, or that I should take a siesta—sounds like something wicked, anyway—in the middle afternoon. But there may be something in these new ideas. Even though it goes against what the preacher and the teacher say, those young fellows from Washington say I'll get a better price if I reduce."

Despite his apostolic ardor, Mr. Wallace recognizes the difficulties inherent in trying to revolutionize a people's deepest belief and profit-making instincts. So much so that he has tried to enlist ministers in his movement for social reform, and urged them to sow a new spiritual seed among their flocks. The generations which lived by the psalms, he thinks, were fine folk, and they did the tasks required of them; they had stern stuff inside and strong stomachs. But they grew to be too grim and inflexible. They worked all the time, and so did their women-folk, whose favorite hymn warned that "the night cometh, when no man may work."

In time, however, the very excess of these virtues brought an excess of production, and since their unsocial attitude led them to neglect the problem of equitable distribution, there were bursting barns in a land that also knew hunger. The two presidential prophets who sprang from this environment of thrift, industry and hardships were Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, and it is the mechanical society which their age helped to create that the Wallace-Wilson philosophy seeks to reorganize.

What the New Deal contemplates both for the farmer and factory worker is a shift of emphasis from these Old Testament qualities, from this system of self-denial and rugged individualism, to the social order envisioned in the Sermon on the Mount. So Secretary Wallace told the ministers. The farmer need not turn the other cheek, perhaps, but he will do more good for his neighbor if he turns up every third row of cotton and leaves unplanted every third acre of wheat.

He must live and grow and fertilize, not by the harsh rules of an era of unplanned, uncoördinated expansion, but for a land already blessed with too much. The preachers must take to their pulpits with a message of social justice based on a new formula of production and distribution. The forces, religious and otherwise, which inspired men to conquer nature and create a materialistic society, he thinks, must now attack the even more sinister problem of an unfair and unbalanced social order.

In short, what Mr. Wallace advocates is not so much revolution as another Reformation. And that, if you think back ten years, is a funny and fanciful idea for a farm reliever to have.

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 27

lunched together, so I supposed he had on account of this Bucknell business."

"Then you hadn't seen them together, Mack, when you said this morning—"

"I? No. I was just going on something Madge told me a week ago, that she was going to date Chris up for today."

"Mack," Fanny, who had been apprehensively watching the increasingly familiar streets, asked with a sudden clutch at his arm, "what'll we do if he isn't at home?"

"He will be."

"But if he isn't?"

"H'm! Well, if he's not at the house, Fan, we'll—it sounds droll—but darned if we won't have to see the police."

"Oh, no!" Fanny shuddered.

"I don't see what else we can do. It's darned alarming to have a whole day go by like this—here we are, Fanny. Now keep your shirt on, and we'll understand the whole thing in five secs."

"I'll k-k-keep my shirt on!" Fanny promised. But her teeth were chattering as she mounted the odorous stairs behind him, and the hand with which she gave him the door key shook.

THEY entered; Fanny touched a switch, and light flooded the shabby little room. She saw the window curtain move in cool night air; saw the table drawer still half open as she had left it. The place was empty.

Fanny walked to the table, and turned over the papers in the drawer.

"Here are the Bucknell notes," she said lifelessly. "Oh, Mack, look!"

Mack's eyes followed her shaking finger; his own face paled a little, as hers had done. On the foot of the wide couch that was a bed by night were garments: a brown suit, a brown-striped shirt, socks.

"Chris' clothes! He's murdered!" Fanny said, strangling. A second later she sprang close to Mack for protection, and he put his arm about her as he muttered, "My, God, what's that!"

There was a furious hammering going on somewhere quite near; there was shouting. The kitchen door shook.

"Oh, no—" whispered Fanny. She ran across the room, unbolted the door. And there, pale and tense, with only a bath towel wrapped about his naked form, stood Chris. "Oh, Chris!" stammered Fanny. "What's happened! Where have you been! Why didn't you let us know!"

"I've been here since two o'clock," Chris said, in an odd, restrained voice. He looked from one to the other, slightly separating himself from Fanny. "What's the big idea?" he asked unsmilingly.

"Chris—I've been trying—I've been having—" Fanny began to cry violently; she lost all control of her voice. "I've been—" she quavered. "Who locked you in, Chris—who—" Her words choked into silence.

"Who locked me in?" Chris had opened the door of the Black Hole, and was doubling the folds of his wrapper about him. "Let's sit down here," he said, indicating Mack with a jerk of his head. "I've been wanting to see you two. Where've you been?"

"But, Chris, who bolted you in, and did they hurt you?"

"Did who?" asked Chris.

"The men—whoever—" Fanny faltered, suddenly awakened to the full horror of the situation. "Chris, I didn't lock you in!" she gasped.

"You certainly did."

"Oh, Chris, I *couldn't!*"

"I was taking a bath," Chris said, "and I went to sleep. When I got out the kitchen door was bolted on this side. I hammered on it, and yelled for a while—the flat below us is vacant, and the Saturday afternoon racket was all going full blast—kids, radios, fights, everything. Nobody heard me."

"Oh, Chris, you haven't been all this time locked in the kitchen?"

"You *must* have seen my clothes on the couch when you came back, Fanny!"

"I didn't. I didn't look about at all. I just grabbed the suitcase—I'd been down to see Mack—"

"I'm going to get out," said Mack. "It's just this sort of thing that has kept me a bachelor! Do your own knifing."

They hardly noted his tactful departure. Chris said:

"Fanny, where on earth have you *been?*"

"Chris, you weren't locked in the kitchen all day!"

"All day long. Nothing to read, nothing to do."

"I couldn't—" Fanny was whispering, as if she talked to herself, "I couldn't have bolted that door—I did, I remember. Remember we said that the only things we had worth while were in the Black Hole, and always to lock that door? Oh, Chris—! You didn't yell?"

"I yelled for all I was worth, down the ventilator on the airshaft. I yelled for Mrs. Ruggiero; she's on the other side of the house, of course, but I thought someone might hear me. I yelled, 'I'm locked in!' You can't yell through a skylight."

"You could have climbed out on the roof!"

"The ladder was in here, Fan, in the closet."

"Oh, that's right, too."

"And I had no clothes!" Chris completed it bitterly. "Mockby waiting for me at the office—you, God knows where—and I wrapped in a bath towel—"

"Chris, did you get any supper!"

"Yes, I did. I heated a can of bean soup and made toast. But what good does that do? It's my *job*, Fan; it's Mockby. He counted on me to meet him—it was the Bucknell case, you knew that! And this whole day he's had no word from me; he naturally thinks I've forgotten the whole thing, that I'm drunk!"

"I thought—" Fanny began, her soul sick within her, "I thought you were lunching with Madge."

"What on earth has that got to do with it? Did you lock me in the kitchen because you thought I was lunching with Madge? I haven't seen Madge for a week. I'm sick of Madge!"

"Mack said—he thought anyway—or she told him—"

CHRIS, disheveled and serious and weary, in his wrapper, with his big, bare knees crossed, sat on the couch and regarded her reproachfully.

"It was the Bucknell case, Fan; you *know* how I've worked on it, what it meant to me! What did you do? How'd you happen not to come into the kitchen—"

"Chris, you know that there've been thieves about; you know that the drug store was robbed last Sunday, right here on the corner, and the Friedmanns' mother's silver—"

"Yes, I know, Fan, but what has that—?"

"Well, they *could* get into the kitchen from the roof, Chris. And the next roofs all around are the same level, and I always lock the hall door when I go out, and always bolt that kitchen door on this side first. You know," pleaded Fanny, "we *always* do. I did this morning, when I went over to Mowkowitz; I took your gray suit and my waist, and after he came back from the synagogue I did my marketing, and then I went down to see Mack—no, I came back here first, about twelve, and you telephoned—remember?"

"Of course I remember. But what gets me, Fan, is that you knew how important this was—you said you'd meet me at the train, and bring the notes—"

"Yes, I know, Chris. But when I thought you were lunching with Madge it made me so mad that I thought I'd take up that radio thing with Mack. It's only four weeks, and it isn't much money, but I thought it would be an—an opening wedge—"

"An opening wedge for *what?*" Chris asked patiently, as she paused.

"For—for—if you liked Madge!" Fanny faltered.

TO THIS Chris made no answer, unless a slight jerk of his shoulder and a look through narrowed eyelids into space might have been so construed.

"I found her note!" Fanny said suddenly, her position that had begun to seem somewhat ridiculous bolstered by the recollection.

"What note?"

"In your law book, Chris; the one you told me to return to the library!"

"That she was going to lunch with me today? Fan, are you nutty? Don't we always lunch together on Saturdays?"

"No; I'm not nutty! It started, 'Chris, sweetheart—'"

"Oh, I remember that; it was a month ago! She and Phyllis sit around and make those things up!" Chris said scornfully. "'Always and all ways yours,' and 'as it was in the beginning'! It makes me sick, and I told her so. She thought I was going to meet her somewhere at two o'clock—I think that was it, and she waited until five, and carried on like a fool—why do you pay any attention to her?" he broke off to say angrily. "I don't!"

"I never will again," Fanny said meekly, gulping.

"But where've you been, Fan? I kept thinking that when you found I wasn't at the train you'd come back—"

"But I thought that the Bucknell notes were so important, Chris. I thought that they ought to be gotten to Mr. Mockby at any cost!"

"Well, so they should." His eyes brightened for the first time since she had returned. "You mean you got 'em to Mockby!" he exclaimed.

"I tried to," Fanny said, quaking.

"See him?"

"Yes, I saw him. I went to Scarsdale."

"You came home here—"

"Yes, late. I had just time to snatch the suitcase and snatch the—the envelope," Fanny said, faltering, "and shoot the lock on that door. I thought I had left it bolted, but it was unbolted—I never dreamed that you were in there taking a bath, I just rushed off again, to make the four-ten!"

"But nobody was there—we'd arranged to drive up!"

"I know. At least—I didn't know then, but I waited for the next train, and I sent Gerald Mockby a wire—"

"Oh, Fan, you saved the day!"

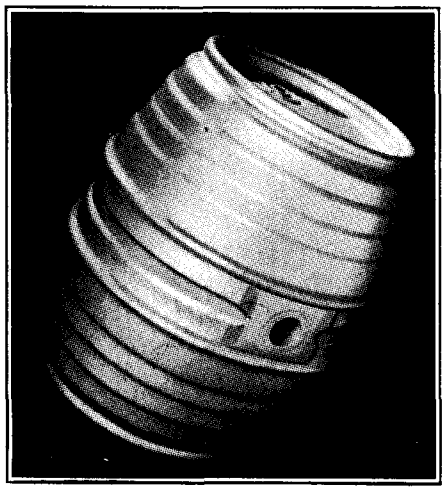
"Oh, no, I didn't, Chris, for I did something *dumb*. Completely *dumb*."

(Continued on page 44)

BEER

Gets a New Barrel of Insulated Steel

On the morning after beer came back brewers "turned in a general alarm." There was a shortage of beer barrels. Coopers started working day and night. Suitable stave wood was scarce. Foreign shipments would require weeks, boost costs. Into the breach came a modern steel barrel (practically a steel barrel within a steel barrel) *insulated for the first time,* developed after months of research.



MURRAY*

Brought Traditions Up to Date

Steel beer barrels were not new. The Germans, first to perceive the structural and sanitary advantages of metal barrels, used them for years.

But the Murray-insulated steel barrel was new. A real improvement on the German type because the insulation maintained beer at desirable temperatures until tapped. The Detroit Testing Laboratory proved that. Rounded corners allowed more thorough cleaning; facilitated sterilization. No joints between staves to harbor bacteria. Retained were the same delicious flavor and purity which the beer possessed when racked from the vats. Coated with pitch inside, just as wooden barrels always had been, the Murray barrel had no more, no less effect on ageing or taste. Bonderizing helped the pitch stick so tightly to the smooth steel walls that repitching was necessary only infrequently.

Brewmasters immediately approved the new barrel. Were pleased to see old traditions preserved in modern steel. Noted that the insulated Murray barrel was first to compare favorably with oak in keeping beer cool as drawn from the vats. Dispensers soon found these new barrels kept good beer in perfect condition. Customers smacked lips over their seidels. Recalled the days before the war. Beer was back, real beer with the old taste. Orders for more than 300,000 Murray barrels have been received.

Murray

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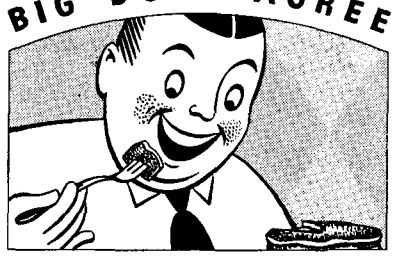
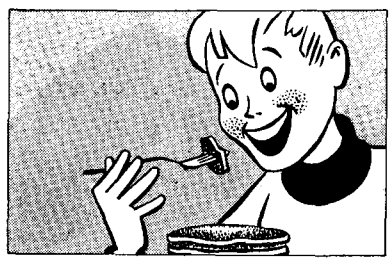


WITH SMALL ONES!



NOTHING LIKE PANCAKES

and LOG CABIN SYRUP

Watch 'em disappear—pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup! A blend of Vermont and Canadian maple sugars with fine cane sugar, Log Cabin has just the right consistency to transform pancakes and waffles into a tender breakfast treat. The little people on the Log Cabin tin delight the children. A product of General Foods.

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PLASTIC WOOD

(Continued from page 43)

"Went the wrong place?"

"Well, I did that, too." Fanny had taken her hat from her soft, crushed hair; her face was pale and haggard and dirty; her blue eyes looked their darkest. "That is, when I got to Scarsdale, I went to the wrong Mockbys'," she said. "I went to Judge Mockby's brother's house—the Jesse Mockbys' house. And their daughter was there, with adorable children—"

"Yes; but you got to Gerald Mockby's?"

"Oh, yes; but late. They were at dinner, and they were lovely to me—"

"Kessley there? The Jellicoes' lawyer?"

"Oh, yes; he was there. He was horrid," Fanny said, putting off the dreadful moment.

"I've met him. He was going on to California tonight. That's why there was so much rush."

"He's on his way west now."

"But he and Gerald had an hour with the papers?"

"Well, no, Chris." It had to come now. "You see—like a *fool*, I'd taken Phyllis' poetry!"

"You'd taken— What on earth—?"

"You see, it was in that drawer there, Chris, with the Bucknell notes. In the same sort of brown envelope. I just snatched the wrong one; I was rushing for the train—"

A silence. Chris stared at her blankly.

"You mean you handed Gerald Mockby that—that swill of Phyllis Maitland's?" he presently asked in a whisper that was almost reverential.

"I thought it was the notes," Fanny said, swallowing.

"They didn't—" Chris was speaking carefully. "They didn't get the notes at all, then?"

FANNY mutely signified a negative.

Chris walked to the still open table drawer, took a brown envelope from it, glanced at it, threw it down. He went and got his old pipe from the mantel, stuffed it carefully, his back still toward Fanny. There was a long silence.

"Gerald mad?" Chris presently asked, coming back to sit down on the couch.

"He was very kind." Fanny's lip suddenly trembled.

"He's awfully decent," Chris conceded lifelessly. And for a long moment neither spoke.

"Is it so serious, Chris?" Fanny asked, after a while.

"Oh, kinder," Chris answered briefly, not looking at her, scowling into space over his pipe.

"Might it—might it be your job, Chris?"

"Oh, no. I hardly think so. But it was a lucky break for me, Fan, this whole Bucknell case. In the first place McNaughton had it. Then Millikin, who is the big I-am around there, had to go to Boston, and he took Mac with him. They're there now. Mac asked me to take his notes over, and send him a sort of skeleton of the whole thing, and that was when Gerald Mockby thought I was too new for the job, thought one of the older men ought to do it. However, Mac stuck it out, and they gave it to me, and I sent an outline of my notes to him in Boston last week. That's what he spoke of in his wire; of course it was a feather in my cap! So then Gerald said, 'Well, you might as well go on with this, Chris, and see what you can do'—that was the first time he ever called me 'Chris.' And then I got those reference books, and we worked—you know how we've been working—"

Silence. Fanny could find nothing to say.

"And then Gerald asked us up there for this week-end—that was terribly decent of him—and I sort of thought we'd take the notes up, and make a hit—"

Fanny got to her feet, went silently about the business of getting the room ready for the night.

She took the day cover off the bed and folded it. Chris sat in the big chair, smoking and brooding. The Bucknell notes, in the long, brown envelope, lay in the mellow light of the green-shaded lamp.

Chris' pajamas went on his side of the bed; Fanny carried her nightgown into the bathroom, undressed and hung her clothes in their place in the closet, washed her face, pushed back her tawny hair with a wet brush. Then, in slippers and in the limp old kimono, she went back to the living-room.

"I can only say I'm sorry," she said stiffly, from the window through which she had been looking down into the quieter Sunday street. Chris stared straight before him.

"Well, by God, Fan, you certainly messed the whole thing up, and threw away a chance that all the other fellows in the office would have given their eyeteeth for. We're up against it financially, you and I; we don't know where we'll be this time next year, nor what the whole situation will be!"

THERE was a silence. Fanny continued to look out of the window. The sound of the man's exasperated and steadily rising voice died away on the air. Chris looked at his wife's back, slender and young and shabby in the old kimono, and topped by the loosened cloud of her soft fair hair. When he spoke again it was in a gentler tone:

"I'm sorry, Fan. But sometimes it seems as if we were up against it."

"No, we're not up against it," Fanny said steadily, looking out of the window, not turning. "We're yellow. Instead of making the best of what we have today we're always looking back or looking forward. We hear of the times when money was easy, and every shop had a 'Men Wanted' sign on it, and we haven't the imagination to see that they weren't normal times. They were the backwash of the most frightful war that history ever knew; we were profiting because Europe was bled white!

"Of course things aren't so good today. But if the people without jobs would shut up and wait a while, and if all the people who are having a good time eating and begging and loafing would admit that they never *did* work, and never will work, and haven't the slightest intention of ever doing anything but loaf and eat and beg, we'd all be better off!

"I did throw you down today, I admit it. I'm criminally—*criminally* careless. I know it. But I'm fed up on all this depression talk, and I want to tell you that depressions are inflations to me; I thrive on them—I don't know anything else! You can be as cold as you like; I'm not frightened and I'm not going to be! I *like* this apartment; I could live here five years; I like budgeting and buying things from pushcarts!"

She paused and turned back to the window.

"There's another thing. This may make you mad; it *delights* me. I'm going to have a baby! I thought so, and the doctor says he's sure of it. That's why I've not liked my breakfasts just lately. He told me—the doctor did—that I didn't have to 'go through with it' if I didn't want to! Go through with it! I'm going through with it and everything else, too! I told him that *someone* had to have the babies this year, and I thought I was the one to have one. I'm not going to be cheated out of my baby just because the newspapers have depression headlines every morning. Why, things may get infinitely worse, and then we'll wish we'd had our nerve in nineteen thirty-three! I'll have him, and I'll work and cook and wash for him, and he'll grow up smart. And that's better than being rich!"

She was sobbing now, her back turned toward him, her tired, tawny head resting against the window casing; one wrist rubbing childishly at her eyes. For a long moment there was silence in the room.

Then Chris put his pipe in his pocket and went over to her and squared her about.

"Fanny," he said, a little hoarsely, "is that right?"

She looked at him, still panting, and at the expression of his eyes her own defiant eyes softened, and she came into his arms, and Chris tightened them about her.

"My little old girl!" Chris said, his own cheek suddenly wet, against her hair. "My little old wife!"

"Oh, Chris," she whispered, clinging to him, burying her face in his shoulder, "hold on to me! I need you so! Be kind to me!"

"Fan, you didn't think I wouldn't be glad?"

She raised her face, tear-streaked, incredulous.

"Chris, you're not glad?" she said thickly.

"I'm—*tickled* to death," Chris told her, not smiling.

"Oh, but you're not!"

"I tell you I am. Why, Fan, you didn't think I couldn't take care of you and a baby? It's a pipe! But it's you —*you*— Aren't you scared?"

"Scared!" Fanny scoffed, laughing and gulping.

"I'm delighted! I think it's the smartest thing we ever did. Us, with a kid. Fan, we'll have fun with him!"

"We'll do everything with him!"

"I mean—dress him and take him around everywhere we go, and train him to sleep in places—" Chris developed it, holding her off at arm's length, staring at her.

"He won't be any bother. He'll be too healthy, he'll sleep too much," Fanny added, radiant again.

"We not only hold our own here; we bring other people in, hey?" Chris mused.

"Our children will be New Yorkers," said Fanny.

"WELL," Chris presently said, in a man's voice, "this puts a different aspect on affairs, Mrs. Thring. I'll go talk to Gerald Mockby Monday, and I'll tell him there'll be no talk of firing *me*. I'll tell him my wife's going to have a baby in April, and I'll need a raise. Fan, will we have to move?"

"Not until he's walking, really."

"How old's that?"

"I don't know." Fanny was sitting on the edge of the bed again, and now Chris went and knelt down beside her, and she laid her face against his, and cried a little for joy.

Then he said she was tired, and tucked her into bed, and went to make her tea, with clumsy, inexperienced hands. Tea and thick, crookedly cut toast—delicious, hot, fragrant.

Chris drew the armchair beside her bed, and they shared the meal, and looked at each other as if some mysterious element had made the familiar faces new, as indeed it had. And Fanny, at the end of the dreadful day, told him that she never had been so happy in her life, she had never tasted such food, no woman had ever had such a husband.

But after she was asleep Chris lay awake, thinking, for a long time.

"Just the same I wish Monday was over!" he said more than once, in his heart.

(To be concluded next week)

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Doniphan's Volunteers

Continued from page 22

Americans had just finished fighting and whipping. "They have been our enemies for centuries," explained one intelligent Navajo, "while your quarrel with them is quite new. You have settled your differences; let us settle ours."

Colonel Doniphan wisely refused to engage in any such argument, preferring to lay down the law, and the unhappy Navajos, more awed than convinced, finally agreed to accept the rule of the United States, and promised to quit waging war on the Mexicans and also on the weaker Indian tribes. Colonel Sterling Price had now arrived in Santa Fe with reënforcements, and Doniphan, after turning over to him the government of New Mexico, gathered his volunteers about him and on December twelfth started on the long ride to Chihuahua.

The "Journey of the Dead"

The Missourians endured many hardships in their march across the *Jornada de los Muertos*—the Journey of the Dead—for there was no water to drink, no wood for fires, and bitter winds froze the very marrow. Many lay down at night never to rise again. At last, on Christmas day, Doniphan and an advance guard of five hundred reached the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, about twenty-five miles from El Paso. Before campfires could be lighted, whirling dust clouds gave notice that the enemy approached.

Colonel Ponce de Léon had managed to assemble five hundred regulars and eight hundred volunteers, all of them gorgeous in blue pantaloons, green coats trimmed with scarlet, and enormous hats buried under horse-hair plumes. By this time the Missourians had reached a stage of raggedness where beards constituted the larger part of their wearing apparel, and Ponce de Léon naturally assumed that these tatterdemalions would "run like rabbits" at the first fire. Accordingly, he demanded an instant and unconditional surrender, and when this was refused, raised a black flag and sternly announced that there would be "no quarter."

The battle lasted just thirty minutes. The Missourians calmly waited until the Mexicans came close and then their rifles smashed the charge into fragments. Without stopping to reload they leaped forward with sabers, knives and pistols, yelling like devils, and such was the speed of the retreat that gallant Ponce de Léon found it hard work to keep ahead of his men. Eight Missourians suffered wounds during the engagement, while the Mexicans left two hundred dead and damaged on the field, together with many wagons full of fine wines and food.

El Paso was supposed to have a garrison of three thousand, but when Doniphan came up to the town on December twenty-seventh, a delegation of citizens informed him that the "army had hastily departed and would the good and noble Americans be pleased to enter and consider the city as their own."

The weeks that followed proved ample recompense for the hardships that had been borne. Out of the captured military supplies the Missourians clothed themselves handsomely and feasted joyously, and not a man but succeeded in finding favor in the dark eyes of some complacent *señorita*.

Doniphan meanwhile waited impatiently for news of General Wool, but not until late January did he receive vague reports that the Chihuahua expedition had been abandoned. Wool, after occupying Monclova, had been ordered to swing to the left and join the main army at Saltillo. Nobody, however, thought of notifying Doniphan of the changed plans.

This meant that Doniphan's force of less than one thousand riflemen would have to invade a state of some 200,000 inhabitants, committing themselves to a desert march without hope of retreat. But Doniphan had his orders and these orders had not been countermanded.

The force that set out from El Paso on February eighth consisted of 924 Missourians, with six pieces of artillery and some three hundred traders and teamsters with their caravans. The journey over the desert that followed held terrors that made death merciful. Water gave out, food could not be cooked, and though precious supplies were dumped that loads might be lightened, mules and oxen dropped in their traces.

It was at the Sacramento River pass, eighteen miles from Chihuahua, that Governor Trias had chosen to make his stand, and even to the eyes of the reckless volunteers, the position had a look of impregnability. The road, seemingly the one possible way of travel, ran through a deep, narrow pass, bounded by mountains and ravines, and the Mexicans were massed on the plateau that commanded this lone highway. More than four thousand men had been gathered under the command of Trias, General José Heredia and General Garcia Condé, and the position's natural strength had been augmented by a strong line of redoubts and intrenchments. Across the river loomed the heights of the *Cerro Sacramento*, thick with guns.

Not a man, however, showed concern, sublimely confident that Colonel Aleck would "think of somethin'," and all worked gayly over their guns or else whetted swords and knives while the red-headed giant lolled in his saddle and surveyed the battle ground. Suddenly he straightened, raising his bull voice in a series of rapid-fire commands, and as the Missourians grasped his strategy a great shout arose.

Sweeping suddenly to the right, men, guns and wagons dashed across the desert floor and plunged down into a yawning *arroyo*, its sides so steep that even goats might well have drawn back from the hazard. While the startled Mexicans, who had not dreamed of any such madness, gaped and cursed, Doniphan straightened out the tangle and charged the arroyo's opposite bank and the Missourians stood on the plateau, level with the enemy.

Chihuahua Without a Shot

General Condé, finally recovering from his amazement, left the fortifications and charged at the head of twelve hundred cavalry, supported by a battery of cannon. But two of Doniphan's able lieutenants, Clark and Weightman, were ready with their six small guns, and after an artillery duel of fifty minutes the Mexicans scampered back to the shelter of their breastworks. Again Doniphan led his men forward until they were within four hundred yards of the Mexican intrenchments, and then ordered three cavalry companies to attack the main central battery, supported by Weightman and two howitzers.

Due to the din and confusion, only one company received the orders, and such was the speed of their charge that they were out of hearing before Doniphan could call them back. Captain Reid and twenty-five men swarmed over the bastion, capturing the battery, but soon they were fighting for their lives against odds of ten to one. Then Weightman and his cannoneers, yelling encouragement, dashed up to the very breastworks before unlimbering their guns. Firing at point-blank range, and as fast as they could load, their grape and canister laid the enemy in windrows.

Doniphan, furiously riding from point to point, quickly put an end to confusion. "Every man for his turkey" was the battle cry, and when guns were broken, pistols emptied and sabers lost, the wild Missourians grabbed rocks and used them with deadly effect. Two hours of hand-to-hand fighting drove the Mexicans from every position on the north bank, and then guns were dragged across the river and Fort Sacramento flanked and captured by a brilliant dash up the mountain side. Nightfall saw the Mexicans in panic-stricken retreat.

The enemy loss was three hundred and four killed and five hundred wounded, while Doniphan lost only one man and eleven wounded.

On the following morning, March first, the Missourians occupied Chihuahua without firing a shot, and took up the business of merry-making where it had been left off in El Paso. Their colonel, however, was again beset by worries about General Wool and the fate of the main army.

Santa Anna, according to Mexican report, had trapped "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor, his army outnumbering the Americans by two to one, and when his certain triumph had been won, he would send troops from Durango and Zacatecas to destroy Doniphan and his band of "vile marauders." Not until March nineteenth was word received that the battle of Buena Vista had been fought on February twenty-third, but lack of details still hid the extent of Santa Anna's defeat. Worried out of his habitual calm, Doniphan wrote at once to General Wool, making a full report and venturing anxious observations.

Heroes at Home

Fourteen picked riders were selected to carry these dispatches across the six hundred and seventy-five miles of desert and mountain that lay between Chihuahua and Saltillo, and they made the dangerous, difficult journey in thirteen days, traveling only by night. General Wool, after consultation with Taylor, ordered Doniphan to report to him in Saltillo, after which he and his men could go home.

At last, on May twenty-second, Doniphan and his men reached the main army and its camp near the battlefield of Buena Vista, and although Taylor's victorious warriors loudly begged the Missourians to "quit hidin' an' come out from behind them whiskers," the reception was full of enthusiasm and admiration.

They reached home around July first, and not Missouri alone, but a nation as well, applauded them for the Homeric march that had given American courage a new and glorious certificate. Perhaps some of the oratory *was* a bit perfervid, and maybe Doniphan's men did not quite outshine Cyrus, Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon, but even so, the three-thousand-mile journey of the gallant Nine Hundred, across deserts, over mountains, and through the heart of an enemy country, may well be set down as ample excuse for "tall talkin'."

IMPORTANT AFTERTHOUGHT FOR SHAVERS

Finish off with Williams

AQUA VELVA

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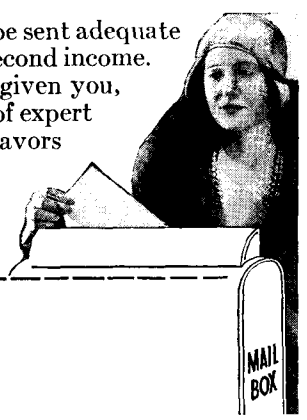

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Out-of-Season Girl

Continued from page 23

their honeymoon over the week-end and return to work on Monday morning. I was to be maid of honor.

The day of the wedding Muriel and I went to work early in the morning. We found that we were to rehearse all morning for a fashion show to take place that afternoon at a big hotel. The main event of the show was to be a complete and fashionable June wedding. Because she is beautiful and perhaps because she had that look in her face, Muriel was chosen to be the bride. I was merely one of the twelve bridesmaids. The gowns were beautiful. Muriel wore a gorgeous white dress cut in a kind of classic Greek style, and a tulle veil and long, flowing train.

We worked hard all morning rehearsing. At one-fifteen Bill called for us, bringing along his best man. We hastily changed our clothes, hopped into a cab and tore down to City Hall. Muriel and Bill were married in the rather dingy municipal chapel. It was not a very impressive wedding. Muriel and I were in summer sports dresses and the boys wore business suits. But I remember crying a little, Muriel and Bill looked so sweet and young.

Rebuking the Bride

After the wedding the four of us had a quick lunch at a drug store, and Muriel and I were back at work at 2:30. The fashion wedding was to take place at three, and we had arranged for Bill and his best man to wait in the audience.

We put our beautiful dresses on in a hurry while the lady in charge of the show chided us for being late.

The orchestra played the Lohengrin Wedding March. We marched down an aisle through the center of the audience of smartly dressed society women. I saw Bill smile at Muriel. He said later that she winked, but I did not believe it. When the show was over we all jumped into a cab again and drove to the station, where the bride and groom took the train for Atlantic City and their honeymoon.

Shortly after I started to work, a very nice photographer took an interest in me. He turned out to be a real friend.

"Child," he said to me one day—he always insisted on calling me that—"there is good material in you to work with but you are a diamond in the rough. You have a great deal to learn."

I asked him what he meant.

"Being a good model," he said, "is like being a great actress. In fact, it is more difficult. A model has to tell a complete story when her image is snapped through the lens. She has only one expression, one posture, one fleeting instant in which to say it. In that instant she must appear as a girl who has background, education and charm; who has always been used to the best, and who is very pleased with what she is wearing or holding or looking at. She must be able to appear at the time as if she were dining or talking among the most brilliant and aristocratic group of people in the world. Everything about her must help to convey all these things."

This was strange indeed. I had always thought I knew how to look and act and I told my friend what I thought.

"That is all very well, my child," he said. "You are charming. But you are not consciously charming. You are able to look quite natural and at home when you are with society people. Now you must learn to be charming when you are having your picture taken. You must learn how to be charming consciously and be able to turn it on and off like the taps in your bathtub. You must study what it is that makes a girl have grace, charm, poise and carriage; what makes her walk and dance properly; what makes her sit down and cross her legs correctly; and what makes her smile and the expressions in her face alluring."

"What," I said, feeling taken down many pegs, "would you advise me to do?"

"It will be necessary," he said, "to learn over again all the things of which I have spoken. After you have learned the fundamentals, I, as director, so to speak, will teach you to do the rest. A photographer is, after all, a director, and his model is his actress. Posing as a model is just as much an art as acting on the stage."

For eight long months I studied dancing, did special exercises, practiced walking, sitting down, standing up, crossing my legs, holding a teacup, tilting my head, smoking a cigarette. In fact I practiced everything said to be fashionable except drinking a cocktail.

When I began to master these things I found that I was able to earn more money and get more jobs. I suddenly realized that I had been able to look as the photographers wished me to by a kind of mental attitude. I found that, by concentrating on keeping my body erect and observing an infinite patience in carrying out the details I had been taught, I was able to fall into almost any expression or mood which the photographer or artist wished to portray.

Girls often ask me if I think they could become models. Sometimes I get letters from girls out of town asking me the same thing. No girl, no matter how pretty she may be, should set her heart on being successful. There are many very pretty girls who are definitely not pretty when their faces appear on a photographic print.

Model Behavior

William R. Black, of the Models' Guild, says that no girl should come to New York and count on making a living as a model. She should first, he says, send photographs of herself to an agency which seeks to find work for models. If the agency finds there is a demand for this girl it might be a good idea for her to come to New York, but only if she has enough money to support herself for a few weeks and pay her return fare home if she does not find enough work to support her.

The Models' Guild, by the way, is an interesting and helpful organization. It was created by a group of prominent New York models who wished to protect themselves against various abuses and racketeering methods which seem to have grown into the profession. Bill Black and Mary Hugel, herself once a famous model, are in charge. They are always glad to help newcomers and do everything in their power to protect the 3,400 models for whom they are constantly trying to find work.

Models receive no applause and still less fame. Now and then there is an exception to this. But, all in all, we models must be content to remain anonymous actors on the stage of photographs or canvases. Without fame and with very little reward we carry on our work, knowing full well that time will either thrust us aside or make us become "types"—middle-aged matrons or old ladies with gray hair.

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Out of the Rough

Continued from page 19

entire championship by beating Bobby Jones in the first round. This tournament is all shot. Thousands who came here to see Bobby Jones play are leaving Pebble Beach tonight or by tomorrow morning."

"What is the finish of your fiction going to be?" I asked the excited author. "Are you going to have your hero go along and win the Open or the Amateur a year or so later?"

"Not at all," he said, "for it won't happen that way. Tonight Johnny Goodman is the toast of Omaha, the pride of Nebraska and the sensation of the golfing world. I am going to have my hero go back home to a great reception. Big deeds in golf will be expected from his skill. But he won't win any more important championships. For about five years he will be remembered as the kid who once beat Bobby Jones.

The Story that Didn't Come True

"When he is around sixty he will be telling everyone he is the fellow who once beat Bobby Jones, but no one will believe him. Long before that he will have become the city's leading pest as he tries to explain who he is. That is part of the cruelty of sport and the price of sudden fame."

The author wrote and sold a story along these lines. In 1930 Johnny Goodman was beaten in his first match in the Amateur championship. In 1931 he was again beaten in the first round.

I happened to see the author again. "Just what I wrote," he said. "Just another fellow who has to try to live the rest of his life on one big day—a day that will never come again."

But even authors can make mistakes. Omaha and the adjacent townships of Nebraska refused to give up faith in the slender, light-haired kid who had once beaten Bobby Jones and then stopped somewhat abruptly. When the United States Golf Association failed to name him on the Walker Cup team of 1932, taking his three-year record at match play into full consideration, the Omaha Choral Society began practicing "The Hymn of Hate." There was much fervid indignation, from the wrong side of the railroad track to the homes of the leading people, for several of whom Johnny Goodman had once caddied.

Shortly after this the Amateur golf championship of the United States took place at Five Farms, Baltimore. In rapid succession Johnny Goodman defeated Charlie Seaver, Maurice McCarthy and Francis Ouimet, three of the leading members of the Walker Cup team from which Goodman had been excluded. He was the sole U. S. player left to face Ross Somerville, the Canadian.

Goodman was beaten by a great shot in a great match, but the kid who had beaten Bobby Jones at Pebble Beach had vindicated himself and his native city.

When the Open championship of the United States was held at North Shore, Chicago, press dispatches and press comment were loaded with the names of Sarazen and Hagen, Dutra and Diegel, Craig Wood and Denny Shute, Runyan and Kirkwood, Armour and Mac Smith, Burke and Dudley and a dozen other names attached to the star professionals of the game. How could a kid amateur be expected to be listed with these paragons of par, with these wizards of wood and exponents of iron?

In the second round Johnny Goodman suddenly exploded a 66—six under par—in the midst of this world-famed group with the same gentle effect of a tank of nitroglycerine thrown from the top of a skyscraper.

When Johnny Goodman passed the 57th hole, with only 15 holes left, he was leading the pack by 9 strokes. But Johnny Goodman was only twenty-three years old. His 145-pound body had been under a crushing strain in the terrific heat for three days. A large part of the big gallery had now given him full allegiance.

He had the championship won. He saw himself and he saw Omaha vindicated. Nothing could stop him now. He no longer had to live out his life on the memory of one big day—the day he beat Bobby Jones.

Nine strokes ahead at the 57th hole—and at the 68th hole, with only four holes left, he was all even! All even, with his nine-stroke margin washed away as if a tidal wave had struck it.

He knew what it meant if he failed now, after that overwhelming lead. It meant competitive disgrace. It meant the biggest collapse in the midst of championship golf down the stretch. It meant, in the way of publicity and sideline whispering, complete disgrace. He had sixteen strokes left to finish those last six holes in par—and he knew he could afford to take no more than sixteen strokes. And then the heritage of tough days, hard months and bitter years came to his rescue.

He finished with just sixteen strokes for those last four harrowing holes, something only a tired, wilting nerve-shattered golfer can understand. No more mistakes with nearly a mile to go—when even then the rally might have been too late.

As the case now stands, Johnny Goodman comes to the Amateur championship at Cincinnati with a chance to become one of golf's immortals—one of the few who have ever won the Open and the Amateur in the same year.

Chick Evans did this in 1916 at Minikahda and Merion. Bobby Jones turned the same trick in 1930 at Interlachen and Merion. The other great ones of the past—Travis, Travers, Ouimet, Gardner, Sweetser—could never hook up the double triumph.

And Now the Future

Johnny Goodman has already earned his share of fame. The boy who beat Bobby Jones at Pebble Beach in 1929 was runner up in the last Amateur championship—and today he is Open champion of the United States—the final and hardest test of golf today. What about the big Cincinnati show and the double crown?

It is a tough assignment, but the Omaha kid who leaped to sudden fame at Pebble Beach four years ago has known little but tough assignments all his busy young life. Odds mean nothing for he has known little else.

With a sound, smooth golf swing, a cool head and a stout heart, his chief asset is his grim determination to keep hacking away at whatever obstacles may cross his path. He has never been formally introduced to the softer side of life and, whatever happens, the barriers that bar his way to one of golf's greatest achievements will not affect his nerves. There is nothing frivolous or light-headed about Johnny Goodman. He doesn't smile often. He talks but little. He is quiet, rather than dour. But he has played his way from the rough to the fairway, which is always the main test.

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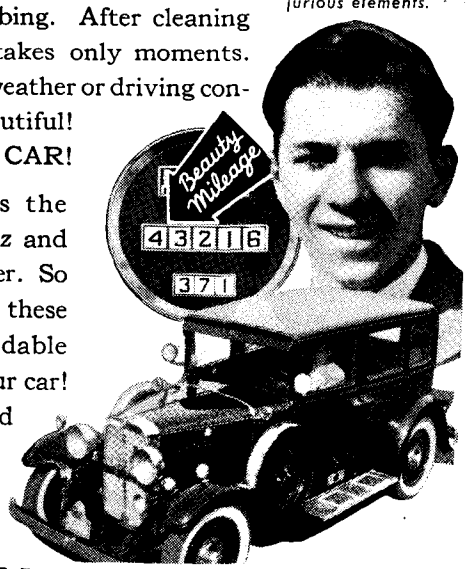

MOTORISTS WISE • SIMONIZ

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clerk's office, bought my new plates and put them on. Then I looked at my watch and it wasn't quite half past one yet.

I stepped on the starter to go home and then, all of a sudden, I realized I didn't have to go home. The gas would keep coming up out of those wells whether I was there to watch it or not. If I wanted to take the day off and recuperate from haying and harvest, the day was mine.

I took my foot off the starter again. But, you know, there isn't any fun in going out alone to recuperate. So I called Clementina on the phone from the drug store. I asked her what she was doing.

She said she wasn't doing anything, and she'd change her dress and meet me in fifteen minutes.

No, Clementina's mother didn't see me call for her. Clementina met me out on the road, where she usually meets me.

I suppose because you and her mother are always asking her so many questions. Clementina tells me she's never been able to have any private life at all.

As soon as she'd fixed her lips and eyebrows. . . .

With an eyebrow pencil and lipstick, of course.

She's been doing it ever since we started going together. Maybe she takes it off again before she comes home.

I did not teach her. But I don't see anything wrong about it, anyhow.

When you sell a pure-blood merino sheep, you always rub lampblack in the wool to give it that oily sheen, don't you? Oh, yes you do, too. That ram you sold me was plastered with lampblack.

I don't believe it's any worse for Clementina to slick her face up a bit than it is for you to jockey up a fine-wool's back with chemicals.

Well, as soon as she'd fixed herself up the way she wanted to look, she asked me could she drive the new roadster. She said she wasn't getting any practice driving on account of your being so close with gasoline.

I didn't say that. She said it.

WELL, I let her drive. Didn't pay much attention where she went. She took us up that abandoned road going into Bear Swamp. Because it's shady and private, I suppose.

Clementina is a real pretty girl, Mr. Haynes. She's got nice markings and conformation. She always makes me think of that bay filly that raced so nice at the Saratoga Stakes, the way she carries her head.

Of course, you know how it is. When a young fellow finds himself in a secluded spot with as sweet a girl as your daughter, something is pretty sure to happen. Before I knew it, I had my arm around Clementina.

She let her head come back against my shoulder and her hair tickled my nose. She has the prettiest head of blond hair I ever saw, anyway, outside of a motion picture actress.

She looked at me slantways and half closed her eyes. "Oh, Roy," she said. Just like that.

I kissed her and she kissed back.

"Do you love me, Roy?" she asked.

"Yes, I guess I do."

"Well," she said, "I love you, Roy. Isn't that dandy?"

She had perfume on her. It's a kind of perfume that is called "La Seduction" and it's imported from France. It costs fourteen dollars for just a little bottle.

Well, I ought to know. I paid for it. That was what she wanted me to give her for a birthday present, her last birthday. She carries a smaller bottle of it in her pocketbook, and puts some on the tip of each ear with the glass stopper. Cutest thing you ever saw.

Isn't it funny, Mr. Haynes, how perfume will put ideas in a man's head? That stuff aggravated me away from my better judgment.

A Bath and a Shave

Continued from page 24

She asked me if I loved any other girls.

"Not right now, dear," I said.

"Are you ever going to love anyone else?"

A man ought not to commit himself. But, on the other hand, I didn't want to hurt her feelings. So I said "No."

She kissed me again. "I never thought being engaged would be like this," said Clementina.

To tell you the truth, Mr. Haynes, I hadn't thought it would, either. But the longer we stayed there the better we liked being engaged. It grows on you.

No, I can't say that I consider myself engaged to Clementina now, after what happened later.

I WAS kissing her when I had an idea. Here I am, I thought, with a good farm and five producing gas wells. Everything I own is free and clear of debt. I've money in the bank besides. I'm twenty-six years old and paying a housekeeper to keep house for me. Now, if I should get married I could let the housekeeper go. That would be a saving, for I have to pay her eight dollars a week and board. She eats a lot, too. She throws out my newspapers before I'm done with them, and I'm sure she wastes the butter. Never scrapes the plates clean after meals.

"Clementina," said I, "did you ever think about getting married?"

"No, Roy, I never did."

"Well, I wish you would."

"All right."

"And when you've thought it over, let me know."

"I've thought," said she, almost in the same breath, "and it's okay."

"Then let's get married, honey."

"When?"

I thought to myself: I'm clean and shaved and dressed in my best suit. I can give a week's notice to the housekeeper. Then, if I did that, for eight dollars more, I'd be rid of her. Clementina and I could go to Niagara Falls for a week and come back home the day the housekeeper leaves.

"Honey," said I, "what time is it now?" The way we were sitting, she could see the dash clock, but I couldn't without disturbing her.

"Five minutes past three," said Clementina.

"We could get married at four o'clock."

"Four o'clock when?"

"Why, four o'clock today."

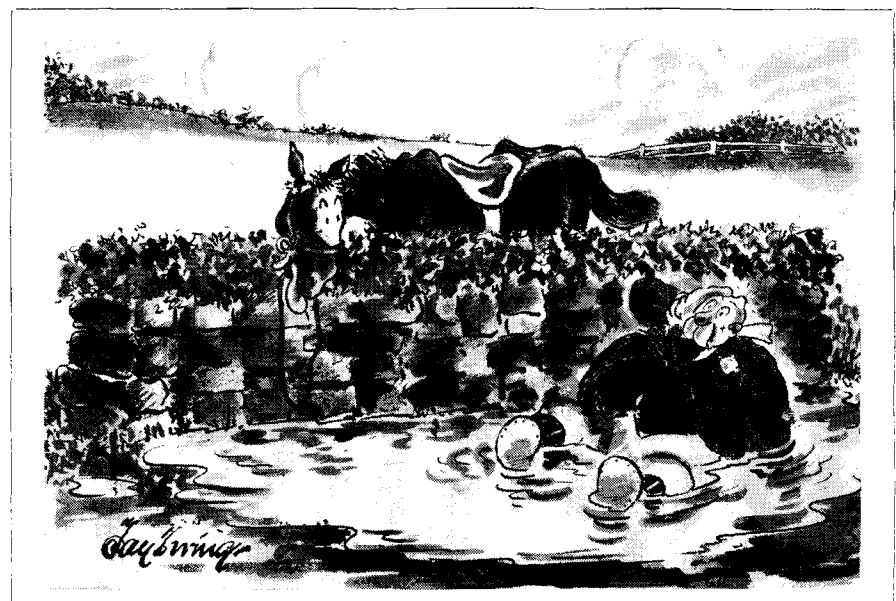
"We couldn't."

"We could if we caught the town clerk in his office to issue us a license."

"I don't mean that," Clementina said. "We're not ready to be married."

"I'm ready," I told her. I explained to her how most young couples, when they get engaged, have to wait and save their money before they can step off. With Clementina and me, our case was exceptional. Instead of saving money by waiting, it would cost us the housekeeper's wages to postpone it. I pointed out to her that I had a-plenty to marry on, and support a family if need be. I told her what my gas royalties amounted to last month. That pleased her a lot. And we were sitting in a brand-new roadster with a super-charger to it, in which to start off on our wedding trip.

She got the giggles, thinking it over. Finally, when I coaxed her, she agreed to it, provided I'd wait for her while she changed her clothes and packed her suitcase.



"I'm improving. Two weeks ago I would have hesitated at this jump!"
Jay Irving

You can thank me, Mr. Haynes, for one thing. Clementina had to be talked out of having a wedding. I mean a big wedding. I reasoned with her for a long time. Her heart was set on elaborate nuptials with bridesmaids, invited guests, a three-piece orchestra, boughten flowers and chicken salad to eat. It would have cost you a lot of money to do things up the way Clementina had planned them in her mind.

I argued her around by saying if we couldn't be married privately, I wouldn't be married at all.

WE DROVE back here. I waited out beside the road, where you wouldn't observe us, while Clementina came to the house. That was when she lied to her mother, packed her suitcase, threw it out the window and made her wedding preparations.

It was five o'clock and after before she came back to the car again. I was fearful we wouldn't locate the town clerk and secure our license.

But he was in his office, compiling the vital statistics for last month, to send to Albany. Last month there were more deaths than births, the clerk said. But, according to reports, the town will strike a better balance this month. Those things vary.

I went across to the jewelry store and bought two rings. Diamond for the engagement and white gold for the wedding. I wrote a check for them right there. I won't tell you what they cost. That's none of your business. I admit it ran into three figures, though. But I didn't care. I calculated it was worth doing handsome, just this once.

In less than no time I had the rings, the money and the license. I mean the money for our traveling expenses. I put in fifteen gallons of gas, looked at the water and the oil. "Everything's thought of except the minister to perform the ceremony over us," I told Clementina. "Have you anyone in particular in mind?"

"No, Roy," she said.

"In that case," I said, "let's not show any partiality. We'll go over to Morris Freeland's and be married by a justice of the peace."

What? Of course we were married. Absolutely. Here's the certificate to prove it. Strike a match. See for yourself. It's as legal as a first mortgage.

I don't know what gave you that idea. We're married in the eyes of the law and the sight of God and the knowledge of mankind. I'm your son-in-law. This document will prove it.

Morris united us. Afterwards, Clementina kissed him and I gave him a dollar and a half. His wife and hired girl, they witnessed it for us. You can announce it in the papers if you choose. But I don't think it will be necessary. You can trust Morris Freeland's wife to spread the word around the village.

WHAT'S that? Do I know where Clementina is now? I do not. If I did know, I wouldn't be here. I'm her husband and my place is beside her.

She left me, that's what happened.

She's left me, but left me liable for any bills she may incur. I can be held for them. That's the law. It doesn't seem fair, does it?

Father Haynes, I'll tell you all about it. That's what I came for. Try to be calm. If you think you're upset, imagine how I feel.

We left Morris Freeland's and drove to Geneva. Figured on stopping there overnight and going on to the Falls tomorrow. It was getting along towards late when we reached Geneva. We went to a hotel. I registered as "Mr. Roy Edwards and wife," the first time I'd ever done that except maybe a few times when I'd practiced doing it on the back of an envelope to try my fountain pen, while I was in love with that Martin girl who married the ball player.

We were hungry, so we went right into the dining-room for our supper.

Clementina was feeling okay up to then. I'm sure of that. She ate everything the waiter brought us to eat. I mean she ate her share of it. She had a dandy appetite.

Then the bell boy showed us to our room. I gave him ten cents because Clementina wanted me to. I think hotels ought to pay their help enough so they wouldn't be dependent on charity, don't you, Father Haynes?

Perhaps I should have hired a three-dollar room. The one we had was sort of lonesome-looking. It wasn't what you'd call bridey. I wouldn't have minded it myself, but women are real sensitive. This room was small. It had only one window, and that looked out on an alley.

We hadn't been alone for twenty seconds before Clementina had an attack of the twitchets. They began with doubts and they ended up with tears. Yes, sir. Tears and then hysterics.

It wasn't my fault. I didn't do anything, except try to reason with her. But my married happiness ended right there in Room 211.

"Oh Roy," she said, just like that, be-

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fore the bell boy had hardly closed the door. Her voice sounded as if we had been married for years and I'd done something she didn't like. "Oh, Roy! I wish we hadn't done this today."

"Done what, sweetheart?"

"Been married today."

That seemed unreasonable. I hadn't threatened or intimidated her into getting married, although later on she claimed I had. I told her when we were parked on the abandoned road that if she didn't marry me today I never would marry her at all. But I didn't really mean it. I just said it to help her make up her mind.

But there, in that hotel room, she threw it in my face. "You made me do it. Yes, you did. You made me marry you."

"A very good thing I did," said I, trying to pass it off as a joke.

"It's a good thing, is it? Making me leave home forever, without saying goodby to my mother?"

"But, Clementina. You did say goodby to your mother. When you told her you were going to your grandma's to spend the night."

THEN she began to cry. "I lied. Think how Mother's going to feel, all the rest of her life, because the very last thing I said to her was a lie."

"It isn't the last thing you said to her, because we'll be back in a week and you can tell your mother all about it."

"Suppose something happened to me or to her, and I never saw her again."

"You'll be back because I'm a careful driver." As I said it, I happened to think I didn't have a penny of insurance on that new car. "I give you my word, Clementina, I won't drive over twenty miles an hour until we're back home again." The excitement had made me forget the insurance.

"Suppose Mother fell down the cellar stairs and broke her hip, or something terrible." With that, she cried louder.

"Write her and tell her to be careful of the top step."

"She wouldn't get a letter until tomorrow, even if I mailed it now."

"I don't believe she'll have any reason to be going down cellar before tomorrow," I explained to Clementina. "Your father always brings up the cider himself, doesn't he?"

"Suppose he fell and broke his hip? What would Mother do without me?"

"Phone for the doctor, most likely. You couldn't set a fractured hip, if you were home. Now I'll step down to the desk and buy you a post card. You can write it and mail it, right now, before we do anything else, so your mother will have it in the first mail tomorrow."

That's what I did, Father Haynes. I bought two post cards, in fact. Not picture ones, but regular post office post cards. I took them back to the room and offered them to Clementina. "There's a post card to send your mother. And another for your father. Write something different on each of them and, if they read each other's card, they'll know practically all about it, if you write small enough."

With that, she went from her hysterics into a fit of temper. She never even sat down to write them. She snatched the cards out of my hand and threw them on the floor. Can you beat that?

"Why did you make me marry you today?"

Now, I didn't make her marry me. She did it of her own free will and Morris Froeland's folks will tell you the same. But I thought I'd humor her and quiet her, because she was making so much noise. I was afraid people would think I was abusing her. "Well," I said, "today was a good time for it. It was handy to do it up today."

I was gentle with her. I tried to put my arm around her and kiss her. I was ready to do anything in reason, if she'd only stop her crying.

"Why was today such a good time to get married?"

"Well," I said, "today was a good time for me to be married. The work isn't crowding me on the farm. And I couldn't go to Joel's funeral, after all. And I'd had a bath and a shave and was all dressed up, intending to go to the funeral."

"You brute!" She stopped crying and got mad.

"Do you mean to tell me we got married just because you didn't want to waste a bath and a shave?"

I was so surprised at the turn things had taken that I couldn't say anything.

"Am I second choice to a funeral?" she demanded.

I tried to tell her that Joel Bense's funeral didn't mean anything to me and she meant a lot. She wouldn't listen.

"You trick me into getting married without any proper trousseau. Without ribbons in my best slip. Without a new traveling bag or new bedroom slippers or a chiffon negligee. Without anything I need." My, but she was mad. "If you don't think enough of me to take a bath and shave special for our wedding, you know where you can go!"

And, Father Haynes, before I could stop her, Clementina picked up her suitcase and went out the door of that room.

After I'd waited a while, to see if she wouldn't come back, and she hadn't, I went downstairs and made inquiries. They told me she'd left the hotel, but they didn't know where she went.

There's the whole story, just as it happened. I thought it better to tell it to you privately, so you could break the news gently to Clementina's mother.

Now I stand ready to do right by Clementina. I mean I'm willing and able to do anything else she wants, like fix up our house a little or buy new china.

And in case you hear from Clementina before I do, I wish you'd tell her what I said. For, no fooling, Father Haynes, I love Clementina. I'm liable for any debts she may incur. And I've discharged my housekeeper and, on that account, it would be better for us if we stuck together.

Besides, Clementina is too young and inexperienced to be adrift in the world, so far from home.

WHAT? What did you say? She's here?

Didn't she tell you all about it? I can't understand why she'd lock herself in her room and not say anything. Usually she's a good talker.

I don't see how she got here so long before I did. Those taxi men drive like all get-out. How much was the fare? Did you pay it? All right. I'll settle with you. I'm glad to.

That's a load off my mind. I'd hate to have her wandering around in strange places, running up bills. Do you think she's over the worst of her mad, by now?

Father Haynes, I want you to do something for me. Will you go up to Clementina's room and rap on the door and say, "Roy wants me to tell you that he's gone home. He's been here and told me all about it and he knows you're here. Roy's gone home now to take a bath and shave special for you. He'll be just as quick as he can. Then he'll come back here and he'd be obliged if you'd resume your honeymoon."

And please remind her that I'm her husband and that she loved me before this misunderstanding came up. I'm setting that right, just as fast as I can.

Would you do that for me, Father Haynes?

Recently we have received many letters outlining problems similar to the one you now face.

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It's tragic in a way, but life is an experience of constant changes. In the final analysis we are responsible for our own defeats—and our own victories. *No man is ever licked who is still willing to fight.* And with hope of a college career gone, you are still eager to fight for realization of your life's dream. You have a spirit not to be denied!

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☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machinist ☐ Toolmaker
☐ Patternmaker
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☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Bridge and Building Foreman
☐ Gas Engines
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Automobile Mechanic
☐ Plumbing ☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Heating ☐ Ventilation
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Steam Engineer
☐ Steam Electric Engineer
☐ Civil Engineer
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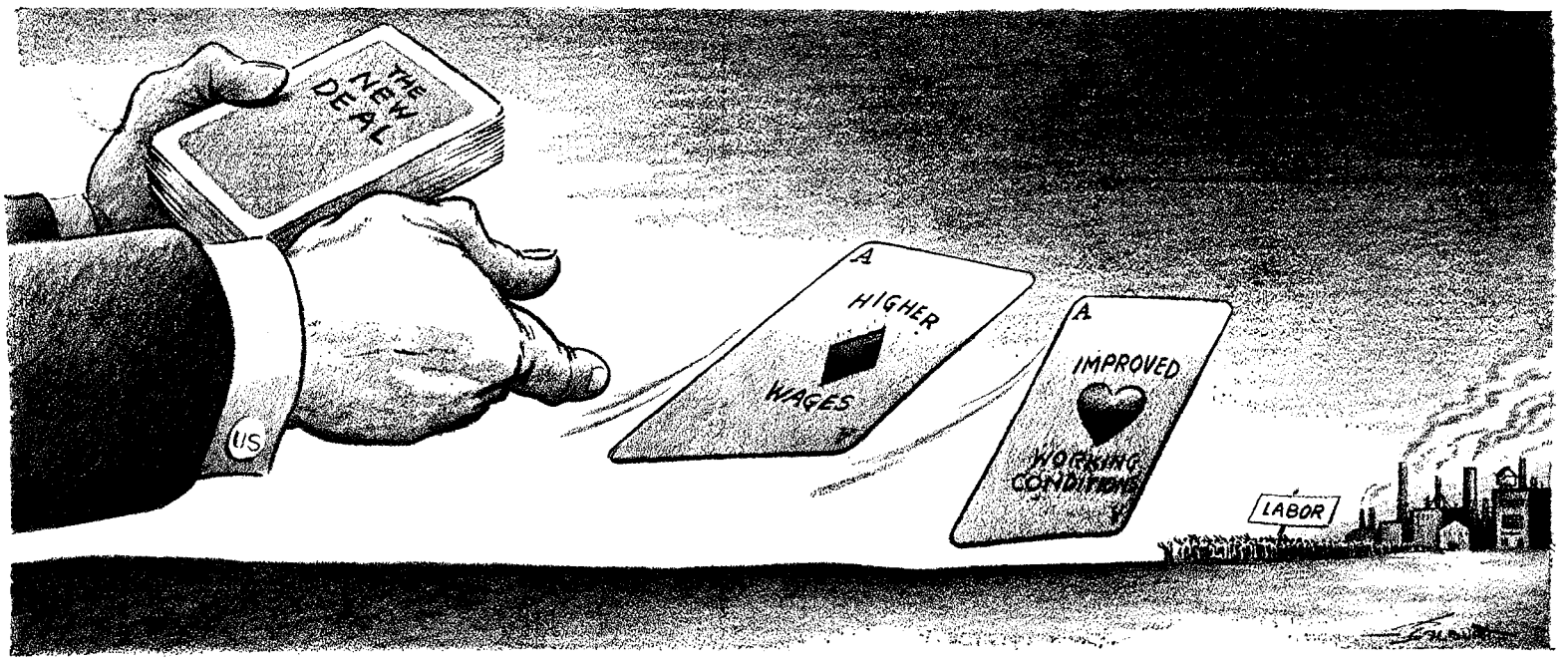

Labor's New Deal

OF ALL the changes brought about by the New Deal none is more important, more needed or more desirable than that which affects labor.

For the first time in the history of this republic our government has undertaken to lift wages and working conditions to defensible levels. Until the Recovery Act was passed men's wages were considered purely private business. Minimum pay rates for women might be indirectly fixed by law but men were supposed to exercise their free bargaining power and to take care of themselves.

Under the New Deal this disreputable pretense has been abandoned. Wages are now legally public business. Morally, they have always been public business. Of course the worker and the employer are primarily affected but everybody else is also involved.

For wages provide the largest part of our national purchasing power. Wages determine our civilization as well as pay grocery bills. Nothing is properly of more concern to any government or to any people than its material standard of living and the wage scale which supports it.

This year for the first time in the history of any great industrial nation our American government has accepted responsibility for the wages paid workers. This is a new thing in the world. It is justified by sound economics as well as by our fundamental political principles.

The most selfish business considerations demand and justify the highest wage rates practicable in any industry. For the activity of any business is measured by the buying power of its customers. People paid starvation wages are poor customers.

From a political standpoint decent living conditions for all, not for the few, are essential. Our form of government could not survive if wages were allowed to remain at the sorry levels reached a few months ago. Working in sweated trades is poor training for participation in the responsibilities of a self-governing democracy.

The rates established under the fair-practice codes are not high. The government has attempted only to suggest minimum rates. No more is practicable now. It is, however, vitally important to establish a line below which wages must not go.

It is contrary to the public interest for a sweatshop employer to pay girls and women $2 a week, and no man has the right to look to the state or to other industries for the maintenance of his workers.

Labor unions and other associations of workers have a new charter of freedom in the Recovery Act. The growth of unions in this country and elsewhere has been very largely outside the law. The unions have not asked especially for governmental approval. They have been content to seek laws depriving their opponents of the use of injunctions and of other legal weapons directed against them.

The new law goes far beyond anything which a labor leader would have dared ask a few years ago. The right of a worker to affiliate with a union is guaranteed by the law. The union is recognized in the statute.

Like all human institutions labor unions are good or bad, stupid or intelligent, with wide variations. Some of the finest leaders of the last generation have been trained in the unions. Others have been prosecuted as racketeers and criminals.

The American Federation of Labor has been active recently in an attempt to drive corruptionists out of some of the local unions in numerous cities.

Under the law unions now have great power. As always, power brings responsibilities. The American Federation of Labor, the railroad brotherhoods and the other great independents such as the Amalgamated Garment Workers have a tremendous opportunity.

The Recovery Act gives them a status recognized by the government. Employers may not lawfully deny their workers the right to become members of a union. Workers, however, are under no compulsion to join unions. If the great organizations of labor are to prosper they must clean out the racketeers who, in numerous cities, have taken possession of "locals."

In such cases the members of the unions are preyed upon by their false leaders. Too often the extortionate agent is the secret ally of a corrupt employer. Honest men in the unions and in the ranks of employers have a grave responsibility. The labor movement should not be held back by treachery from within.

As the changes of this year and of recent years are reviewed, however, the improvement in the position of workers is seen to be prodigious.

Despite unemployment, poverty and hardship, workers have carried on with courage and honor. The unions survived the worst depression of modern times. The government has recognized not merely its responsibility to protect wages but also the right of workers to safeguard themselves through organizations of their own choosing. This is progress on a grand scale.

Not less significant, certainly, is the fact that as a nation we have struggled through hard times without hatred, with few strikes and no separation of classes. What we have had to endure we have endured together.

This record of good will and of sober leadership unquestionably made possible the recognition accorded the unions in the Recovery Act. With a different background such a law could not have been passed. In this, too, we can take pride.

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